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* Arthur Herbert Richardson.

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BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER.

The
McMaster University Monthly

Vol. XXVII. OCTOBER, 1917 No. 1

BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER.

AS time goes on, we who knew Bernard Trotter will often recall to memory his tall spare figure and winsome personality as he moved among us at the University, his congenial company as he associated with us at class functions or lecture periods, and numerous sayings and acts of his which come crowding to mind now that he is gone. We shall remember him most, however, and the world shall know of him only, as we believe he preferred to be known, as a true singer of verse who desired to take his place among Canadian born poets.

Bernard Freeman Trotter was born in Toronto, June the sixteenth, eighteen hundred and ninety, the second son of Professor Thomas Trotter of McMaster University. When he was five years old his parents moved to Wolfville, Nova Scotia, where, during the time his father was President of Acadia University, he spent ten impressionable years amidst the lovely scenery of the storied land of Evangeline. Here, at an early age, his love for outdoor life was first awakened, and many were the hours he spent tramping the wooded country of Acadia and whipping the Gaspereau for trout.

He received his elementary instruction in the schools of Wolfville, the last three years at Horton Academy. During this period his poetical ability first commenced to show itself and at the age of fifteen he won a prize for poetry in a competition conducted by "The Acadia Atheneum" and the following year

was awarded the gold badge for verse by the editor of "St. Nicholas." In nineteen hundred and six, when his family moved to Toledo, Ohio, he entered the senior year at Woodstock College, matriculating the following spring. In view of the precarious state of his health at this time, he followed the advice of his doctors who prescribed a complete rest and change of climate. Instead of proceeding with his university course he took up his residence in California. There he remained for four years, finding keen delight in the beauty of the Montecito Valley. With sunshine and sea air, a horse to ride and mountains to climb, he built himself up in health, made many friends, wrote a few poems and received inspiration for many more.

Returning to Canada in nineteen hundred and ten, he entered McMaster University as an undergraduate in Arts. Not being robust in health and desirous of thoroughness in everything, he prolonged his course to five years, and consequently did not graduate until nineteen hundred and fifteen. Because of this extension of his course his name does not appear in the lists of prize and scholarship winners, but nevertheless all his work was well done, and that of his special subjects, English and History, was decidedly of scholarship standing. As a student he took a large share in the activities of the undergraduates. He was president of his Freshman year, Class Bard, represented his year in the oratorical contest, and was elected secretary of his graduating class for five years. Early in his course he became identified with The McMaster University Monthly and served as editor of "Here and There" for two years, and was Managing Editor for one year. Besides being responsible for the above mentioned work he was a frequent contributor to the literary section of the magazine, and won prizes for both poetry and prose in competitions conducted by The Monthly. One wonders how he found time for all the literary work he produced amidst the busy life of the undergraduate, for besides contributing liberally to his university magazine he also contributed poems to other magazines such as "The Canadian," "Harper's" and "Munsey's." The answer must surely be that with him writing was spontaneous—his Muse would not be silent.

Shortly after coming to McMaster he commenced spending his vacations at Lake Cecebe, a beautiful Canadian lake formed by the widening of the Maganatawan River. As the first warm days of spring arrived he used to begin to hunger for the North, and lost little time after the term's work was finished before journeying to his beloved "Valhalla," a charming summer cottage which he built there with his own hands after the California style. It was the pleasure of the present writer to spend part of one vacation with him at this cottage, and those long summer days and cool evenings of song on the water with moonlight sifting through the pines, the evenings in the cottage before the cheerful warmth of his fireplace, and that rare companionship, have remained as sacred treasures of memory of bygone happy days.

When the students returned to college in the autumn of nineteen hundred and fourteen, steps were immediately taken to form a military unit in connection with the University. The Canadian Officers' Training Corps was commenced at the University of Toronto and Bernard at once became a member of the McMaster platoon, although at that time it seemed probable that he would never measure up to the physical standard required for active service overseas. Having finished his work at McMaster he commenced graduate work in English at the University of Toronto. While he was studying there, a call came for Canadian college men to take commissions in the Imperial Army. His health had so improved that he offered himself, was accepted and at once commenced training. After continuing this for several months at 'Varsity, he left Toronto in the latter part of March, nineteen hundred and sixteen. And one who knew him well may be forgiven if when he recalls bidding him farewell he links him in his thought with that one of whom a poet friend wrote:—

"He's gone.
I do not understand.
I only know
That as he turned to go
And waved his hand
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone,
And I was dazzled by a sunset glow,
And he was gone."

His training in England occupied eight months, which were spent part with a Canadian Battalion at Shorncliffe, part with a British Cadet Corps at Keble College amidst the classic charm of Oxford, and part with the Leicestershire Regiment to which he was attached as Lieutenant.

In the intervals of his training he had opportunity to visit his father's relatives, and especially to seek out the little Leicestershire village in which his father was born. In December, nineteen hundred and sixteen, just before Christmas, he crossed to France. After moving up to the front he was engaged in doing pioneer work: repairing trenches and consolidating newly won ground. During the months which intervened between his reaching France and his death in May his many letters home kept his friends informed about his actions as well as the rules of a vigilant censorship would permit. He had reached the goal for which he had started and seemed satisfied with his work. But the surprising thing to his friends was that being so slight of build and delicate in health he was able to endure so successfully the rough life of the soldier.

About the beginning of April he was sent back from the front line to attend a transport course. Fond of horses ever since his days in California, he enjoyed the new work very much. On April twenty-third, having completed the course, he rejoined his battalion at the front. A few days later, one of the transport officers being unable to act, Bernard, having an opportunity to put his new training into practice, accepted the appointment of temporary Transport Officer. It was while engaged in this work that he was killed shortly before midnight on May the seventh. He was with his own men and had just returned from supplying a very hot part of the line when another shower of high explosives came over. Sitting erect on his horse he shouted to his men to get back. A shell exploded hitting his horse on the head and the base part striking Bernard in the heart. He was killed instantly. One of his fellow officers remarked that when he was picked up there was just a suspicion of a smile on his lips. The following afternoon he was buried with full military honors at Mazingarbe, near Bethune, many officers and the men of the

Transport Section being present. He was loved by all. The men wanted to carry him, but as the officers also wanted to do so the men could not. The officiating chaplain whom he had known well was the senior non-conformist "Padre" of the division and a Baptist.

This, then, is the simple and unadorned record of a life full of promise for the future, the story of one who was blessed with much innate ability, yet who was willing to give his young life with all that it promised for a cause he considered just: a lover of nature, music and art, a rare student, a Christian gentleman, a true poet, a loyal patriot and a good friend.

—Arthur Herbert Richardson, '15.

"THE THIRD RAIL."

F the various college institutions, the student magazine is frequently the most apt to become dull and uninteresting, and to lose that vigor and originality which should make it worthy of the University it seeks to represent. Could we trace this manifest deficiency back to its source, it would often be found to lie in the inherent dislike which many students cherish towards that part of the English course known as essay writing. It was with this thought in mind that David Lambuth, an enterprising young professor in Dartmouth, set about putting new life into this phase of the University work. To begin with, he was convinced that too many college faculties had taken it for granted that the undergraduate doesn't think, and that if he had anything to express—which he hasn't—he could not express it in effective English. In a most interesting article entitled "Thinking on the Third Rail," which appeared in the recent educational number of *The Independent*, this professor has given an outline of the method he introduced to secure the co-operation of the students, and of the success which attended this new *modus operandi*.

His innovation affected the composition course in two im-

portant respects. First, it led to the selection of new subject matter. It was felt that the students had too long been "decked out in borrowed styles of several generations ago, and set to rehash stale criticism or discuss bygone matters for which they did not care a fig." Therefore, the old familiar essays were thrown over as "stale and vapid." Each student was allowed to choose the subject which meant most to him, and to treat it in whatever style he thought would be most effective.

Then a radical change was made in the method of grading. When an article finds it way to an editor's desk, it is either accepted and paid for, or else it is destroyed or returned. Therefore the traditional percentage system was supplanted by a more modern one which he describes as follows:

"Contributions were accepted if the subject was of genuine and timely interest and the handling effective, and a man's grade was based on the number of acceptances. All other contributions were rejected as worthless; figuratively they went into the editorial waste-basket. We reserved the editor's right to return a manuscript for revision, when it showed promise; but gave absolutely no credit for any article unless accepted. The motive thus furnished for careful and repeated revision proved one of the most effective devices of the system."

Finally, it was desired that some "outside world standard of judgment" should be set up. We quote again:

"What was an acceptable article? How good did it have to be? We concluded that it had to be good enough to print in a well-edited weekly—*The Independent, The Nation, The New Republic.* In the attempt to maintain such a standard and to keep the standard before the class, we decided to simulate a magazine. We made up a dummy of the accepted articles for the month—editorials, special articles, stories, reviews—and the class dubbed it *The Third Rail.* Everybody crowded to see the copy, and somebody whispered, 'Why not print it?' . . . . It was the actual publication of the magazine that made the system complete. To take college composition out of its vacuum two things were necessary: the subjects discussed had to be vital, subjects somehow commensurate with the time and effort put on them, and there had to be a genuine incentive to write. But the final and strongest incentive will always be lacking until the writer finds audience. The desire to *express* is founded on the desire to *impress.* . . . That the system has brought out

effective writing of a high grade is evidenced by the pages of *The Third Rail.* That it has encouraged clear thinking and an intelligent interest in the affairs of the nation and the world is equally apparent. That it is one solution of the composition question is suggested by the fact that the course, which is elective, and open to the three upper classes, has grown in a year and a half from twenty-two to just over a hundred men. And it is not a 'lunch' course. Two required articles a week, with revisions, keep the men at work. But what is more to the point: they think. That is why they like it."

Manifestly, the above plan could not be carried out in detail in connection with all college magazines. Nevertheless, Professor Lambuth's article is most suggestive, and some of the general principles which contributed to his success could surely be put to practical use in obtaining suitable material for all student papers. What is the undergraduate's duty to the college paper? Subscribe for it, says one. Criticize it, says another. Write for it, says the editor, whose hardest task seems to be to obtain a sufficient number of contributions which are "humanly valuable" enough to justify their acceptance. The preparation of desirable articles will necessitate real labor and thought, and may appear a thankless and bootless task; that is, unless we have learned to measure the results of our work by the power we gain.

—Roy Harris, '18.

Nature never did betray the heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege through all the years of this our life, to lead from joy to joy; for she can so inform the mind that is within us, so impress with quietness and beauty, and so feed with lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues, rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men, nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all the dreary intercourse of daily life, shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb our cheerful faith, that all which we behold is full of blessings.—*Wordsworth.*

THE POPLARS.

O, a lush green English meadow—it's there that I would be—
A skylark singing overhead, scarce present to the eye,
And a row of wind-blown poplars against an English sky.

The elm is aspiration, and death is in the yew,
And beauty dwells in every tree from Lapland to Peru;
But there's magic in the poplars when the wind goes through.

When the wind goes through the poplars and blows them silver white,
The wonder of the universe is flashed before my sight:
I see immortal visions: I know a god's delight.

I catch the secret rhythm that steals along the earth,
That swells the bud, and splits the burr, and gives the oak its girth,
That mocks the blight and canker with its eternal birth.

It wakes in me the savor of old forgotten things,
Before "reality" has marred the child's imaginings:
I can believe in fairies—I see their shimmering wings.

I see with the clear vision of that untainted prime,
Before the fool's bells jangled in and Elfland ceased to chime,
That sin and pain and sorrow are but a pantomime—

A dance of leaves in ether, of leaves threadbare and sere,
From whose decaying husks at last what glory shall appear
When the white winter angel leads in the happier year.

And so I sing the poplars; and when I come to die
I will not look for jasper walls, but cast about my eye
For a row of wind-blown poplars against an English sky.

—Bernard Freeman Trotter, '15

Oxford, *September* 1916.

From "A Canadian Twilight and Other Poems of War and of Peace."

LUIGI NONO

Beloved Name

An Italian Painting exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition, 1917.

LIFE INSURANCE AS A VOCATION.

A GRAND MOTIVE. Life insurance aims to distribute over a large community of policyholders the financial loss which, were it not for life insurance, would fall with crushing effect upon some individual family. The monetary loss bears lightly on the community which would perhaps bring a household to ruin. It is therefore a beneficent business in an especial sense. Although men and women engage in it for the sake of making a living or a competence, there is nevertheless an inspiring, philanthropic motive in prosecuting this work which is absent in many another. Life insurance should therefore appeal strongly to men and women of altruistic temperament. In some religious communities in Canada there is practised a species of mutual insurance whereby if a member suffers a loss by fire or other calamity, his fellows join together to idemnify him—in part at least. Life insurance is such beneficence established upon a solid scientific foundation. The amount of indemnity paid is not left to caprice but fixed by a rigid and equitable system.

THE VALUE OF A HUMAN LIFE. In life insurance the value of a man as a a money producing "machine" is alone considered, and it may be a new thought to some that as a wealth producer every man has a very definite cash value to his family and his community. By applying the laws of interest and of probabilities to the data given in the mortality tables it is easily possible to calculate the present value at a given age of an annuity of one dollar payable throughout life. If a man then saves for them or spends on his family $1,000 a year in addition to providing for his own needs, the money value of such a man will be 1,000 times the value of an annuity of one. Annuities of one dollar have been tabulated for all ages so that it is easy to approximate the cash value of any producer who has reached a given age in good health and who is earning an income more than sufficient for his own needs. At age 25 if one is earning $1,000 in excess of one's own needs, the value of such a life, in

terms of money, would be $19,387 if money is worth 3½%. At age 30, $18,441; at age 35, $17,349; at age 40, $16,103; at age 45, $14,706; at age 50, $13,172; at age 55, $11,528.

These are the values with which life insurance concerns itself, and the object it has in view is to conserve these values for the families of the policyholders as far as practicable. To replace the gross monetary value of a human life by means of insurance policies would be impossible in any but a very few cases, the average man could not afford to pay for the protection, but as much of that value should be insured as is practicable. Although a vast amount of insurance has been placed on the lives of Canadians, it has been roughly estimated that less than 10% of the actual monetary value of the lives of productive Canadians is insured.

OFFICE AND FIELD. The activities of a modern life insurance office naturally divide themselves into two classes—those pursued by the employees in the Head Office and those carried on by the agency staff. At the Head Office there is the work of organization and direction to be done. To the field staff belongs the work of securing the interest of the general public and inducing eligible men and women to buy the policies of protection issued by the company. Whether one will succeed better in the office or on the field depends upon natural aptitude. Some who would fail as solicitors succeed admirably as office men. Others who would attain little advancement in the office make remarkable success in field work.

THE OFFICE. As far as "making money" is concerned most of the big prizes are won by field men. Only a very few at the Head Office command high-salaried positions whereas in the field many accumulate a competence and some have become wealthy. Head Office work is for the most part monotonous and involves endless routine—a few positions only may be excepted. The same operations are endlessly repeated day after day, year in and year out. The compensation in this lies in the assurance that one's income is sure even if it be moderate for it is a tradition with life offices to retain its employees in some capacity if they are found faithful. Of necessity only a few in the strug-

gle for existence reach the half dozen good positions attainable at the Head Office. Most remain privates in the ranks, gradually losing the initiative necessary to get out of "the rut."

THE FIELD. In the agency work, on the other hand, there is a constant variety of experience. There is in this sphere of course a great deal of anxiety and uncertainty, and often for long intervals only meagre results come from a world of labor. It has been asserted, however, that in no other occupation is the same ability and the same energy remunerated more handsomely than in life insurance soliciting. A good character, average ability and hard work will command more money in an agency than they will in any other employment, and a man with a University training would have a great advantage because he could approach, on equal terms, the more exclusive classes. In the office the results are sure but they are small, and the big prizes are few: in the field the results are precarious, but the prizes are many.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS. The life insurance field is big with opportunity for capable and courageous men, and the more liberal their education of course the greater are the opportunities. Life insurance is no longer only a refuge for the poor man, it is coming to be appreciated more and more by the wealthy, and policies of $50,000, $100,000 or even $1,000,000 are sometimes placed. No agent whose education has been neglected could possibly place these contracts. One of our own agents last year placed only nineteen policies, but these few amounted to $350,000, which means that they were sold only to exceptionally well-to-do people. A man of character and culture, who is at the same time a good "mixer," will certainly attain distinguished success as the representative of a good life company. He will not only secure the patronage of the average citizen but probably of those "higher up." Such a graduate should first visit the Head Office, and get an insight into its methods, afterwards going out into the field with some man who has had a record of success. Gradually the work will become familiar and the monetary reward will be forthcoming. Failure to-day is impossible to a worthy man, for life insurance was never as popular before. People appreciate

life insurance owing to the sobering effect of the war which has caused multitudes to refrain from speculation and led them to place their savings in life insurance. In Canada and the United States there is in force over $25,000,000,000 of life insurance, and yet but a fraction only of the monetary value of the lives of Americans and Canadians is insured. The per capita protection is much higher in the United States than in Canada, but "the fields are white to the harvest" in both countries.

HEAD OFFICE ACTIVITIES. So much for the field work where opportunity never ceases to knock. Let us return to the Head Office. The position which there makes the heaviest demands upon one's university training is that of the actuary. An honor man in mathematics is the best fitted for this highly specialized department. The actuary's work consists primarily of the application of mathematics to the data given in a mortality experience. As a general rule, the company is furnished with mortality and interest tables prepared by specialists. Nevertheless, an actuary to be sure of his footing should be competent to construct the tables himself if need should arise, and it often is actually necessary to institute special investigations into certain classes of risks. The actuary calculates from the tables the net premiums on the various plans of insurance and the corresponding reserves, and also apportions the surplus among the participating policyholders. He is required to value securities of all kinds, to calculate annuities, pension funds, etc. To be a pronounced success he must be armed from top to toe with knowledge. His occupation is such that he is necessarily a man of scholarly tastes and studious habits. It is a position almost unique in the business world, and it is said to necessitate the possession of a greater variety of abilities than any other work demands. He must know much of the laws respecting insurance that are in force in the various countries in which his company operates, and must also possess a substantial knowledge of medical matters, as these bear directly upon the value of the risk. The actuary is expected also to have a comprehensive knowledge of investments and to be able to advise with those in charge of that most important department.

INVESTMENTS. Speaking of investments, we may say broadly that the head office of a life company occupies itself with two lines of work—collecting premiums and investing premiums. The rates are based upon the assumption that the monies periodically deposited with the company in the form of premiums will earn a given rate of interest. It may earn more and usually does, but it should never earn less. The rate assumed is therefore conservative, and the actual earnings being generally in excess, a surplus arises which goes back to the policyholders under the with-profits policies, if the company is mutual: if it be a stock company, a portion goes to the stockholders and the principal part, say 90-95% to the policyholders. The choice of investments usually devolves upon a selected committee of the directors who have had long and successful experience. In life insurance where the funds they handle are of the nature of a trust, the directors will prefer moderate interest with good security to high interest with questionable security. The law of Canada now limits the choice of the investors of life insurance funds to certain classes which are least subject to violent fluctuation. Securities running for long terms are preferred because the insurance contracts on the average will continue for many years before they become claims. The practice of life insurance therefore calls for a knowledge of practical affairs as well as of abtruse theory.

THE TREASURER AND STAFF. When the monies are invested the securities are lodged with the Treasurer, whose duty it is to keep them safely and to attend to the prompt collection of interest and rents upon which the very life of the company depends. The general prosperity of the different countries or localities in which his company is interested is a matter of deep concern to him, and he watches the weather and the crop reports from month to month with anxiety, for upon these depends ultimately the ability of the borrowers to keep up their payments and eventually to redeem their "scraps of paper."

THE SECRETARY AND STAFF. There are many other activities engaged in at the head office furnishing employment to men and women of various orders of ability. A man of uni-

versity training will find his place .but he must needs have patience for the gaining of experience and also that he may give evidence of ability to those who are in a position to advance him. There are secretarial duties in endless variety involving correspondence regarding premiums, loans, surrender of policies, payment of death claims, etc. Then there is the matter of printing and supplies calling for practical knowledge of such things. The publicity manager is usually a man of literary qualifications and attends to advertising and the editing of the different publications issued in the interests of the company.

THE MANAGER AND PRESIDENT. There are dizzier heights attainable in the Head Office, culminating in those of the manager and president who exercise general supervision over the whole organization, both in the office and field. In large companies, these are places apart and among the greatest prizes in the world of business. They are positions of honor and responsibility. Of late years the searchlight has been turned mercilessly upon these financial thrones, and few have been the cases in which they have been unworthily occupied.

CONCLUSION. The legal and medical departments are supervised by professional men who are retained by the company and therefore do not come within the scope of this paper. Life insurance is an ever widening sphere. Day by day new developments in society call for new applications of insurance. Life insurance is no longer confined to individuals, but large groups are now insured collectively. Although only a few years have elapsed since this branch was opened there is already group insurance in force to the extent of a quarter of a billion dollars. This protects policemen, firemen, office and factory employees, etc., taking them en masse, the premiums being usually paid in part by the employed and in part by the employer. There is a vast field here almost undeveloped as yet. Another function of modern life insurance is the issuance of policies to protect a business so that should the principal or any partner decease his value to the business would, in part at least, be preserved, and be available to secure the services of some one capable of replacing him. The prosperity of life

insurance companies is dependent upon the health and prosperity of the communities in which they operate. The result is that more and more life insurance is being recognized as an important branch of social service. Free periodical medical examinations are furnished policyholders in some companies and in one at least there is a nursing staff maintained. I have no hesitation in saying that life insurance offers not only satisfactory financial compensation if engaged in by a university man of character and ability, but it makes an especially strong appeal if he is "one who loves his fellow men." Next to religion, life insurance gives the maximum of help and encouragement to those who need it most, those, namely, who unexpectedly are deprived of their means of support and who might be reduced to misery but for this mighty friend in need. Life insurance is in a material sense, "a friend born for adversity."

—B. W. N. Grigg, '94.

ALOUETTE.

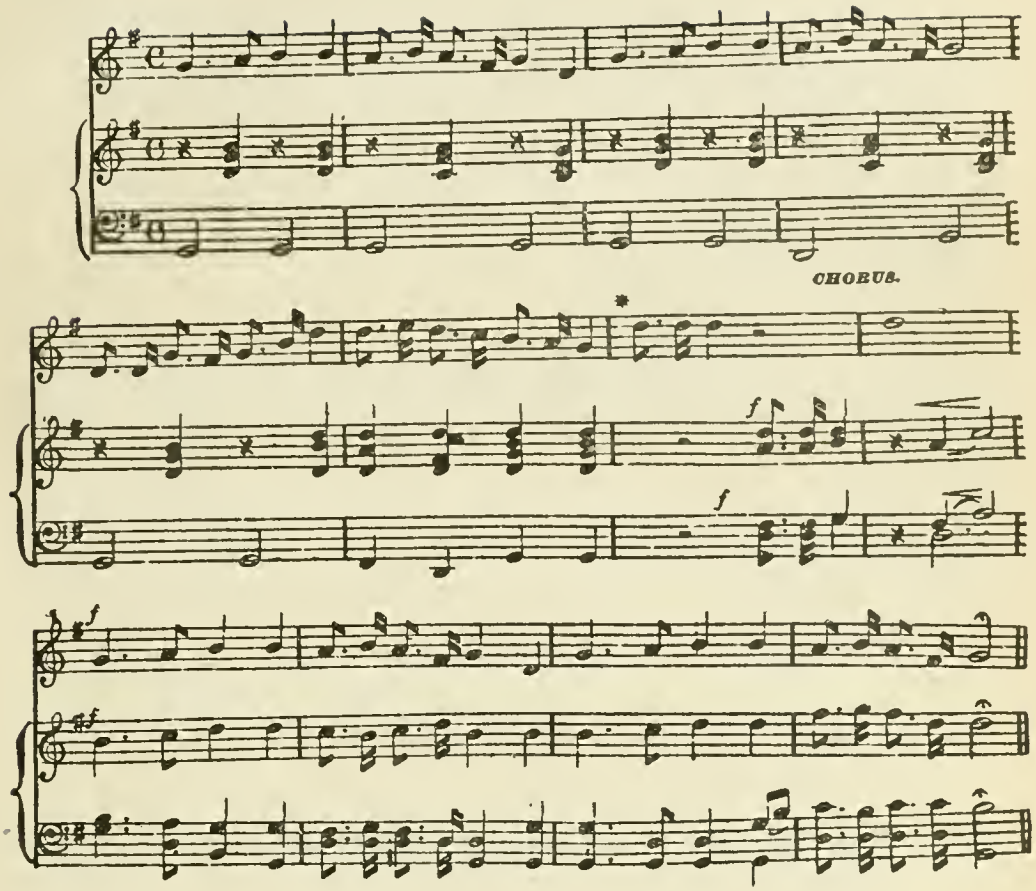
1. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai la tête, je te plumerai la tête,
Et la tête, et la tête—

Chorus. O . . . . .
Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.

2. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

3. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le nez, je te plumerai le nez,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

4. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le dos, je te plumerai le dos,
Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.



5. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai les pattes, je te plumerai les pattes,
Et les pattes, et les pattes, et le dos, et le dos,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

6. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le cou, je te plumerai le cou,
Et le cou, et le cou, et les pattes, et les pattes,
Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

*Repeat this bar once for second verse, twice for third verse, etc.

THE NIBANABE OF WOLF LAKE.

Wolf Lake is one of a thousand typical Canadian Lakes that form a string of jewels across our picturesque country. On its surface the morning mists hang ever so lightly until disturbed by early breezes and the new sun warming the treetops. Then its shores, coming dimly into view, are seen to be clothed with the prevalent tangle of spruce and lush green poplars dividing off great sections of rock, scarred by glacier scratches and wrinkled lichens: a shore-line which winds and juts into a bewildering beauty, giving joy to the idler and hidden retreats for the observer.

Back from the lake at the north great bluffs heave themselves skyward, showing vari-colored cliffs of sheer descent and thickly wooded slopes down which shadows of summer clouds race in quick succession. At one end the pent up water slips over a pebbly floor and flows down the Wolf River canyon, laughing and rippling through the forest, rushing down rapids, flinging spray as it plunges over two abrupt descents until finally it slackens its speed in the still water of Black Bay.

The lake is among the hills, where moose wade and swim during hot summer evenings, or red deer venture timidly into its refreshing comfort, escaping winged tormentors, and large pike sport unseen—unless it be by trapper Labelle, who lives alone in his neat little cabin out of sight on the curving shore of a bay.

One evening, long ago, when red men claimed the north country as their own, and trapped and fished in wild freedom, old man Wenakosh was returning across Wolf Lake to his wigwam which he had pitched well in from its shores to the south. The canoe, which was loaded with a winter's trapping, floated heavily on the water. But as the old man dipped his paddle rhythmically stroke after stroke, it forged ahead steadily, parting the waters and sending an ever widening ripple off into the encompassing twilight. As he crept from under the shadow of Wolf Mountain to cross mid-lake, he felt the canoe lurch suddenly as if under some slight pressure. He knew the water was deep and wondered what the cause might be. Again he felt the canoe dip slightly and rise, and this time he saw the water near the bow close over the fingers of a hand. He went on, however, thinking his eyes had deceived him in the darkness. Down went the bow much deeper than before, and he was sure he saw a naked hand and arm slip from the gunwale. He struck with his paddle but missed. Then urged by the superstition of his race, he turned towards the shore whence he had come. As the canoe swerved on its returning course, in the white foam of its wash he saw the form of a strange creature. The upper half was the body of a young girl with algae hair and smiling face, the lower half the body of a sturgeon.

Old man Wenakosh camped on the north shore of the lake that night, fearing to cross in the darkness, and continued his journey next morning by daylight.

Wolf Lake sleeps among the northern hills. Its waters are still and black in the evening. It is paddled by the Indians as they move to and from their hunting grounds spring and fall. But when night settles on the northern country overtaking these swarthy hunters on their journey, they never cross the bosom

of pretty Wolf Lake: they prefer to wait for morning, because of the Nibanabe which swims its waters at night.

—R.

MARTIN LUTHER FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE last day of October of this year marks the four hundredth anniversary of that event which is usually regarded as the beginning of the Protestant Reformation. Had it not been for the present unhappy war there is no doubt that much would have been made of this event, because it marks the dawn of a movement that has had very wide results and that has influenced many different people. In view, however, of all that this war involves, it will not be possible or wise for us to make more than a general passing reference to what has proved to have been a very important event, because the conduct of the leaders of Germany has made it impossible for us to do honour to one of her leading sons. Martin Luther was one of the most typical Germans, and at the same time his influence on religious thought in Britain has been very great, especially on the theology and practices of the Church of England. An earnest Roman Catholic for many years, he found that he could not gain peace and comfort for his soul in the ordinary teachings of the Parish Church. Peace came when he learned the New Testament teachings about justification by Faith, and to the preaching of this doctrine he gave the rest of his life. The preaching of Indulgences near Wittenberg where he was a professor, called out the indignation of his heart, and led him to post his famous ninety-five theses in protest. The day chosen was the evening before the great church festival of All Saints, when many people would see the theses thus nailed to the door, so that the effect of this act was very far-reaching. If Luther had continued in the spirit of his early protestant days things might have proved very different, but want of confidence in the real spirit of freedom led him after 1522 to throw himself into the

hands of the State, and it is not unfair to say that this deflection from the spirit of freedom has had very serious consequences in the life of Germany.

—J. L. Gilmour, '99.

THE HILL.

Two persons standing alone on a hill during a clear midnight such as this, the roll of the world eastward is almost a palpable movement. The sensation may be caused by the panoramic glide of the stars past earthly objects, which is perceptible in a few minutes of stillness, or by the better outlook upon space that a hill affords, or by the wind, or by the solitude; but whatever be its origin, the impression of riding along is vivid and abiding. The poetry of motion is a phrase much in use, and to enjoy the epic form of that gratification it is necessary to stand on a hill at a small hour of the night, and, having first expanded with a sense of difference from the mass of civilized mankind, who are dream-wrapt and disregardful of all such proceedings at this time, long and quietly watch your stately progress through the stars. After such a reconnoiter it is hard to get back to earth, and to believe that the consciousness of such majestic speeding is derived from a tiny human frame.—*Thos. Hardy.*

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Editorial Notes

It may be surprising to the well-wishers of THE MONTHLY to learn that last year at this time the discontinuance of the publication of our school journal for the period of the war was seriously considered. But with a faithful and efficient Publication Board, it was finally decided to publish THE MONTHLY as in former years. This year, with the advance in prices of material such as we use; with conscription hanging over our heads threatening to cut our staff in two; and with magazines suspending publication all over the country, the task appears even more formidable. But especially for the men on military service and the

esprit de corps of our University, we have decided to "carry on" as usual. The same number of copies, the same size and for the same price—one dollar a year in advance—will be published. If the students, graduates, and friends of the University will be as loyal as the new Board of Publication promises to be, the success of The Monthly for this year is well assured.

Owing to the fact that concurrent with the publication of this number there is being released from the press the collected verse of Bernard Freeman Trotter, it was thought advisable by the writer of the first article in this issue not to deal extensively with Mr. Trotter's poems. We hope to be able to give our readers a review of this volume in the near future. In the meantime, however, especially for new readers of The Monthly, we quote a part of a report that appeared in a weekly publication of his native city, which expresses in part his claim to be called a poet:

By the death of Lieut. Trotter, Canada has lost one of the most promising of her younger poets. Those who knew him best may be forgiven if they link him in their thought with Rupert Brooke and Alan Seeger. As the former died for England in the Aegean, and the latter, an American, gave his life for France at the Somme, so Bernard Trotter laid his young life on the altar of sacrifice for his native land, the Canada he loved so well. Without claiming equality for him with either Brooke or Seeger in respect of promise or accomplishment, one may justly say that, like them, he was a true poet, dowered with a passionate love of beauty and a native instinct for the expression of poetic thought and feeling in musical rhythms.

On Military Service.

Editor: Frank G. McCoy, '20.

Where are the lads who went out to war?
This year, and last year, and long, long ago—
With eyes full of laughter and songs on their lips—
(Our sad hearts flew after as birds follow ships!)
Where are they now, do you know?
—*Agnes S. Falconer.*

WE do not anticipate any important changes in this department, but as the war continues and the number of McMaster men on active service increases, we must of necessity give more space to this section of the magazine. Our aim is to get in touch with all students on Military Service who have at any time attended this University, whether graduates or undergraduates. For our material we must depend to a large extent on our readers. News items are respectfully solicited from all.

We enter upon another term with mingled emotions of sorrow, pride and hope; hope for those who have so recently left us; pride in those who have received honors,—no! let us rather say pride in all who have entered the service; sorrow for those who have fallen.

The following casualties have been reported:—

Killed.—Lieut. W. E. McKissock, '16, R.F.C.; Lieut. W. J. Wright, a former student, 19th Can. Battn.; Pte. C. Mackenzie, '18, 27th Battn., killed in action April, 1917; Pte. W. J. Jones, '18, 3rd Bde. M.G. Coy., died of wounds July 1st, 1917. Full particulars of these men will appear in early issues of The Monthly.

Wounded.—Lieut. A. J. McLaren, '08, Can. Engineers, now in a London Hospital; Battery-Sergt.-Maj. G. M. Philpott, '15, 26th Battery, C.F.A., wounded and ear-drums split by concussion; Pte. M. A. Smith, '18, nature of wounds not known; Spr. H. A. Innes, '16, Signal Coy., recovering in English Hospital; Pte. F. W. Waters, '11, severely wounded in April, now recovering in England; Spr. J. H. Fox, '16, Signal Coy., reported wounded August 30th. No particulars available.

Lieut. Gerald W. Guiou, '18, P.P.C.L.I., and Lieut. Ralph Willcock, '12, have received the Military Cross and Bar for bravery at the front. We hope to publish a fuller account of the services rendered by these McMaster men in an early issue.

LIEUTENANT W. E. McKISSOCK.

Killed in Action, June 1st, 1917.

Lieut. W. E. McKissock was born at Owen Sound, August 6th, 1890. He received his early education in the schools of Owen Sound and Barrie, and at Oakwood High School, Toronto.

He entered McMaster University with class '15, where he was found sympathetic, considerate and unassuming by all who knew him. His athletic record was good. In his Freshman year he proved his title to a premier place among Canadian fencers in the finals at the Central Y.M.C.A. In the following year he was instrumental in introducing fencing among the sports of the college. Twice he won the Second Athletic Association Medal on Field Day. He was graduated with the degree B.A. in the spring of 1916.

Earl enlisted in Toronto with the 20th Halton Rifles, and after a course of training received his commission with the 116th Battalion, in which he was employed as instructor. In the spring of 1916 he became Second in Command of the Bayonet Fighting and Physical Training School at Camp Borden. In the fall he went overseas, where he transferred to the Royal Flying Corps, proceeding to France with the 16th squadron, May 6th, 1917. Until the day of his death he was engaged in registering and correcting the fire of our artillery.

On the morning of June 1st, as he was carrying out a very dangerous scouting operation, he was attacked by an overwhelming number of enemy machines. While endeavoring to engage the hostile planes his machine was hit and fell in flames, both he and his pilot being killed. Letters commending his skill and daring have been received from his commander and others who knew him.

His parents have our deepest sympathy in their bereavement.

Recent enlistments include:—2nd Lieut. F. W. Kemp, '16, R.F.C., at present training in England; H. H. Wilson, '17, Cadet in R.F.C.; Pte. A. O. Parry, '16, C.A.M.C., Camp Borden; Pte. P.P. Ziemann, '16, C.A.M.C., Camp Borden; Lieut. L.H. Werden, '07, R.A.M.C.; Gunner O. MacDougald, '18, Petawawa Camp; D. J. Russell, '20, Cadet in R.F.C.; C. J. Wilkins, '20, Forestry Battalion; H. Webb, '20, Cadet in R.F.C.; Sergt. P. K. Hambly, 7th Irish Fusileers; and R. J. Lang, is with the R. F. C., and has been at Leaside Camp most of the summer.

Word has been received that Capt. A. J. Vining, Theology, '90, who went overseas with the Y.M.C.A., has reached England in safety.

Capt. D. W. Terry, B.Th., '97, has been granted leave of absence to Canada after several months of strenuous work with

the Y.M.C.A. in Egypt. While on his way home Capt. Terry's ship was sunk by a submarine in the Mediterranean. With several companions he drifted about for some time in an open boat, after which he was picked up by a Japanese cruiser and landed at Marseilles.

Rev. J. B. Grimshaw, Theology, '03, who went to France as Chaplain of the 3rd Bde. C.F.A., has been promoted to the rank of Major.

G. A. Clark, '15, who went to England with the 4th Sig. Coy., has been given his commission as Lieutenant in connection with Y.M.C.A. work.

Spr. L. M. Houlding, '15, 4th Div. Signals Headquarters Artillery, has been recommended for a commission as Chaplain. For some time he has been employed in company with Spr. Edgar Bates as signaller with the artillery.

Lieut. Carl Farmer, '15, is doing good work with the Y.M.C.A. in France.

Lieut. B. E. Gilbert, '16, has been transferred to the R. F. C. and has left for the front.

Pte. Donald McBain, '18, Motor Transport, A.S.C., is again on duty at Salonika, after six months' sickness in Malta and England.

College News

Around the Hall

Editor: Harold W. Lang, '19.

"Fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee and make
Thy spirits all of comfort!"
Anthony and Cleopatra.—Act III, Sc. 2

WE notice quite a change around the halls this term. Many of the familiar faces are missing. When we took our departure early last May, and said farewell to the old friends, many of us failed to realize that it would be a long time before we should see some of them again. But, although we shall miss their presence around the halls, we would not wish to hold them here beyond their time. They could not always be kindergartners in the school of life, and have but moved on to a higher grade. Their work here has been done and well done. All have left the impress of their sojourn in this university; and we are enjoying the benefits of institutions and organizations which they have helped to rear to their present state of usefulness. Another graduating class has left us; and we cannot but wish them Godspeed in their new sphere of action.

Nor must we omit to remark upon the appearance of certain new faces among us. The Freshman Year has reached its majority! It has passed the 'teen age and already feels the strength and vigor of young manhood. Disturbed Sophomore beds and peppered jelly-rolls bear witness to this growing energy. We suppose that we are expected to follow the time-worn custom of dropping some sage advice in the Frosh ear. But, honestly, we don't feel equal to the task; and, besides, if the members of year '21 will just turn to the first number of The Monthly in the last four or five volumes, they will find therein many thoughts expressed in a manner far beyond our capabilities. There, may be read the pearls of wisdom given to their Freshmen predecessors. Study them, my children, peruse them carefully; nay, learn them by heart, that ye may profit by them to avoid the pitfalls which are so numerous about thee and into which the Freshman is so prone to fall.

With regard to ourselves, dear reader, we confess to approaching this editorial chair with considerable apprehension.

In fact, we are filled with misgiving, and the editorial knees are shaking in a most alarming manner. We freely admit our incapacities and heartily unite with you in condemning the powers that be for their unhappy choice of an editor for this important column.

The Sophomore President
Welcomes the Freshmen

For, like each of the other associate editors, we are firmly convinced that ours is the most important department of THE MONTHLY. Quite logically, then, there follows a crushing sense of our own responsibility. For, you see, the more important this section is, the bigger the job we are called to do. Moreover, when we start to consider the names of those honorable gentlemen who preceded us in this office we are overcome with consternation, and a realization of our own inability to equal the standard of work set by them.

Consequently, we are taking you into our confidence from the start, admitting that the Managing Editor has been grossly deceived in our capabilities, and that he is even now ruing the day of our appointment. However, having some slight desire to help him out of this difficulty, we are going to make the best of it; and so we wish to appeal to you for assistance.

Every student of McMaster is supposed to be capable of transposing his thoughts upon paper in a fairly legible manner. Some of us have even gained awesome duties upon this supposition. Therefore we request you to let us have all the news. We specialize in deciphering the latest styles in spelling, and in running to earth every elusive grammatical construction. This is your column, and yours is the opportunity to make it really worth while. So let's all get together; and, with your co-oper-

ation, we are confident that in a short time the most interesting department of this old paper will be "Around the Halls."

Opening Chapel Service

The first Chapel Service of the term was held in Castle Memorial Hall on the afternoon of Tuesday, September 28th. A very good representation of students and friends of the University were in attendance on this occasion. The members of the faculty were all present, with the exception of Doctor Trotter, whose serious illness has incapacitated him for the duties of his position. We were pleased to greet Doctor Findlay once again and to welcome Doctor MacGibbon, who succeeds Doctor Donald.

After the singing of the McMaster Hymn, Doctor A. P. McDiarmid, former Principal of Brandon College, conducted the devotional portion of the service. Chancellor McCrimmon then made a number of important announcements concerning the work of the new academic year, and concluded the service with a short but inspiring address.

The Chancellor's theme was "Driving Power"; and he showed how the important factors behind the Prussian ambition in this great war, if rightly directed, could be made mighty forces for good in our college life. The Prussian breadth of horizon, their dogged persistence, keen intelligence and efficient organization were graphically illustrated and applied to the life of the University. One thing the Prussians lacked, however, and that was a worthy motive, a true purpose; and this is the essential thing in the heart of every man and woman of McMaster.

As we left the chapel on this first afternoon of the new term, with a fresh, untouched slate before us upon which to record another year of University life, we could not but feel grateful to the Chancellor for giving us such a text upon which to fashion our tale.

Flat Masters

The High Kakiak has announced the selection of certain individuals to be responsible for the indoor activities—chiefly nocturnal—of the inhabitants of McMaster Hall. Owing to the closing of the top flat this term, only two Flat Masters are required. Mr. H. E. Groom, '19, will curb the boisterous tendencies of the second flat settlers. Although his room is in close proximity to the "department of the bath," we are pleased to report that Harry is a sound sleeper. Mr. O. D. Priddle, B.A., will hold forth on the first flat. Oamer's precints are said not to include the Ladies' Room or the Library. Our sincerest sympathy goes forth to the above named gentlemen.

On Friday evening, October 5th, the faculty, student body, and friends of McMaster gathered for the Autumn Convocation. Castle Memorial Hall was well filled. Professor Gilmour conducted the opening devotional exercises, following which Chancellor McCrimmon presented the prizes and scholarships of last year. Doctor D. A. MacGibbon, formerly of Brandon College, was then introduced as successor to Doctor Donald in the capacity of lecturer in Political Economy. Doctor MacGibbon is a graduate of McMaster of year '08, and in 1911 obtained his M.A. degree from his Alma Mater. Since then he has won his doctor's gree "*magna cum laude*" from the University of Chicago, and comes to us most highly recommended from our sister College in Brandon.

Autumn Convocation

The Convocation address was delivered by Doctor McNairn, who told in his most interesting manner of the history of man's conceptions of the origin and formation of the world and the solar system. Certainly our mediaeval forefathers had a much more interesting course in astronomy and geology than our modern science has evolved for present day McMaster students.

The Literary Society has been somewhat handicapped this term. The President-elect, M. C. Hooper, '18, has found it impossible to return to McMaster. We are exceedingly sorry to lose Cleeve, for we were confident of his ability as a President, and we feel that the "Lit" has lost a tried and trusted officer. However, under the capable leadership of the Vice-Presidents, assisted by the President of the Student Body, the Society is once more under way; and we hope that before this appears in print we shall have had our first meeting, attended with its usual success.

"The Lit"

Once again our peace and quietude has been rudely disturbed by the savage inroads of the barbarians. The Freshmen have arrived *en masse*, and after a preliminary investigation have decided to stay a while. For some days they were to be seen wandering aimlessly about the halls, until some kind friend imparted unto them a word of fatherly advice. Then, with one accord, they congregated to bring some semblance of order out of this state of chaos. Professor McLay is rumored to have received the honor of being the first Honorary President of the new arrivals. W. M. Nelson has been appointed admiral of the fleet, while Miss Helen Gilmour, in the capacity of Vice-President, will endeavor

Freshman Elections

to curb all presidential indiscretions. The bag will be carried by A. H. Carr; and Miss Hounsom will keep a record of the mysterious goings-on of the new students. May every success be yours, Year '21!

Registration

The University Registration to date is 151, divided among the various years as follows:—First Year, 42; Second Year, 27; Third Year, 32; Fourth Year, 13; Theology, 19; Partial Students, 18. This is a slight increase over the corresponding date of last year—a fact which is indeed gratifying when we consider the difficulties under which any University "carries on" at the present time.

Women's Department

Editor: Miss Grace Taylor, '18.

"The forest above and the combe below
On a bright September morn!
He's the soul of a clod who thanks not God
That ever his body was born."
—*Newbolt.*

ON the night of the twenty-fourth of September, the McMaster Ghost stalked slowly and solemnly through the halls to see that everything was in readiness for the following day, and diffusing as he went the spirit of comradeship for which he is everywhere famed. When he came to the Ladies' Room, he did not forget than an unusually large quantity was used there. Surely there was not one who entered the room the following afternoon that was not conscious of the McMaster Spirit, and each one of us felt proud that we were a part of such a college, and that we might do our share to help foster our college spirit!

From all accounts our activities during the summer seem to have been more varied than is usual. These have ranged from doing chores on the farm to working as chemists in munition factories; and there are but few of us who cannot point to some work which was truly "National Service." This idea of national service has been thoroughly inculcated into us, and we are back at college again, determined that during the coming year we shall fit ourselves for greater and more efficient service than we have hitherto been able to offer.

Y.W.C.A. Conference

The Y.W.C.A. week-end conference was held again this year at Moulton College from the twenty-eighth to the thirtieth of September. Owing to the fact that so many of the girls were doing patriotic work during the summer, we were not able to find delegates to send to the annual conference at Muskoka. We, therefore, tried to make our own conference especially good, that we might atone for this lack. We were fortunate in securing the very best of speakers, among whom were Dr. Ellis, of Moulton College, and Dr. Farmer. The aim, the purpose and the scope of our association were fully discussed, and plans were made for the coming year. Here we found also the inspiration that is to carry us through the year and that is going to make the association a vital power among the other college activities.

McMaster Red Cross

In the excitement of elections last spring, it seems that we forgot to elect a president for the McMaster Red Cross—or perhaps it was that we were afraid to tempt Providence by suggesting that the need for Red Cross work would still exist. At all events, we have hastened to atone for the omission, and have elected Miss Margaret Eaton to fill this position. As Miss Eaton is the champion knitter of socks at McMaster, she is well fitted for the office. We, of course, are all anxious to begin work. Let us see to it that our enthusiasm does not wane throughout the year, even though it does mean a little sacrifice of our precious time.

Public Reading and Speaking

Evidently we McMaster women, in our zeal to break down barriers, have been trying to annihilate imaginary ones. We were indignant because we were not allowed to take lessons in public reading and speaking, and now we find that no one had ever said that we could not take these lectures. However, having become aware of our rights, we are now taking the full advantage of them, and at the first class, we turned out in such force that the men were completely outnumbered.

Women's Literary Society

The first meeting of the W. L. S. was held on Monday October 1st. Miss Latimer presided and appropriately welcomed to McMaster the girls of year '21. Miss Brothers, Head Girl, also extended the full privileges which the college life in all its phases could offer and urged that they be fully appreciated, and that the share of responsibilities they entailed should be met with new interest and endeavor. The only business of the meet-

ing concerned the girls' picnic, and was left in charge of the executive and the Head Girl. The meeting was then given over to year '20.

At this point, the growing suspicion of the freshettes was confirmed—it was initiation! After a mysterious silence, a sophette, ringing a bell, announced an immediate performance of Barnums' World-Famous Circus. On a special platform, one by one, the animals performed. From mouse to monkey, seal and cow, the freshettes were put through the drill, and weird were the sounds and fantastic the motions they made. A realistic fat lady and a peanut man were added attractions. Altogether it was Babel. Later, for some, special tortures were devised and finally rules for future conduct in the presence of their seniors, and the duties they were expected to perform, were indelibly impressed upon their minds. The meeting closed with the McMaster song, in which the freshettes were thoroughly drilled.

The Picnic

October 4th the Women's Student Body gave their annual picnic in honor of the freshettes. It proceeded to Scarboro Bluffs with great merriment. After the proverbial spread of "pork and beans and chelseys," the evening was spent around the fire singing college songs and toasting marshmallows. Needless to say the women all alone altogether arrived home safely under the genial chaperonage of Mrs. Dr. Findlay.

One afternoon Carrie Jacobs Bond told me how she came to write *A Perfect Day*. She had spent a Sunshiny Day, a Very Happy Day, with Understanding Friends; through the wonderful Sierras they meandered; just gentle Breezes and Wild-Flowers and Friendliness—and toward the close a sky shot with Rainbow-colors, an enveloping Sunset—for inspiration! She wrote the *words* that night; scratched them with lead-pencil on an envelope. She waited for the Music—a day, several—presently it came, a note at a time. She hummed and blended them, 'till her soul told her stop—So was born *A Perfect Day*, to clutch the Heart-strings of us all; —a song of the Joy of Living.—*Felix Shay.*

Our Graduates

Editor: E. J. Bengough, '03.

THE Editor's news folder has filled up rapidly during the months since last issue. It now seems to be a problem to select the essential items. We would fain dilate on some of the announcements, giving some further details, but space presses and we must content ourselves with rather bare statements of fact. We follow again the order adopted last year in the arrangement of items by classes. For some kinds of news it is not ideal, but it seems to have some advantages over a miscellaneous arrangement, and so it is adhered to in the main. We would suggest, however, that you do not limit your reading to the items of your own year, as you may find a classmate incidentally mentioned in another connection. If we have overlooked some important event, perhaps the reader will be good enough to inform us of the omission, and it will be rectified next month. Information concerning the movements and accomplishments of the graduates is always welcome.

'95.—Frederick Eby has for some years been full professor of History and Education in the University of Texas. He is one of the most influential men in the University, and is in much demand throughout the State and beyond, as a religious and educational lecturer.

'96.—A. N. Marshall is now settled as pastor of First Baptist Church, Ottawa.

'99.—Henry W. Newman is a medical missionary under the professorship in the University of Chicago, and he is also Dean of Science, having charge of medical and pre-medical students.

'99.—A. L. Brown has left the staff of the University Schools, Toronto, to become Principal of Wingham High School.

'99.—Rev. Walter Daniel, who for a number of years has been the eastern representative of Baptist Missions in Western Canada, has left for British Columbia to become Missionary Evangelist under the Baptist Convention of that province.

'99.—Henry W. Newman is a medical missionery under the Northern Baptist Board, and is in charge of a hospital at Ungkung, China.

'00.—G. L. Sprague, Principal of the Hamilton Technical School, has been appointed Vocational Officer for Hamilton by the Soldiers' Aid Commission and the Military Hospitals Com-

mission. He will direct the re-education of disabled soldiers, at the same time continuing his duties in connection with the Technical School.

'00.—W. S. Fox entered this autumn on his duties as Professor of Classics in Western University, London, Ont. Dr. Fox has been on the staff of Princeton University for a number of years, and is well known as an author on classical subjects.

'01.—Miss Edith Delmage is now Principal of Thorndale Continuation School. Miss C. L. Twiss, '15, is also on the staff.

'02.—Early in the summer the *New York Times* had an article about a new process for producing gas from straw, which has been invented by Prof. R.D. McLaurin, '02, of the University of Saskatchewan. This promises to help greatly in the solution of the fuel problem of the west.

'02.—A. L. Huddleston, for many years in St. Catharines, is now pastor of First Baptist Church, Halifax, N.S.

'02.—H. B. Coumans, who has been pastor at Cobalt for a number of years, has been appointed Home Mission Superintendent for Ontario and Quebec, succeeding the late Dr. W. E. Norton.

'03.—E. J. Farmer, who has been Librarian of the University for a number of years, has resigned from that position to devote himself more exclusively to his musical duties at the Hambourg Conservatory.

'03.—It was the Editor's privilege this summer to call on J. N. MacLean, who is Chairman of the Law Enforcement Board of Manitoba. He has charge principally of the enforcement of the Temperance Act, and during our visit to his office one or two of his inspectors called to report cases and get J. N.'s judicial decision on the circumstances. He enforces with directness and decision, but he has lost none of his old-time joviality. In the course of conversation he delighted to "reminisce" concerning experiences at the old Hall when as High Kakiak he got his first experience in law enforcement.

'04.—Rev. J. M. Warner withdrew last spring from the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Woodstock, and is now pursuing theological studies in Rochester.

'04.—Rev. C. R. Jones, Theol., is enjoying life in Pontiac, Mich. He has been there for nearly two years as associate pastor of a Baptist Church of 1300 members. The Sunday School enrolls 1700, which is the largest Baptist Sunday School in the State.

'05.—J. B. McLaurin returned from India in the early summer. He is now settled at 105 Ellsworth Ave., Toronto, where

he will be located for the winter. Since his arrival he has been a welcome speaker at missionary gatherings in various parts of the country.

'06.—E. C. Fox is President this year of the Canadian Club of Toronto.

'06.—R. J. Currie is pastor of the First Congregational Church, Wyandotte, Mich.

07.—Stuart J. Bates, of Throop School of Technology, Pasadena, Calif., was married on August 9th to Miss Hazel C. Hooper, '13. The wedding took place in College Street Church, Toronto, and we understand Mr. and Mrs. Bates spent some time in Muskoka before going to California. THE MONTHLY extends congratulations.

'08.—D. A. MacGibbon has entered on his duties as lecturer in Political Economy in the University, succeeding Dr. W. J. A. Donald, who resigned to take up work under the American City Bureau, of New York.

'09.—During the summer Thomas Wearing accepted a call to the pastorate of First Baptist Church, Woodstock, Ont. His church is acting as host for the Convention meeting this month.

'07.—N. E. Challen followed the good example of his classmate and was married on the same day. The bride was Miss Elizabeth Margaret Robertson, of Perth, the marriage taking place at the home of her parents. Congratulations are extended.

'07.—L. H. Werden is now a Lieutenant with the R.A.M.C. A letter recently to hand from him was dated "At Sea"; we hope this did not indicate his state of mind at the time. Lloyd has been practising medicine in Wales for some time; previous word from him indicated that the war authorities considered his services more valuable as a civilian doctor than in the army; evidently conditions have changed since that decision.

'10.—S. R. Weaver, who has been for a number of years on the staff of the Toronto *News*, has been appointed Publicity Agent in the Food Controller's Office.

'10.—Miss E. W. Dengate is on the staff of the Mount Forest High School.

'10.—Miss Laura Craig left a few days ago for India with her parents. She now enters mission work as a regular missionary under the Women's Baptist Foreign Mission Board.

'11.—R. E. Gilmore is now with the Forest Products Laboratory, Montreal, which is under the Dominion Advisory Council on Industrial Research. At present Mr. Gilmore is engaged in an investigation of lignite.

'11.—R. F. Bennett has moved from Guelph to Oshawa his native town, where he is on the staff of the High School.

'12.—Miss Enid A. McGregor is now Librarian at the University, succeeding E. J. Farmer, '03, who has withdrawn to devote his time exclusively to music.

'12.—T. Russell Wilkins is leaving for France in the Aerological Service of the American Army. The National Board of Scientific Research called for ten men of Ph.D. grade in Physics for this work. Of the ten nominees, two were from the University of Chicago. It is interesting to note that both the Chicago men are Canadians, the other being a graduate of the University of Toronto.

'13.—H. B. Kilgour is now on the staff of the University Schools, Toronto.

'13.—E. S. Clifton is now pastor of Gladstone Baptist Church, his address being R. R. 1, Mossley, Ont. He reports that prospects are very good along all lines.

'13.—As noted elsewhere, Miss Hazel C. Hooper is now Mrs. S. J. Bates. She thus joins '07, but doubtless retains her loyalty to '13 unabated.

'13.—Miss Jessie I. Stenhouse spent the summer at her home in South Indian, Ont., returning this fall to her work as Principal of the school at Rocanville, Sask.

'13.—Harvey Merritt is now pastor in Whitby.

'14.—Henry Roche is assistant at St. John's Anglican Church, West Toronto. He is also associated with the Dominion Alliance and does considerable work for the cause represented by that organization.

'14.—Miss Ada Found is teaching in the Collegiate Institute in Perth.

'14.—Miss Margaret Hair is teaching in Killarney, Man.

'15.—It is with great regret that we record the death in action in May last of Bernard Freeman Trotter. The world is poorer for his going for it can ill spare spirits such as his. Doubtless he is being referred to at greater length elsewhere in The Monthly, but this department would not be complete without a note of the fact that he has given his life for his country.

'15.—M. J. Bradley now holds a fellowship in the University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill. For some time he was connected with the Forest Products Laboratory in Montreal.

'15.—P. K. Hambly was so successful in his work as classical master in Brockville Collegiate Institute that he was offered an increase in salary during the summer, but in spite of this he has resigned and has entered military service.

'16.—J. A. Gunton is now an assistant in the University of Louisville, at Louisville, Kentucky.

'17.—G. W. Robb is now teaching science in Aurora High School, succeeding A. Hisey, of '14.

'17.—W. A. Robertson is on the staff of the Picton High School. As H. H. Graham, '14, recently joined the staff, and Mr. Wardell, Theol., '16, is pastor of the Picton Church, McMaster is well represented in the town.

'17.—Miss Winnifred Grindell, Miss Bessie Cooke, Miss Marion Grimshaw, and Miss Ruth Baker, spent the summer at Nobel, Ont., as chemists in the explosive works there. Miss Grindell is now a chemist with a rubber company in Montreal.

'17.—Miss Elsie Wilkins was married on May 29th to Mr. Rowland Hill, Jr., of London. We understand they will reside in that city. THE MONTHLY wishes them a long and happy life.

'17.—H. C. Packham, Theol., has become pastor of the church in Listowel.

'17.—R. J. Smithson, Theol., is now pastor at Midland.

Coll Claude Sinclair, '02, has recently become a Fellow of the Actuarial Society of America, having successfully passed his final examinations. Mr. Sinclair is on the actuarial staff of the Great West Life of Winnipeg, and has made a great name for himself in insurance circles. The only other McMaster man to become a Fellow by examination is W. Lloyd Blackadar, '10, who is Assistant to the Actuary of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York. Mr. Blackadar is a sub-chairman of the Examination Board of the Actuarial Society. "Black" evidently likes New York, as he recently refused an offer to become the Actuary of a well-known Canadian Company. Two other McMaster men are making good in Actuarial lines—Mr. E. G. Blackadar, '04, Actuary, Canadian Government Annuities Branch, Ottawa, and Mr. F. R. Jordan, '08, Assistant Actuary, Franklin Life Ins., Co., Springfield, Ill. Both these gentlemen are Associate Members of the Actuarial Society.

The Toronto Alumni held a most successful social gathering at the University on April 12th last. The news may seem out-of-date now, but the event took place just too late for inclusion in the last issue of the spring. The speakers of the evening were E. A. Brownlee, '01, of China; A. N. Marshall, '96, lately of Australia; T. M. Dadson, '06, of McMaster, and Miss Laura Craig, '10, of India. For the coming year the officers of the Toronto Branch are: President, Harold Firstbrook, '10; Secretary, J. H. Castle Graham, '15; Councillors, Professor Matthews and Mr. Dadson.

Here and There

Editor: O. H. McDonald. '19.

AUTUMN.

When the leaves are flying
Across the azure sky,
Autumn on the hilltop
Turns to say goodby;

In her gold-red tunic,
Like an Eastern queen,
With untarnished courage
In her wilding mien,

All the earth below her
Answers to her gaze,
And her eyes are pensive
With remembered days.

Yet, with cheek unsanguined,
Gay at heart she goes
On the great adventure
Where the north wind blows.

—*Bliss Carman.*

THE college journals of the new year are not yet at hand. For this month, therefore, our gleanings are more from the "secular" press. The "Independent" has an editorial which should be of special significance in present day University conditions. The basis of this editorial is President Wilson's telegram to the President of Indiana University, in which he says: "I see no necessity whatever for suspending the sessions of the colleges and universities, and think such suspension would be very much against the public interest."

From the editorial we quote as follows: "That the universities will have a hard time during the war is obvious. Incomes will be cut down, expenses increased and a considerable proportion of the older students and younger instructors will be called to the colors. But there is no reason why the women and most of the undergraduate men should not as a rule continue their studies. They did so during the civil war, which put more of a strain upon our national life than this war is like to. Not only so, but twenty new American colleges and universities were opened during our civil war. The University of Leyden was founded while Holland was in a life and death struggle with Spain. The University of Berlin was founded in the midst of

the Napoleonic wars, and since the great war began Germany has opened a new university at Frankfurt. There are certain forms of college activities, the most conspicuous of them, that might well be suspended during the war, and might better not be resumed after the war, but those activities for which the colleges were established are never more needed than now."

Food conservation is the all important question of the day—an exceedingly serious question, but not without its humorous side:

"The sun shines bright on my conservation flat,
'Tis summer as none will gainsay.
We have cut out milk and eliminated fat,
And our meals are only two a day.
The young folks dine on a conservation pie,
Bereft of potatoes and meat;
And our bread is made of the barley and the rye,
And nobody uses any wheat.
Wheat no more my lady,
Oh wheat no more this year,
We will sing our song for our conservation flat,
Till we make the Germans disappear."

We have come across some of the more recent imagist poetry which has undoubtedly a most appealing interest in the vivid mind-pictures which it presents. In Richard Aldington's "Inarticulate Grief" we read:

"Let the sea beat its thin torn hands
In anguish against the shore;
Let it . . . . .
. . . . . shriek out its agony . . .
Across waste sands and marshes;
Let it sob and scream and laugh
In a sharp fury,
With white salt tears
Wet on its withered face; . . . ,
For the sea is the cry of our sorrow."

A poem entitled "The God" brings to mind the Greek Zeus enthroned upon Olympus,—

"Whose face is dark
set beneath heavy locks,
circled with stiff ivy fruit,
clear,
cut with great hammer-stroke,
brow, nose and mouth,
mysterious and far distant
from my sense.
I asked:
can he from his portals of ebony,
carved with grapes,
turn toward the earth?"

The third poem brings up a scene with which we are better acquainted. "Blackberry Harvest" is the name—a Bacchic revel with berry-picking children upon the hillside:

"And there wells up in me a drunken impulse of autumn,
To fling myself into the tangle;
To find myself a faun again, freed from the restraint of houses,
With red-stained face a-leering
Out of the dense, deep web of interlacing thorn,
A girdle of scarlet berries slung carelessly over my shoulder
A crown of glistening purple berries gleaming in my hair."

"Schoolboy howlers" never lose their amusing interest. The Regents' examination of New York has brought forth the following bright answers from the rising generation:

A blizzard is the inside of the hen.

When Cicero delivered his oration he was a prefix.

Sixty gallons make one hedgehog.

Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of saliva from the Vatican.

The government of England is a limited mockery.

Achilles was dipped in the Styx to make him immoral.

A vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope lives.

The alimentary canal is located in Northern Indiana.

A mountain range is a very large cook stove.

The war in the air is a phase of this great conflict which is ever increasing in importance. We have here some of the sayings of Mr. Orville Wright, one of America's leading airmen:

A greater percentage of women than men turn out to be good aviators.

There is no sense of dizziness in the air.

The army with the most eyes will win.

Flying is great fun; at the rate of speed which we expect an aeroplane to maintain, seventy to eighty miles per hour, there is no means of transportation that is so safe.

We get better and cheaper service out of two aeroplanes of moderate size than we can get from one which is twice as large.

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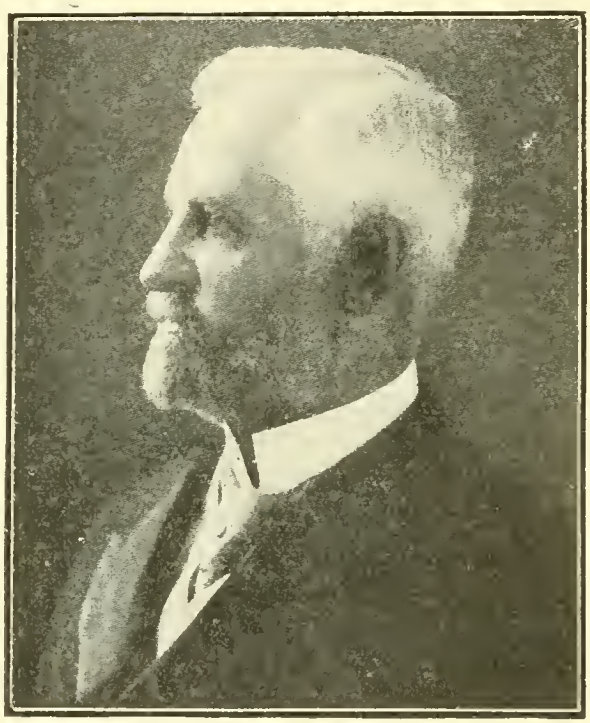

DENNIS WESTON KARN.

The
McMaster University Monthly

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DENNIS WESTON KARN.

THE McMASTER MONTHLY, throughout its history has rendered to our Baptist body and to the growing McMaster constituency, a worthy and acceptable service in preserving in its pages, memorials of the men and women who are gone, but who still abide with us in the work which they accomplished and the impress of themselves which they have left upon our lives and our institutions, and whose memory therefore we would rightly and gladly transmit to those who in the future are to build upon their foundations.

No such muster would be complete without the name of the late D. W. Karn, who died at his home in Toronto on the 19th of September, 1916. Mr. Karn was a representative of staunch Canadian life. As a citizen, a man of business, and as a Christian gentleman, he held for nearly half a century, an honored place in the hearts of a wide circle of personal friends and a wider circle of those who knew and appreciated his worth.

Mr. Karn belonged to the sturdy pioneer stock of Western Ontario. His antecedents were Pennsylvania Dutch, his grandfather having migrated to Ontario early in the last century and settled on a farm in the Township of North Oxford. It was there in 1843 that Mr. Karn was born. Mr. E. J. Cody, the father of Archdeacon Cody, was a neighbor and companion of his early days. In a letter to the writer he says: "He had a

beautiful even temper; at school he was known as the peacemaker." Mr. Cody pays him no mean tribute when he says. "In my lifelong friendship with him he was always the Christian gentleman."

Mr. Karn was from boyhood musically and mechanicaly inclined. He constructed violins in his leisure hours, and with the first forty dollars he ever earned he purchased a melodeon.

He experienced all the discipline and wholesome joys of pioneer life and learned what in after life was of tremendous advantage to him, the value and the pleasure of hard work. Of any kind of useful labor he was never afraid or ashamed. It was typical of him that he always kept and prized the spinning wheel which in his young manhood was more than a household ornament.

He started life independently at the age of 23, when he married Miss Elizabeth Featherston, and settled upon a farm of his own.

He cleared his farm of timber and remained upon it till the year 1869, when he yielded to the impulse for higher education. Moving to Woodstock he entered the newly established Canadian Literary Institute, now Woodstock College, for the purpose of studying for the Baptist ministry. Owing, however, to an affection of the throat, he was before long compelled to abandon the project. His connection with the College was by no means lost time. He came into contact with Baptist Educational work, and developed an interest which he never lost. He always spoke gratefully of the distinguished founder and principal Dr. Fyfe, and he may be regarded as one of the notable group of young men whose fortune it was, in their formative period, to come within close range of that princely character.

In the early part of the year 1872 Mr. Karn acquired the proprietorship of an organ manufacturing establishment, and from small beginnings the business grew and Mr. Karn grew with it. It was by no means an easy success which he achieved. On three different occasions the business was almost totally destroyed by fire. These obstacles only served to awake and sustain his

indomitable will and faith in himself. His business finally responded to his industry and foresight. To the original organ business he added the manufacture of pianos, and later that of pipe organs and piano players. Through the medium of his instruments his name became a household word throughout Canada, and in later years he built up an extensive foreign connection.

As Mr. Karn's integrity and ability to succeed commanded increasing respect, his advice and co-operation were naturally sought in many industrial, commercial and financial enterprises. The mere catalogue of his interests will indicate how large a place he filled in Canadian business life. Apart from his own business, the Karn-Morris Piano & Organ Co., of which he was founder and president, he was director and vice-president of the Dominion Permanent Loan Corporation, vice-president of the People's Life Insurance Company, vice-president and director of the Trust and Guarantee Company, vice-president of the Thames Valley and Ingersoll Electric Railway System, director of the Home Life Insurance Company, director and treasurer of the Canadian Linderman Co., director of the Woodstock Textile Company and proprietor of the Woodstock Express Publishing Company. He was at one time president of the Woodstock Board of Trade, and in 1897 president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. Mr. Karn was also one of the provisional directors of the Sovereign Bank of Canada.

Mr. Karn always took a deep interest in the political life of Canada. In 1892 and again in 1896 he contested the north riding of Oxford in the interest of the National policy platform for the House of Commons. He had strong political convictions, he was by no means a blind party partisan, but formed his own conclusions on all public questions on the basis of thorough investigation. All of his friends were not eye to eye with him in politics, but at least they understood that he had what were to him sound reasons for the political faith that was in him.

As a citizen of Woodstock, Mr. Karn gave himself whole heartedly to municipal affairs, and here his business experience

and practical sense were invaluable. He served as Mayor on three different occasions, and as first chairman of the electric light and waterworks commission he rendered the city unique service. He was one of the founders and benefactors of the Oxford County Hospital, serving as chairman of the board.

He was thoroughly serious and interested in whatever he undertook, and never sought to evade the burdens of honor.

As a young man Mr. Karn became connected with the Baptist Church in Beachville, and when he made his home in Woodstock he at once allied himself with the First Baptist Church. Throughout his life he was devoted to all branches of religious work. The church held an abiding place in his affections. One who was his pastor for eight years has justly described him as a "staunch fellow." His many other interests were never allowed to interfere with his church work. The present writer remembers him first as Superintendent of the Sunday School. He was fond of singing, and the scholars of that day will always associate certain hymns with his tall figure upon the platform, his swaying hymnbook marking time, and his tenor voice leading their childish treble. At all the services of the church Mr. Karn was faithful in his attendance, and it is the testimony of almost every pastor of the Woodstock Church that he was a most intelligent and sympathetic listener. In spite of a natural reserve he carried into his church relationships a spirit of friendliness and brotherhood, coming early to the services and staying till only the sexton was left.

From the church Mr. Karn's interests widened into those of the denomination and Christian work at large. He was a member of the Board of Governors of McMaster University and of the Executive and Investment Committee. He was particularly interested in Woodstock College, not only in the administration of its affairs, but in the students personally; always present at their field sports and on all public occasions whenever possible. Many men now in the ministry and professional life look back with grateful memory to the days at Woodstock when they enjoyed the ample hospitality of his home. He was a liberal

giver to the educational and missionary program of the Baptist body, and interpreted to the full the duties of a Christian layman. Those who have been associated with him in denominational affairs will readily accord to him a place among Baptist worthies.

Like all reserved natures he could only be really known and fully appreciated by those who knew him long and well. No man could be more fortunate in his home surroundings. Mrs. Karn was a royal soul, a quiet unassuming lady with a great heart and with a genius for practical and tactful sympathy. It can be said of her, as of few women, that she lived for others. Her whole life was filled with acts of unobtrusive and unrecorded kindness in which she and Mr. Karn shared with perfect understanding. Perhaps it would be the better taste to withold these from public view. They certainly would wish it, their record is best preserved in the grateful hearts of a host who in their hours of trouble and of need were cheered and helped by the warmth of their disinterested ministry of human kindness.

They established their beautiful home on Wilson street in Woodstock, on the site of the former residence of Dr. Fyfe. Mr. Karn was always a lover of his home. In the building and furnishing of his house and in the care of his grounds and gardens, he expressed his own personality and found some of the rarest pleasures of his life.

Mr. and Mrs. Karn were ideal hosts, and took delight in the presence of their friends to whom their home was always open. Many a way-faring prophet and evangelist found with them a caravansary that cheered and strengthened them on their pilgrimage. It was characteristic of their hospitality that their guests were allowed to do as they pleased.

Mr. Karn always took a keen delight in healthy physical recreation. He was a fine specimen of manhood, and he retained his figure erect and his step elastic well past three score years and ten. It was, however, only by continued exercise and care that he kept his health. In 1892 he was severely injured in the railway accident at St. George, and for a time his life was despaired of.

Through sheer will power he battled his way through to health again. Into games requiring skill and energy he threw himself whole-heartedly, and till over seventy he could hold his own with men half his age. Familiarly called "D.W." he was well known throughout Ontario as a curler and a bowler; he was an enthusiastic golfer, and an evening with him at his billiard table was a liberal education in itself. Mr. Karn was not in any opprobrious sense a "sport." He spoke the language of a gentleman, and thought the thoughts of a gentleman; nor in sport did he ever compromise his dignity. He loved a game for the game's sake, played clean and chivalrously, and put into his recreation his usual concentration, but it was only recreation; it was never allowed to interfere with the serious business of living; in it all he exercised a wise and exemplary moderation.

Mr. Karn suffered bereavements which left their permanent marks of sorrow upon him. In 1896 his only son Frank died suddenly in his 20th year. He had just become associated with his father in the business, and only those who knew Mr. Karn intimately could understand the life-long sorrow of this calamity. In 1915 Mrs. Karn died after a prolonged illness, and Mr. Karn did not long survive. He parted with his old home in Woodstock and removed to Chestnut Park Road, Toronto, where up to the time of his death he resided with his daughter, Mrs. T. Drew Smith.

In Toronto Mr. Karn had many friends and many interests. He allied himself with the Walmer Road Baptist Church, and up to within a few days of his death he gave promise of continued health and quiet enjoyment of retired life. The promise was not to be realized; in September, 1916, he was seized with an illness which, within the short space of a week, was to prove fatal.

Mr. Karn was buried from the church at Woodstock, where a large congregation of his old friends paid the last tribute of respect and affection. The service was conducted by Chancellor McCrimmon, Rev. Capt. J. J. MacNeill, of Walmer Road Baptist Church, and Rev. J. M. Warner, his former pastor in Woodstock,

all of whom spoke words of the highest appreciation of his life and worth.

Besides Mrs. Smith their remains also a daughter, Mrs. C. B. Stanbury, of London, England.

Thus the sturdy race of Canadian pioneers is passing one by one; the progress from the Ontario bush farms to the present day is one of noble achievement, and to the Canada of the future, with its tremendous and delicate problems, the lives of such as D. W. Karn will offer a stimulus and a worthy example.

—T. McC. Dadson, 06.

In the sweet song-time of childhood's ecstacy, there came anear the trembling, hesitating mystery of a soul, so perfect in its harmony that the wave-tide of its blissful symphony has haloed every moment of my life, and made each bird and blossom, each animated form, a chalice of its purity.

The rapport of that radiant force has molded every fiber of my being, and swelled the source of soothing sympathy that I have mingled with the alms I gave. From that hour when first the consciousness of its concept came and I absorbed the fulness of its tender tokenings, my greatest joy has come from giving joy to others.

That bond is just as near to-day as when it wrapped itself about my wondering world. The cord is broken, but the message of love conveyed to me shall be given to others in a way that would be pleasing to her as when in other days she lingered at my side.

No waking dawn brushing the dewy coverlet of night aside, no twilight pause folding the throbbing earth to nestling peace, no charm of sea or sky shimmering between the shrines of labor and repose, have ever drawn my constancy to that tie of love away from the still center of its birth.

Mother, your legacy to me and to the world is just the gentle love we understood.

—*George Beebe.*

THE EDGE OF THE WOODS

J. W. Beatty

A Canadian Painting exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition, 1917.

"THE FINEST OF THE WHEAT."

PSALM 81 : 16.

To be a child at heart, to hear, to trust,
To question not, to take the proffered good
With confidence, to answer "I believe,"
And pass from death to life; to yield the heart
A dwelling-place for God's Own Holy Ghost
Unhindered, as He teaches of the Christ
And makes Him real,—a Person in our life,
A Power as we serve or rest or love,
The theme of all the music of our soul,
Our midnight Vision, and our morning Light,
Our Spotlessness; to know the Father God,
To worship Him in Spirit and in Truth,
To find his glory in the Saviour's Face:
To "eat" the Word, and so receive in full
The revelation until self become
A part no more, and only God is seen,—
The Father, Son and Spirit! This must be—
So glorious, so wonderfully sweet—
Yes, this must be "The Finest of the Wheat."

—EVA ROSE YORK.

BULL DOG.*

Bull dog! Bull dog! Bow, wow, wow, E li Yale,
mf-ff
Bull dog! Bull dog! Bow, wow, wow, Our team can nev - er
fail, When the sons of E - li break thro' the line, That is the
sign we hail, Bull dog! Bull dog! Bow, wow,
wow, E li Yale. Yale.
1
2

* Bull Dog, by Cole Porter. Published by C.F. Smith, New Haven, Ct.

THE PUBLISHED POEMS OF BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER.*

THE appearance of "A Canadian Twilight and Other Poems of War and of Peace," by Bernard Freeman Trotter, brings this autumn to the English reading public a notable contribution in the realms of Canadian verse. Students at McMaster University within recent years do not need an introduction to the work of this young Canadian poet. For years the various editors of THE MONTHLY bewailed the barrenness of academic fields. Contributors in prose were lamentably few, in "verse or worse" almost entirely absent. Even the inducement of a prize competition failed to call out more than a brace of stories. Poems were not to be had for "love or money." When Bernard Trotter appeared at McMaster all those who held an interest in the literary life of the students felt that at last the leanness of the years had passed away. A real poet had come to link his life with the University. During his course the issues of THE MONTHLY were greatly enriched by such poems as "A Ride by the Sea," "The Grey-Robed Child of the Sea," "Altars," "The Merry Nun," "A Christmas Fantasy," "Goodnight," "The Blessed Lie," and others. The war has called McMaster University to great sacrifices in the past three years, perhaps the greatest being the death in France of this soldier-poet last May. His lute lies broken, broken. And where is the voice to take up again the melodies that for us roam untamed to orderly and tuneful poesy? Trotter's poem, "Makers and Menders" in his volume now published lends itself to quotation here.

"My idol was broken, was broken, was broken!
Those lips like the petals of a broken lily
Were pale that laughed dawn-red in the red dawning,
And old age came upon me as I kissed them.

"Then remembered I the broken watch and the watch-maker;
And I bethought me of a certain mender of idols,
How that he had wrought great wonders with his knives
and simples;

*"A Canadian Twilight and Other Poems of War and of Peace," by Bernard Freeman Trotter. McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Toronto. Price, cloth, $1.25; leather, $2.00.

> And I found him, and showed him my Idol that was broken.
> 'Can you mend it?' said I, and hung upon his answer.
> But he shook his head and looked at me in sadness:
> 'Alas!' said he, 'there is a jewel broken,
> A jewel that none can mend except the Maker.'
> Now I knew well who had made my Idol,
> And that I could never hope to find Him;
> Wherefore in a little while I took my Idol,
> And laid it away where I could see it no more."

The triumphant note in the concluding stanza of "Makers and Menders" is too lofty for present grief to reach. We cannot now

> "Forecast the years,
> And find in loss a gain to match
> Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
> The far-off interest of tears."

The Miltonic echoes are in our ears to-day.

> "For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
> Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
> Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
> Himself to sing, and built the lofty rhyme."

When Wilfrid Campbell, or one of his successors, prepares the next anthology of Canadian verse, the name of Bernard Trotter will take rightful rank as a poet of repute to whose birth and upbringing the Dominion holds first claim. Nor will this name fail of a place among the wider range of singers who serve the interests and interpret the ideals of the "Vaster Britain" recognized by the English speaking peoples to-day. As Professor McLay aptly puts it in his admirable introduction to this collection of Trotter's verse, enough of the output of this son of McMaster is left "to prove that he had the authentic singing note of the born poet." Imagination, sympathy, the eye for the beautiful, spiritual discernment, forms and phrases richly reminiscent of English poetic life and expression from Chaucer to Bridges, "the red sweet wine of youth" poured out upon Freedom's altar; all this and more are found in "A Canadian Twilight," verifying the author's kinship with the poets of our country and our race, and creating for his life, his work, his death on the battle plains of Europe, an imperishable memory. In the words of

the poem from whose title is taken the name of the volume, this poet can be truly said:

"To have perished nobly in a noble cause!
Untarnished, unpolluted, undismayed,
By the dank world's corruption, to have passed,
A flaming beacon-light to gods and men!
For in the years to come it shall be told
How these laid down their lives, not for their homes,
Their orchards, fields and cities: 'They were driven
To slaughter by no tyrant's lust for power;
Of their free manhood's choice they crossed the sea
To save a stricken people from its foe.
They died for Justice—Justice owes them this:
That what they died for be not overthrown.'"

Amongst the Juvenile Poems that occupy the last thirteen pages of the book is one, "Friends of the Forest," written when the poet was a lad of sixteen, in the Evangeline country, which marks the nature lover. Like Lampman and Campbell and Carman, Trotter saw the hidden glories of the fields and woodlands and at an early age translated the vision of nature's beauty into rhythmic cadence.

"Give me no crowded city,
When my heart is lone and sad,
With its countless thronging thousands,—
The tumult would drive me mad.

"In the throbbing life of the city,
Who cares for another's moan?—
Tho' around me the crowd were surging,
I should stand by myself, alone.

"Give me no heaving ocean,
Give me no wind-swept plain;
For there—is but time for brooding,
Nothing to heal the pain.

"But give me the wide-spread forest,
With its hemlock, and beech, and pine,
With its ash, and its oak, and its maple,
And its ferns, and its mosses fine,

"With its rocky glens and streamlets,
And the music of water-falls,
With its birds, and beasts, and flowers,
And its dreamy wild-wood calls.

"Tho' I wander, alone, through the forest,
There are friends upon every hand:
Tried friends, who comfort and soothe me,
As they whisper 'We understand.'"

Two years later in California Trotter penned a picture of the woodland violet that is full of music and color. It is on page 57. We select a couple of stanzas:

"And there, a half span from the water's edge,
A violet nodded, and, with coyest grace,
Bent lightly over from her crannied ledge
To see, reflected, her own perfect face.

"The clustering grasses, nestled at her feet
In shy attendance, waited her command,
And, roguish, raised their slender forms to greet
Her green leaves, set like guards on either hand."

While in the Muskoka Lake country in 1911 the account of a fatal accident read in a city newspaper set the poet musing upon his own passing, and again comes to the fore his passionate love of God's out-of-doors.

"Then, at the last—be it my lot to lie,
Not girded by four walls, or hemmed about
By beauty-blotting handiwork of man;
But in some forest shade beside the sea,
Or where the mellow wind among the pines
Sings the wild sweetness of our northern lakes
To souls that listen on their magic isles."

Readers of this magazine last month will recall the same insistent nature note in "The Poplars," written at Oxford in September, 1916.

"And so I sing the poplars; and when I come to die
I will not look for jasper walls, but cast about my eye
For a row of wind-blown poplars against an English sky."

It may be a mere whim, but to me it is in the songs of the sea that Trotter strikes the purest lyric tones. In such poems as "Altars," appearing in the April, 1911, number of THE MONTHLY, and reprinted on page 55 of the published volume, he holds friendly communion with the serene heights,

" . . barren peaks, so mightily outlined
In naked rock against the viewless sky."

but with the sea he enters into the intimate confidence of a lover. When "A Ride by the Sea," and "The Grey-Robed Child of the Sea," came to readers through the medium of THE MONTHLY, they felt that the poet had caught what Bliss Carman calls "the aliveness of the sea." In the two longest poems of the collection the plangent memories of life on the Atlantic and Pacific shores come to full and free expression. Note this from "Ingeborg: an elegy,"

> "Mourn her, thou Ocean!—Need I bid thee mourn?
> Ah! no: thou knewest. Ere that word forlorn,
> That 'She is dead' could falter from the lips
> Of those who watched, thou knewest; and the strips'
> Of umbrous kelp that hedge thy shoreward way
> Shook tremulously, and a great shudder ran
> Through thy deep bosom, and a voice began,
> Thy voice, to wail along the desolate shore,
> In anguish and in anger, that thy child,
> Thy Viking-child, was lost forevermore,
> Thy Viking-daughter, for whom a spirit wild
> And free and unafraid had augured death
> In storm-blown conflagration as of yore,
> When the Valkyrie swooped the elusive breath
> From heroes' lips up to the realms of Thor—"

The song of "Mananan, god of the winds and the sea," is a chanty John Masefield might have discovered.

> "Find me a wave with a sea-green base,
> A rollicking, wandering, roisterous wave,
> With a crest o' foam, and a laughing face,
> A bit o' blue where the wind-flaws part,
> And a sunbeam pricking his homeless heart—
> Ho! but I love the knave!"

The lure of the salt surges and the wide wet sea-lanes throbs in every line of "'The Clan of the Waters." The description of the effect of the sea-god's gift in the lives of ocean farers merits the highest praise.

> "And still the gift that the great God gave
> Leaps in the veins of his children brave:
> By day and by night they may not flee
> The spell of the ocean's mystery;
> By day and by night a love they know,
> Tameless, and changeable, as tho'
> The wandering wind had schooled it so;
> No peace have they by night or day,

For a restless longing calls them aye,
From the sheltered cove and the quiet bay,
Out where the stormy tempests meet,
To the drifting spray, and the driving sleet—
And they cannot choose but go.
With a laugh they claim their heritage,
A laugh of something more than mirth,
That bravely rings across the sea,
And challenges eternity
For the home they lack on earth.—
And all who hear, from age to age,
By this sign know their birth."

Scattered through the various poems in the book one comes across lines that for bright, compacted, thought-filled execution reach the level of the best English style.

"The peace of the afterglow; the golden peace
Of the moon's finger laid across the flood."

" . . . . : our spirits hand in hand
Will take the primrose path our spring-time planned,
In spite of storm-washed furrows; . . "

" . . . one more jewel threaded star-like on
The sacrifical rosary of France."

"A love as light as the wandering wind."

"And the shadow-ships lie long
Where the moon shines dim o'er the curved sea's rim,
And the wild wind sings its song."

" . . . those short summers by the southern sea,
When all the fabric of my life was lit
With golden strands of friendship. . . "

"So that in death is service, and the world
Be thrust one hair's-breadth nearer to the dawn."

"Star-dust! God-flung across an inky sky."

These are but a few of the many metrical jewels in the collection of Trotter's verse, that give evidence of poetic fancy tamed to serious art.

A Canadian poet at the front, John Daniel Logan, who, by the way, is one of Nova Scotia's sons, sent home not long ago a word-picture of Picardy. He is serving as a sergeant in the Canadian Infantry. It is interesting to compare the verse of the

tramping "non-com." with that of Trotter, who as an officer went a-riding through the same war-stricken land. Logan's poem goes under the heading of "War's New Apocalypse." We quote a couple of stanzas:

"When I, full-armed, marched forth through Picardy
(Not pleasant Picardy of yore),
The spectacles I saw in Picardy
(In Picardy despoiled by war),
Were not alone the wastes I thought would be,
Nor only deeds I should abhor,
But I beheld in town, in trench, on plain
What may not be on earth again:
The forms of Faith and Hope and Charity
Walk close with Death in Picardy .

"The once fair fields of fertile Picardy
(Oh, ruthless was the conqueror!)
Stretched gray and fallow, far as I could see,
Unploughed save by the shards of war;
But when I passed beyond Sainte Emelie
I glimpsed an old man, bent and hoar,
At work afield while shells burst with their dread,
Fell deviltries above his head.
Thus Hope held fast, and wove earth's livery
Of green and gold in Picardy."

Trotter's poem is called "An April Interlude, 1917," and is on page 38 of the volume.

"April snow agleam in the stubble,
Melting to brown on the new-ploughed fields,
April sunshine, and swift cloud-shadows
Racing to spy what the season yields
Over the hills and far away:
Heigh! and ho! for an April day!
Hoofs on the highroad: Ride-tr-r-ot!
Spring's in the wind, and war's forgot,
As we go riding through Picardy.

"Up by a wood where a brown hawk hovers,
Down through a village with white-washed walls,
A wooden bridge and a mill-wheel turning,
And a little stream that sports and brawls
Into the valley and far away:
Heigh! and ho! for an April day!
Children and old men stop to stare
At the clattering horsemen from *Angleterre*,
As we go riding through Picardy.

"On by the unkempt hedges, budding,
On by the Chateau gates flung wide,

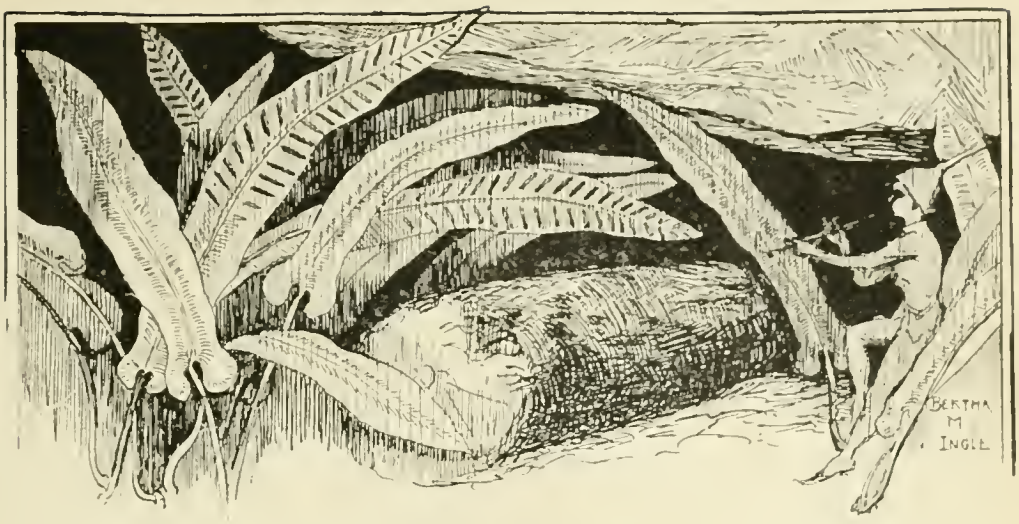
Where is the man who should trim the garden?
    Where are the youths of this country-side?—
Over the hills and far away
Is war, red war, this April day.
    So for the moment we pay our debt
    To the cause on which our faith is set,
As we go riding through Picardy.

"Then the hiss of the spurting gravel,
    Then the tang of the wind on the face,
Then the splash of the hoof-deep puddle,
    Spirit of April setting the pace
Over the hills and far away:
Heigh! and ho! for an April day!
    Heigh! for a ringing: Ride-tr-r-ot!
    Ho!—of war we've never a thought
As we go riding through Picardy."

In this poem we see the artist, alive to every shade of beauty in the world about him, throwing aside for a brief moment the grim reality of modern war. That he felt war's reality and could give it vivid voicing one can readily learn from other of the poems in his published verse. The Empire has sacrified literary promise aplenty in the great war. Rupert Brooke, Leslie Coulson, Brian Brooke, A. W. Tisdall, and J. Grenfell have been recently noted as leading British soldier-poets whose dust enriches foreign fields, whose lives were freely given for England's sake. For Canadians and especially for McMaster men, prominent among these honored names must stand that of Bernard Freeman Trotter. While we mourn his early passing, our pride in the manner of it will not be gainsaid. His memory remains an inspiration, and his few flights of song will find a welcome place in the homes of all who are interested in the poetry of to-day.

—Thomas Wearing, '09.

One element of self-reliance is courage. I do not mean the courage that will enable you to face the cannon; that's noble, honorable. But, young men, there is a higher courage: a courage that will enable you to face the finger of scorn when you know that you're right.—*Col. G. A. Gearhart.*



SCOLOPENDRIUM.

Nature in her distribution of life has been profuse with some species and frugal with others. And those rare souls to whom a walk through trail-threaded woods, heavy with odours of growing vegetation, is a new wine, greet with friendliness the many flowers which grow along their pathway: big soft-cheeked violets sleeping among the grass: jack-in-the-pulpit pronouncing his silent benediction; sweet-scented waterlilies floating among their orbicular leaves; blue bells swinging on some windy rock; trilliums fringing a clearing with white embroidery and blushing orchids growing in the sphagnum swamp; but what joy to the rambler, what happiness to the naturalist, what pleasure to the more unostentatious botanist when he comes upon a rare and sparsely distributed member of the plant family.

The rocky shore of our largest freshwater bay landlocks many a lake. Some of these, and one in particular, has neither inlet nor outlet except an overflow creek at high water. A certain part of this spring-fed lake, known as Krugs' landing, is approached by a trail through the woods. This, however, is not easily followed, and often dwindles into a chipmunk track and disappears under a stump. It knows only the feet of occasional berry-pickers and Sunday boy swimmers, and one summer was often frequented by four shoes, two large and two small, which

always strolled along together. The path leads towards the lake, but where it turns sharply to the right, bringing the shimmering water into view, a secret trail leads on. A few yards along this trail a giant maple lies supine nourishing a bed of moss. Behind this, and close under an overhanging shelf of lime-stone, secluded in a bower of young maples, with only patches of sky showing through the festooned leaves, rising from a fragrant floor with many of its relatives, amidst that cool woodsy odour characteristic of fern beds, reserved for the seeker and not the casual picker, grows a very rare fern—Scolopendrium. This uncommon member of the family also grows near Woodstock, New Brunswick, as well as here—on the southern shore of Georgian Bay—but nowhere else in Canada.

One perhaps would have to be acquainted with ferns to recognize at once, this long clean bright green frond or leaf as a member of the fern family. The frond may rise to the height of a foot and is like a thin strap well polished on the surface gradually tapering to a blunt point. The base has peculiar extensions like little ears, being described as auricled-heart-shaped. The spores of ferns, as a general rule, appear in brown dots on the back of the leaflets, and in this respect this fern is not an exceptional member of the family. The fruit dots are elongated and appear in two long rows, one on each margin of the leaf, and because of this arrangement, which to the Greeks suggested the centipede, a little animal supposed to have a hundred legs, the ancient name for this species has been retained and it is still known to botanists as Scolopendrium.

—R.

The McMaster University Monthly

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VOL. XXVII. NOVEMBER, 1917 NO. 2

Editorial Notes

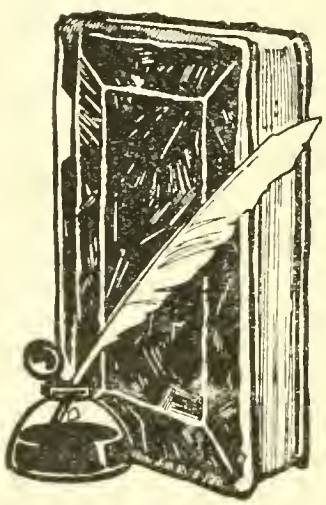
We take pleasure in giving our readers elsewhere in this number, an article from the pen of Thomas Wearing, '09, being a review of a recent volume of verse, "A Canadian Twilight and Other Poems of War and of Peace," by Bernard Freeman Trotter. We highly commend this little book to the readers of our magazine. The volume is tastily bound in two styles, olive green cloth and lambskin with gold, and contains a frontispiece of the author, an introduction by Professor W. S. W. McLay, and one hundred pages of B. F. T.'s best poems. The printer and binder have done well, and offer an ideal gift book for holiday purposes.

Because Bernard Freeman Trotter was such a liberal contributor to the pages of this magazine, and because we believe our readers will want to secure the collected work of this distinctive McMaster poet, THE MONTHLY wishes to serve its constituency through these pages. The Business Manager will be pleased to send a copy of the volume to any who desire to purchase it, for the regular sale price plus cost of mailing, namely, cloth, one dollar and thirty-five cents; leather, two dollars and ten cents.

A young writer who has been rather unfortunate in the matter of sales recently confided to a friend that he had at last written something that he was sure would be accepted by the very first magazine to which it was sent.

"You don't say!" exclaimed the friend, interested, "and what is it?"

"A check for a year's subscription."



On Military Service.

Editor: Frank G. McCoy, '20.

Then hail to all who gave us
    Their might of arm and soul,
Hot and athirst to save us,
    To heal, and keep us whole;
Whether they serve where yonder
    Far-burrowing trenches run,
Or where the ocean thunder
    Peals with the thundering gun.

—*William Watson.*

PTE. Alex. Brodie, a former student of McMaster, was killed in action, April, 1917, in the battle of Vimy Ridge. He went overseas with an Edmonton Battalion and was later transferred to France. Alex. completed his first year at McMaster University with class '15, and until the time of his enlistment was engaged in teaching in the West.

Pte. M. A. Smith, '18, is at Epsom Convalescent Camp, England. He has recovered from his wounds and expects to return to France soon.

2nd Lieut. Reginald H. King, '17, who went to France with the artillery, was severely wounded in a recent engagement. The report states that he is in hospital in Etaples.

Pte. C. A. Vining, '19, P.P.C.L.I., has been severely wounded.

Gunner K. L. Duncombe, '19, has been in hospital for some weeks suffering from the result of being gassed.

Sergt. N.J. Ware, '08, P.P.C.L.I., is recovering from wounds according to a recent report.

Gunner E. W. Pyke, former student, is undergoing treatment in the Toronto Convalescent Hospital. He went to France in November, 1916, where he served six months. He was badly wounded by shrapnel in the arm and lungs. He is now sufficiently recovered to enable him to continue his work at the University.

Bruce V. McCrimmon, '13, Motor Boat Patrol, has been promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant.

Capt. R. W. Young, '08, R.A.M.C., has returned to Canada and is on duty at the Whitby Military Hospital.

Pte. D. G. Clendenan, '15, is driving a motor transport in France.

Spr. J. G. VanSlyke, '18, has been in France several months as a signaller with the Canadian Corps Heavy Artillery. Judging by his letters, "Van" is having plenty of excitement and enjoying it.

Lieut. Gordon Davies, '15, writes that he can now be considered a veteran, as he has received two dents in his shrapnel helmet from an exploding shell.

2nd Lieut. H. S. Sparks, Theol., '17, is now in training with the tanks. He went to France with an Infantry Machine Gun Section. After eleven months in the trenches he contracted trench fever and was invalided to England. Later he was discharged from the hospital and received his commission for which he had previously been recommended. At a recent test of marksmanship Lieut. Sparks won the sweepstakes at 600 yards with the Lewis gun.

The following is a clipping from a recent daily paper, "Over 800 student soldiers at Witley Training Camp have enrolled in the course of University lectures covering the home curricula, which studies will be credited to them by the home universities."

In connection with this scheme, Spr. I.H. Eberle, '18, writes, "We are now taking night lectures in History, English, Greek, Latin, Mathematics, etc., from such proficient professors as 'Mac.' Fraser, George Spencer and others."

J. A. Long, '15, is a Sergeant in the Signal Coy. at Witley and J. W. Davis has been promoted to corporal in the same company.

T. D. St. Dalmas, '13, has been appointed chief vocational officer in the Military Hospitals Commission for the District of Quebec.

The appearance of the name of Spr. J. H. Fox among the list of wounded in the last issue of THE MONTHLY was due to an error, and the report is hereby cancelled.

Capt. A. W. Forgie, Y.M.C.A., has been granted leave of absence to Canada.

CLARENCE MACKENZIE.

To all who had the pleasure of knowing Clarence MacKenzie, the news of his death came as a sense of loss. But while we mourn his loss, we feel that our world has been made brighter because of our short acquaintance with him. "Mac." was born at Springfield, Ont., February 6, 1897. He received his early education in the public schools of Winchester and at Deer Park, Toronto, completing his preparatory work at Jarvis Collegiate.

He entered McMaster University with class '18, and his stirling qualities soon won for him a host of friends. He took a keen interest in all branches of student activity, and during

CLARENCE MacKENZIE.

Killed in Action, April, 1917.

his freshman year he played on the senior rugby and hockey teams.

"Mac." enlisted in October, 1915, with a Universtiy Company. On his arrival in England he entered upon a course of instruction in the Machine Gun School at Shorncliffe, and went to France with reinforcements to an Infantry Machine Gun Section. He was wounded in the Battle of the Somme, but soon returned to duty. Later he became a scout in the same battalion. He was killed in action in the Battle of Vimy Ridge, April, 1917.

To his relatives and friends THE MONTHLY tenders sympathy.

Pte. Harold Pinnock, '18, Machine Gunner, has been in France since February, 1916. In a letter dated September 18th, 1917, he says: "I actually saw Newton the other day, the first time since coming to France. We spent a pleasant hour together exchanging news. I saw Jones just before he was killed. I sought him out in the dark and shook hands with him as he was leaving the ration dump to go into his position. I have heard Rev. John MacNeill speak once or twice since I wrote last, but do not know where he is now. We expect some engineers to-morrow to work on our dugout. No longer are Canadians content with the kind that have one layer of sandbags for a roof. We said good-bye to them when we left the Salient. Dugouts to-day are dugout, not erected. They are ten, twenty, or thirty feet underground—that's the depth that gives the troops lots of morale.

From J. D. Morrison, '14, Seaforth, England:

This is a very pretty place on the south coast of England. The camp is very good indeed. I am for the time being in charge of the Military Y.M.C.A. building at the North Camp where there are 5000 Canadian soldiers. Every day we supply food stuffs, drinks, etc., to hundreds of men. We furnish a concert each night with services on Sunday. I have a business manager, a Sergeant-Major, a corporal, a lance-corporal, two men and a cook. A number of ladies help in serving tea and coffee. Nowhere have I found such a shortage of food as I expected to find. The Germans are not starving England.

College News

Around the Hall

Editor: Harold W. Lang, '19.

"I am wealthy in my friends."
—*Timon of Athens.*—Act II, Sc. 2.

E are becoming more and more convinced that one of the chief advantages to be derived from university life is the formation of tried and lasting friendships. He is an exceptional student who completes his undergraduate course and is unable to look back with gratification to the making of some new friends. The very life and organization of a college, and especially of one which possesses a residence, tends to promote this intimacy of relationship among its students. One is continually coming in contact with those whom he feels to be struggling against difficulties similar to his own; whose hopes and fears, aims and ambitions strike a responsive chord in his own being. Yet, if there be anything in the assertion that persons of a particular temperament are most attracted by those of opposing characteristics, here is an ideal field for such associations. For, in no other place, does one meet such various types of character as in the student body of a university. The opportunities, then, for the making of friendships are before us in abundance.

Of the wonderful value of such friendships we feel we cannot adequately say anything. Literary works abound with references to the priceless nature of such relationships. One of the most beautiful of these comes from the pen of Stevenson:

> "So long as we love, we serve. So long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend."

And is not the converse just as true? Do we not cut off, to a large degree, our powers of service and our real value to society, if we fail entirely to cultivate friendships?

The selection of one's friends is, of course, a matter of the greatest imporance. We have heard it said more than once that a man is known by the friends he makes. Jeremy Taylor gives this advice:

> "Choose for your friend him that is wise and good, and secret and just, ingenious and honest, and in those things which have a latitude, use your own liberty."

It is inevitable that we become more intimately acquainted with certain of our fellow-students than with others. Everyone has, and rightly has, his or her "inner circle" of close companions. But the danger lies in our confining our friendships to a few—possibly, as college students, to the members of our own year. For it is necessary to the adequate development of our natures that we should make friends with as many types as possible.

Granting, then, that the student has a remarkable opportunity for forming friendships, how is he to proceed? How can he best win the friends whom he desires and feels to be necessary to his own development? Probably the best, nay, the only way, will never be better expressed than by the writer who stated it in this terse fashion:

"Recipe for having friends: Be one!"

Fyfe Day

We were very fortunate to have as our speaker for the first Fyfe Day of the year, on October 23, Rev. Dr. A. K. de Blois, of Boston. Doctor de Blois came to us from Woodstock, where he addressed the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec. Before the main address of the morning session, the meeting listened to a splendid report of the first All-Canadian Students' Conference at Brome Lake, Knowlton, Quebec, by Roy Harris, '18. Doctor de Blois' addresses were both missionary in character. In the morning he emphasized the need of a living faith which must express itself in every phase of one's life. In the course of his afternoon address he said, "The keynote of the twentieth century is the struggle for spiritual freedom. The democratization of the world, the recrudescence of ancient religions, and the emergence of the Orient as a factor in world politics constitute, respectively, a liberty, a challenge, and an opportunity for the missionary."

Picnics

The Seniors held their picnic on Thursday afternoon, October 11th. Owing to the scarcity of men, the year had to fill up its depleted ranks from other years, and to do so proceeded on the plan of the "Selective draft." Most of the "conscripts" consisted of Theologs and "Sophs." The picnic took the form of a ramble up the Humber. The delightfully warm day made it a most enjoyable tramp, and, after several stops by the way, the picnicers finally came to a halt in the near neighborhood of "The Old Mill." The usual games were indulged in; then preparations were made for the evening repast. While the ladies were waiting impatient

ly for the coffee to boil, the party was joined by Dr. MacGibbon, and Professor and Mrs. McLay, who added much to the enjoyment of the evening. Led by the Theologs and by our lusty yeller of year '17, the company all joined in a hearty song service, Professor McLay contributing to the revival of old, and half-forgotten college favorites. When the smoking embers at last died down, the Seniors found their way home by way of Bloor Street, leaving the livelier Juniors still encamped under a neighboring spreading willow tree on the banks of the old Humber.

For year '19 had likewise taken advantage of this beautiful picnic spot; and, with the assistance of Miss Mulholland and Miss McGregor, spent an afternoon filled to overflowing with the happy experiences of an autumn outing. Towards evening came the bountiful refreshments, to which lusty outdoor appetites did ample justice. Then, while all gathered round the campfire, Miss White read the class history, a most interesting and cleverly composed little volume, and Miss Moore, last year's vice-president, was presented with the class banner. Story-telling was next in order, and the happy gathering broke up with the usual yells and songs.

Wednesday, October 3, was the day, and Centre Island the place, set for the Year '20 picnic. The weatherman almost broke up these arrangements, but when the Sophs started their fun, all rain, work and worries were forgotten. The afternoon was spent in games and contests of all kinds, and then refreshments were served. Even the approach of darkness failed to hinder the merry picnicers in their attempts to "find their mouths." The return trip was most enjoyable. Led by the chaperones the Sophs woke the echoes with "Thy Praises, McMaster," the Year '20 yell and other favorites. In all everyone voted it a most successful picnic.

The Freshman class held their picnic on October 10th at Scarboro Bluffs under the chaperonage of Mrs. Gilmour and Mrs. Starr, the Head Girl and the High Kakiak. The entire class was present and entered heartily into the fun of the occasion, one small part of which was an attempt to entertain the Sophettes. At dusk a huge bonfire was made, around which all gathered. Stories were told, speeches attempted, yells and songs indulged in, after which the happy crowd returned home considerably better acquainted.

Chapel Visitor

On October 31, the students of McMaster University had the pleasure of listening to Rev. Charles H. Schutt, pastor of Century Baptist Church, who gave an address on "Luther, the Great Reformer," and drew many valuable lessons from his courageous life.

Nightmares

It is rumored that some of our Frosh brethren did not sleep very well on the night of Friday, October 12. Whether they had gorged themselves to such an extent at "Open Lit," or whether the succeeding joyful dissipation of the "long, long trail" had dizzied their brains, cannot be ascertained. But, at any rate, the fact is now fairly well established that they were seen to go through certain very queer antics in the *wee sma' hours* of the succeeding morning. The most unearthly shrieks were heard while some are said to have mumbled incoherently about "this little wafer" and then to have broken down in bitter tears. Their appearance is said to have been even more peculiar. Various strange cosmetics had been used rather promiscuously, while all and sundry seemed to be laden with materials for catching the elusive house-fly. By breakfast time, however, the paroxysms had passed away; and, since that night, all have seemed quite sane with the exception of the fact that their memory is a total blank with regard to the above proceedings.

Student Volunteers

There was no little stir about the Hall, when, on the evening of October 31, about sixty student volunteers from the city, several returned missionaries, and friends gathered for the annual Fall Rally of the City Unions. The chief speaker was Doctor Balme, Professor of Surgery at Shantung Christian University, China, who gave an excellent address dealing with the call of the Orient to the Christian student.

"Ye Opyne Lytte"

In ye monthe of Octobre, in ye fyrste days of ye month, there went forth a decree throughout ye halls from ye master of ye jousts, Sir Arthur of ye White Sox, saying: "Prepare ye—for on ye twelfe day of ye saide monthe ye shall assemble yourselves together in ye great hall that a merrie time may be had and ye knights may meet ye ladies"

Then did ye knights and ladies prepare; and when they were assembled together, Sir Arthur came forth and did lift up his

Showing how it "caught on."

arms and they sange God Save ye Kinge and ye knights did stand at attention. Then there came forth a goodly knight, one Sir Evan ye Balde, who did lift up his voice as a trumpet. And when he had made an end of syngyng there was much acclamation. Forthwith, there appeared ye patron of ye goodly assembly and did speak with the words of a seer; and the assembly did take knowledge of hys words that they were of wysdom. Then did Sir Arthur again lyft up hys voice and hys voice was mighty in sound even as the breaking of a bed-slat; but hys words were as those of a leech who giveth a potion. And ye worthy gathering of a truthe sat up and did take notice.

Then did a fair damsel make cunning noises upon an instrument of musik and there followed a great acclamation, but she came not forth again. And when the sounds of rejoicing had died, a maiden of a far country did synge, and her voice was like unto ye trickling of a stream in shady places; and they all did shout with much glee so that she came forth again and did synge.

Then came ye time when ye knights should take ye ladies by ye arme and escort them in ye halls hung with ye blazonry of many generations. Then much jousting arose among ye knights and some did fyghte right valiantly so that as many as ten ladies were won to their cause. And soon they wist that ye time was at hand when they should refresh themselves with viands, and there were found there many valiant trenchermen.

And when they were all filled there arose a great shout, and it was a song to their Alma Mater and they all took their way and were glad.

Hallowe'en Parties

Darkness had fallen, tombs were empty,—for it was that dire night when spirits walk the earth again—cauldrons were deserted, wild winds went shrieking and fleeing, chased by the long-haired riders of the broom, when the ragged pilgrim band trudged bravely on, closing their eyes to shut out the gloom. And soon the mellow warmth of the temple opened before them, and they were smiled upon by the ruddy, jovial-faced god, Jack o'Lantern himself. Then one and all, from the rosy-cheeked, patched urchin to the unkempt old dame fell into the fantastic movements of a festal chorus to the grinning god. Hour after hour flew past as "ghosts that sing," "heads that bob," "cats that chew," wild and weird swayed to and fro. The penance was most terrible of all; along the beggars' walk, thro' dark alleys, meeting yawning spectres at every turn, the trembling company glided, two by two. Then came the festival, the "*coup*," of hard times, and the solemn ceremony was at an end. 'Tis not from a tale of Sleepy Hollow! Not from a myth of pagan times! 'Twas Year '19's Poverty Party given by Miss Wilkins on Hallowe'en, to be sure.

On the evening of October 27th, a masquerade Hallowe'en party was given by Miss Mary Clark for the members of Year '20. Upon their arrival the guests were greeted by ghosts and were forced to grope for some time through a labyrinth of dark-some terrors in order to reach the dressing-rooms. When all were gathered in a darkened room, no one dared speak, save in an undertone, lest the voice should disclose the identity; but after a guessing game as to the personality of the motley assortment of characters, all such restraint was thrown to the winds. Mr. Zavitz, the class historian, then read the Class History, bringing afresh to the minds of all, the Red Letter Days of the Freshman year. Fortunes, or misfortunes, as the case might be,

were then told by a ghost, who penetrated the future farther than anyone else would have dared. Games, music and contests followed—the most amusing among the latter being one wherein the gentlemen tried their skill at trimming hats; and, needless to say, "artistic" is the word that describes the results. All manner of suitable Hallowe'en "eats" had been provided and a delicious supper was served. Upon the prematurely sage advice of a Fresh Theolog—who had wandered in under the chaperonage of a Junior,—that it would soon be Sunday morning, the merry party broke up.

THE FRESHMAN.

(With apologies to R.L.S.)

I had a little bow-tie, that went in and out with me,
And what could be the use of it was more than I could see;
'Twas very, very like me,—its color, Paddy Green;
So everyone could spot me wherever I was seen.

I didn't have a notion of how I'd let it stay:
It only made a fool of me in every sort of way:
I did not dare to take it off, for fear of indignation,
The Sophs would smite me fore and aft, so said the proclamation.

One morning very early, before the sun was high,
I rose to find a shining tear in every Freshette's eye:
For tho' I wore a green bow-tie and hated to be seen,
They all wore green hair-ribbons to Friday's eight-fifteen!

How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage-altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the Far East delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian child of the Far West claps his hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms—the illuminated scriptures of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindus tipped his arrow with flowers, and orange-flowers are a bridal crown with us—a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and hang in votive wreath before the Christian shrine. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.—*Mrs. L. M. Child.*

Women's Department

Editor: Miss Grace Taylor, '18.

"There's a game to play . . Hold yourself in; . . hold yourself up, . . let your feet travel on. . . In and up and on—there's mettle for you."

HIS is the advice which Agnes Laut gives us in one of her novels. If we would play the game of life successfully, we must first hold ourselves in. As this author says: "'Twas the reined-in horse won King Charles stakes at Newmarket last year." All that is going to lessen our efficiency must be restrained and conquered.

Then we must hold ourselves up. No foul play here, if the game is to be won. Finally we must let our feet travel on. Everyone knows that a strong defensive alone will never win a game. There must be initiative and progress if the goal is to be reached.

"In and up and on—there's mettle for you"—"in" until we have complete mastery over ourselves; "up" until the low no longer appeals to us, or attracts us; "on" until we reach the goal—our ideal.

Y.W.C.A.

On October 12th it was with considerable interest that we listened to Dr. Jessie Allyn, of Pithapuran, India. Dr. Allyn is, we understand, visiting various Canadian Colleges on behalf of the Student Volunteer Movement. The situation on the foreign field was first presented to us. There the need is great, and the opportunities are numerous. Secondly Dr. Allyn showed us our responsibility as educated women, and urged upon us that if we would make the most of our lives, we must face squarely the "challenge to life service."

We were sorry not to have been able to give Dr. Allyn more time, and a larger audience, but we are hoping to have another opportunity of hearing from her some time during the college year.

An open meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was held on October 26th, when a pageant entitled "The Wayside Piper," was presented by some of the girls. After the opening exercises the audience enjoyed a solo by Miss Mabel Clarke, '19. Then the curtain went up and the first act of the pageant was presented. The Wayside Piper, who stood for the Spirit of the Young Women's Christian Association, mused on the sad things she saw in the world, especially among girls. Then the spirits of Faith, Hope and

Love, one by one, appeared. They breathed into the Wayside Piper's pipe their messages, and bade her spread them over the world. The next scene showed the Piper traveling to various places where girls gather, to the country, to the city, to the factory, to the college. In each group the Piper found discontent and unrest, and in each case her magic message brought new joy and hope and inspiration. Then at last the Piper once more came on the scene with the spirit of Faith, Hope and Love, the Counsellors, and all the girls, lured by her music, following in her train. The Piper's followers gathered about her, and united in a hymn of challenge to service.

W.L.S.

Anyone who was not present at the second meeting of the Literary Society missed a very enjoyable afternoon. After the dispatch of business, the chief item was the organizing of a "Girls' Glee Club," with Miss Alba Robertson as leader. Then followed "My experiences on a farm," told very vividly by Miss Cecilia Hounsom. The chief duty of these patriotic girl farmers was to pick fruit. Beginning as early as seven o'clock, arrayed in overalls, they worked on till dusk and Miss Hounsom said that, at the end of the first day, tired and stiff, they all agreed that a day's work picking fruit would be a good punishment for the Kaiser. Also, it was with great interest and amusement that we listened to the experiences of Miss Muriel Brothers, as teacher of a school at Dirt Hills, Saskatchewan. Evidently "dirt" is the wrong epithet for that locality, for although Muriel had many things to put up with, dirt was not one of them.

On Tuesday, November 2nd, the Sophomore year undertook to entertain us. First of all, they presented a play entitled, "A Bit of Nonsense." Then we listened to a catalogue of remarks by Miss Helen Kerr under the title of "Current Events." These, we may say, were not intended for all of us, but only for the freshettes. Finally, we were shown some beautiful tableaux representing well-known nursery rhymes. Our critic, Mrs. G. H. Compbell, then ably told us what she thought of the program, and this particularly delighted the Sophettes.

Reception

The annual reception was given this year on the afternoon of Friday, the ninth of November. We had a good attendance and have been assured that to all outward appearances, things went smoothly. The freshettes performed the more obviously servile duties. They acted as ushers for the guests and passed refresh-

ments. The sophettes gave the greater part of the program in the chapel, while more strenuous work was done behind the scenes by the members of the Junior and Senior years. The duty of the men of the University was to keep out of sight. This they did surprisingly well. Thus with every member of the institution doing his or her part, the reception was a success.

Athletics

Editor: L. C. Kitchen, '20.

WE have been informed that our column was conspicuous by its absence, but as we had nothing to say, we said it. However, since the previous edition went to press, some of the students have been able to detach themselves from the pressing duties of their pursuit after knowledge in order to satisfy some of their athletic inclinations. On coming back to school we have discovered in one of our tennis courts a beautiful sight, or as one of the Freshmen remarked: "Anthracite!" In very truth several tons of it, almost filling the court: but the Athletic Committee ingeniously utilized what was left by making a volley ball court.

In common with our sister institutions, war time retrenchment includes the cancellation of Field Day—much to the regret of the Sophomores—and the time usually spent in training can now be divided between Soccer and the C.O.T.C., with equally gratifying results, physically, at least, except to the Freshmen.

Soccer has had its usual place in our midst. On Saturday November 3rd, the Freshmen "hooked up" with Theology, Schatz '20 overseeing it. The Frosh were re-inforced by W. S. Way, B.A., '17, and held the Theologues to a draw, 1-1. The scoring of the Freshmen counter was on this wise. Way had the ball and Veals, thinking of last year's rugby games, fell on the prodigal's neck and the referee objecting to such a display of affection, gave the Freshman a free kick. Way booted and when Buck was unable to get either out of the way, or into it, the ball bounced into the goal. For Year '21, Carr, Donaldson, and W. S. Way, figured prominently, and of those of the boiled-shirt fronts that starred we must mention Cole, Priddle and Slade.

Year '21 having defaulted the play-off game to Theology, the second game of the series was played between Theology and Year '20 on November 7th. Having acquired the habit of playing draw games, Theology refused to be the first to break the custom and when Year '20 did not want to score, of course, Theology wouldn't either. After each team had an hour's practice with the other they decided to play the game at a later date.

Our Graduates

Editor: E. J. Bengough, B.A.

DURING recent days the attention of the graduates within reach of the University has been directed to our men overseas. The Executive Committees of the Alumni and Alumnae Associations have been working in conjunction with the Student Body and the Faculty in the preparation of Christmas boxes to be sent abroad. We are glad to report that there has been a most enthusiastic response to the appeal that was sent out from the University, and the result has been that the whole situation is being adequately met from the financial point of view. There has been a great deal of work, which has been cheerfully undertaken by the Student Body, assisted by the Alumnae of the city; and as we write these lines the boxes are being mailed. They are being sent to all the men overseas whose addresses could be secured; unfortunately there are some whom it proved impossible to locate. If this issue of The Monthly falls into the hands of any man who should have been included, but who does not receive a box within a reasonable time, he would confer a favor by sending word to the Registrar; it may be that his name has not yet been added to our Honor Roll—we feel sure there are such—or he may be one whose address could not be ascertained.

'89.—Rev. Charles E. McLeod, Theol., of Beamsville, was married on October 24th, to Miss Edith Florence Williams, daughter of Mrs. Charles S. Williams, at 43 Kendal Ave., Toronto. Mrs. McLeod is a sister of Ralph Williams, '13, now overseas.

'90.—Rev. B. Davies, Theol., has been pastor of the church in Lakefield since the middle of September. His two sons are graduates of McMaster, Norman being on the High School staff in Essex, and Gordon serving King and country at the front.

'94.—Rev. C. W. King, Theol., has resigned the pastorate in Neepawa, Man.

'97.—P. G. Mode's Ph.D. thesis on "The Black Death in the English Monasteries" was published last January. "The Divinity Student" of Chicago reports that Dr. Mode is now engaged in compiling a "Bibliographical Guide and Source Book for the Study of American Church History," which will be ready for publication this fall.

'98.—Rev. M. C. MacLean, who has for a number of years been pastor of Ossington Avenue Baptist Church, Toronto, has accepted the Directorship of Memorial Institute, succeeding Rev. A. L. Brown, '09, who is now pastor of Indian Road Church.

'99.—The printer last month made us intimate that Henry W. Newman is both a medical missionary in China, and a Dean of the University of Chicago. McMaster graduates are well known as capable and versatile, but we have not yet heard of one filling two such diverse positions at the same time. The error occurred through confusion of the two brothers. H. Hackett Newman is the Dean in Chicago, while Henry W. is the medical missionary at Ungkung, China.

'99.—The following are interesting extracts from a breezy letter just to hand from Rev. J. F. Ingram, of Bhamo, Burma, India:

"The Alumni Bulletin is a great improvement on the Calendar for those who are looking back to our university life. Give my blessing to the fellow who suggested the Bulletin. I read my copy from cover to cover and then started over again, trying to fix in memory the addresses of the fellows I know, or once did know.

"It is remarkable how the significance of some things change. During our undergraduate days, when we saw a 'star' attached to a fellow's name we looked to see what 'supps' he had to take the following autumn. Now a star means that the fellow whose name it marks belongs to the honor roll. And there are many from our small body of alumni. Am very glad to see that so few have been killed. I hope many may return better preachers of the gospel because of the experience they are getting in khaki.

"The new seal? Well, it is not to be expected that we shall all fall in love with it at first sight. I still have my old one, and

between my wife wearing it as a brooch, and my using it as a decoration, it is being displayed almost constantly."

Mr. Ingram reports that he has finished the last of the series of readers in Kachin which he has prepared at the request of the Education Department of Burma. Information concerning these was given in the April issue of THE MONTHLY. The Editor is delighted to receive such a letter, and will welcome others from graduates who are scattered over the face of the earth.

'02.—M. W. Marston is located in Montreal practising dentistry. The address as given in the Calendar (Danville, P.Q.), was an error.

'03.—Dr. S. M. McLay, who returned from the front some time ago, is now Chairman of the Medical Examining Board for the County of Waterloo, this work taking him to Galt and Kitchener for several days each week.

'08.—Mrs. H. F. Shearer, (nee Pugsley), has been unable to assist this month in the preparation of the news items for this department, since she is in the midst of moving to Smith's Falls, where Mr. Shearer has taken a position as manager of the Hydro Electric System.

'09.—Rev. Thomas Wearing, now pastor of First Church, Woodstock, was for some time at the University of Chicago, and as the results of his efforts there, a new publiction has now appeared, entitled, "The Divinity Student," which is edited with the co-operation of the Student Council of the Divinity School. The publication will appear quarterly, the first issue being dated October. Among the personal items we find mention of seven McMaster graduates, and we are taking the liberty of appropriating some of these items of news in other parts of this column.

'10.—Rev. R. M. Dickey, who was paster of Royce Avenue Presbyterian Church when he graduated, has since that time spent five years as Secretary of the Reading Camp Association, with headquarters in Toronto, severing his connection with that association only recently. One of the Toronto papers a few weeks ago drew the parallel between Mr. Dickey's experiences in the Yukon and the hero of Ralph Connor's novel "The Sky Pilot," drawing the inference that Mr. Dickey was the model on which the novelist worked. In 1897 when the Klondike gold rush began Mr. Dickey was a student in Manitoba College, and was chosen by the Presbyterian Missions, on the recommendation of Rev. C. W. Gordon, as a suitable man for pioneer work among

the miners. He proceeded to Skagway, and spent two years in the north country with experiences very similar to those described in the novel referred to. He has written several stories of Yukon life. Mr. Dickey has recently left for New York City where he will take special work in Union Theological Seminary.

'10.—C. N. Curtis moved at the beginning of 1917 from Brookston, Ind., to Wauconda, Ill., where he is pastor of the Federated Methodist and Baptist Church. "The Divinity Student" of Chicago, reports that "the social activities this enterprising graduate has introduced into the church and community in the short time so far spent in Wauconda are little short of marvelous. Some of the best speakers in Chicago have been secured for neighborhood meetings, and the result shave proved highly satisfactory." Mrs. Curtis was Miss Hope Simpson, '10.

'10.—Rev. E. E. Sayles has become pastor of the Baptist Church in Flint, Michigan, which is a church of 400 members, with a Sunday School of 800.

'10.—Rev. Archibald Ward has sufficiently recovered from his long illness to resume his work as assistant pastor of Walmer Road Church, Toronto.

'12.—Mrs. F. T. Ross, (nee Marjorie Fairbairn), is now in Toronto. Mr. Ross is going overseas.

'14.—Norman Davies, of Essex High School, was married on October 9th, to Miss Ada Ellen Richardson, B.A., of the same town. The ceremony was performed by Rev. B. Davies, Theol., '90, father of the groom.

'14.—H. H. Graham is now on the staff of the Picton High School; also W. A. Robertson, '17.

'16.—Rev. Glen Wardell, pastor of the Church in Picton, was married on October 4th to Miss Agnes Maud Hewetson, of Toronto. The wedding took place at Beverley St. Church, Rev. J. R. Turnbull officiating.

'16.—George E. Reaman, ad eund., who is on the staff of the Woodstock College, is one of the editors of a forthcoming book, "English for Newcomers," for use among foreigners. The book will be a valuable textbook for classes, conducted under the Y. M.C.A. and other auspices for foreigners who are anxious to learn English.

'16.—Rev. John Linton, who has been acting pastor of Parkdale Baptist Church, Toronto, for some months, has accepted a call to become permanent pastor. He was ordained during the past month.

Here and There

Editor: O. H. McDonald, '19.

"The husky, rusty russel of the tassels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermums to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The strawstacks in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in theyr stalls below—the clover overhead!—
O it sets my heart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

"Then your apples all is getherd, and the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the cellar floor in red and yeller heaps;
And your cider makin's over, and your wimmern folks is
through
With theyr mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse and
sausage, too! . .
I don't know how to tell it—but if seeh a thing could be
As the Angel's wantin' boardin', and they'd call around on me—
I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole-endurin' flock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!"

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

ONE can almost taste the "crisp and sunny morning autumn air," and see the "pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock." "I always like to read James Whitcomb Riley's Poems," says The Fra. "My critical literary sense tells me they are rotten Poems—as Poems. Yes, Sir! They're off in rhythm and meter; they count wrong, and their feet have rheumatics.

"But Land o' Goshen, that Hoosier's chiaroscuro sure does blur the eyes and squeeze the tears out of a Feller. I think this Country is always ready to appreciate the Songs of the Old Home, that call up memories, because they're good and clean, and help us to do a little thinking with our hearts.

"Homes and Hearts and Happy Memories are the most important things in the world. That Riley knew, and Riley was all right—and a Great Poet, sure enough."

COLOR

Blue sings a lullaby,
Purple rings a knell,
Red is the warrior's cry,
Gold a wedding bell,
Gray tells of skies and doves,
Green of seas and ships,
White is my own dear love's
Whisper at my lips.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

C. O. T. C.
R. U. A K-det?
If so Y?

There came a little notice card,
Sent by C. O. T. C.,
It read: "Y R U not at drill?
P.S.: R.S.V.P."

I found the O. C. in S 2
(Headquarters of the war),
"I B an invalid," I cried.
He said, "I C U R . . .

"But C 2 drills, and do not cut;
So when the N M E
C U, U never, never B
2 E Z shot U C."

"XQs. I C I B A nut.
I'll cut my drills no more.
'Tis better to cut other things
Than come the dean B4."

—*Adapted from the "Lampoon."*

Here are a couple of Scotch ones:

Donald was an old Scotch beadle in a Highland Kirk where the minister, never a bright star at any time, believed in long, rambling sermons. A stranger once asked him his opinion of the sermons. "Ah, weel," replied Donald, "you'll no get me to say anything against them, for they're a' very guid; but I'll just remark this much: 'The beginnin's aye ower far frae the end, and it wad greatly improve the force of it if he left oot a' that cam' in atween.'"—*The Argonaut.*

At a Scotch watering-place Macpherson was stretched out in a contented mood upon the sand puffing his old pipe. "Come on, Mac," said his companion, "let's go for a sail," "Na, na," replied Macpherson, "I hae had a guid dinner at the cost o' three and saxpence, an' I'm takin' no risks." —*Liverpool Post.*

Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, has abolished hazing again. Freshmen are getting so that they resent being hazed unless they are reminded from time to time of its abolition.

We have received the following exchanges which we gratefully acknowledge: Argosy, O.A.C. Review, Canadian Finance, Trinity University Review, Queen's Journal, Acta Victoriana, Alberta Gateway, Oberlin Literary Magazine ,and Wheaton College Record.

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Woodsock College

THE College Rugby Team succeeded in winning its group, but was defeated in the semi-finals by Sarnia. After the game there, our team was treated in royal fashion to a splendid dinner by the Sarnia men. The line-up was as follows:—Draper, Crawford, Hoover, Phelps, Eaton, Knox, Fleisher, Pugsley, Henderson, Holtby, Hackson, Dunlop,, Tufford, Carson.

The Senior Rugby Team having laid aside the weapons of war, our Junior team now comes on the field with flying colors. The first game was played with Hamilton Collegiate at the H. A.A.A. grounds Saturday, November 17th.

The Philomathic and Excelsior Debating Societies are going in full swing again. The meetings held every Friday evening are proving both interesting and profitable. Our debaters certainly are showing excellent form. To see and hear such men as Zink, Dickie, Green, Hall and Lonkin would make our worthy senior debaters at McMaster shake in their shoes.

The prayer meetings have been well attended and made interesting. On November 15, Rev. Thomas Wearing, M.A., B. D., pastor of the First Baptist Church, and O. E. Rutledge, B.A., gave us two splendid addresses, which were much appreciated.

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THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE
DAVID LLOYD GEORGE
PREMIER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The
McMaster University Monthly

Vol. XXVII. DECEMBER, 1917 No. 3

BRITAIN'S LITTLE GIANT.*

great crisis rarely fails to evolve its master. When the tyranny of the Stuarts threatened personal liberty in England, Cromwell, leading his Ironsides, rose to meet the situation; when Napoleon menaced the national life of all Europe, Wellington took command of the British forces and the despot was hopelessly crushed; when the agonizing slaves of the South cried out for a deliverer, Abraham Lincoln emerged in answer to the call. To-day, civilization is absorbed in a crisis more momentous than any that the pages of history record: the rights, the liberties, the lives, the consciences of humanity are threatened by a hateful aggressor, compared to whose barbarism the brutalities of ancient wars are as the play of children. The Empire has been passing through deep waters and dark valleys in her righteous struggle; but at last this, the greatest crisis, has evolved its master: David Lloyd George pilots England's ship of state, the Empire is confident of early victory, and our allies are inspired with fresh hope.

To look back upon this mighty leader's career is to see realized Tennyson's dream of a patriot-statesman, a man

> Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
> And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
> And breasts the blows of circumstance,
> And grapples with his evil star;

* An address delivered in Castle Memorial Hall.

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire.

Fifty years ago a poor widow walked fifteen miles across the hills to get a doctor for her boy who was dying. As the doctor trod the mountain path to her little cottage, he asked himself, "What is the use of saving this poor boy's life? The future holds nothing for him." Little he knew that the mountains of Wales were saying, "Here we are putting the spirit of freedom in a boy, which will some day make him a leader among free men and the champion of democracy in a world war." That boy was David Lloyd George.

His life has been a long heroic fight against adverse conditions. We see him, scarcely more than a babe, attempting with the aid of his little sister to barricade the gate before their tiny home against the harsh creditors of their widowed mother, and we know that the fight has begun; we see him at the village school, the highest seat of learning he ever attended, leading the young Hampdens who rebel against state domination in their worship of God, and we know that our fighter is advancing in the right direction. We see him, his regular schooling at an end, receiving from his patient cobbler uncle, the instruction that is to fit him for the study of law, and we feel that the fight is going to be worthy of so brave a warrior.

At fifteen he began to study law. At twenty-one he was a qualified solicitor, ready to attack oppression wherever it appeared. A village clergyman forbade that a dissenter be buried in the consecrated ground at his daughter's side. The young lawyer inspired the transgression of the petty parson's orders, the peasant was buried where he wished to be, and the courts of London gave their solemn approval.

Wales was not slow to recognize the powers of its future hero, and at the age of only twenty-seven he went to Westminister to represent his home constituency. By 1906, when the Liberal Party was returned to power, his keen intellect and irresistible oratory had already marked him for a place in the Cabinet. As

President of the Board of Trade, he became the first Welsh-speaking Minister in the British Government. A less scrupulous or a less able man might have accepted the appointment as a sinecure, and have allowed the Board of Trade to remain the least important department in the government. Not so Lloyd George! Without reserve he gave himself to his new task.

Long before he entered the Board of Trade he had realized that the very foundations of the empire were based upon her commerce. Bent upon strengthening those foundations, he promptly took up the Marine Shipping Bill, and then with his instinct for the big tasks, he reorganized the Port of London into an efficient and progressive machine. Yet in his labor for the Empire's commerce he had not forgotten the common people, for he incorporated in his shipping bill valuable provisions for improving the life of the seaman.

His nimble wit, his skill in debate, his ability to think rapidly on his feet had already given him a national reputation. "We will have Home Rule for Ireland and for England, and for Scotland and for Wales," he said, addressing a crowd of Welsh farmers. "And for hell," broke in a deep, half-drunken voice. "Quite right," he retorted, quick as a flash. "I like to see a man stand up for his own country."

His power to foresee, to plan and to execute, marked him out for a higher office. In two years after his first appointment, Mr. Lloyd George stepped from the lowest seat in the Cabinet to the seat next the premier himself. I need not pause to tell you the ensuing details of his political career. To tell how he assumed the burden of the Exchequer at a most critical time, how he revolutionized the system of national taxation in his famous budget of 1909, how he precipitated the constitutional crisis which ended the veto of the House of Lords, how he eased the burdens of the weak and transformed the economic thinking of a whole nation almost overnight would be to relate what is familiar to the most casual follower of English politics.

His Social Insurance Act of 1911 did more for the poor of England in a single year than the German Government had been able to accomplish in a whole generation.

That done, on he went, never looking behind, never pausing to congratulate himself on past achievements, with his keen eye on the lookout for further conquests. Conquests! Yes, but not the wretched conquests of the mailed fist and the iron heel. He sought not to enslave a freeborn nation because it had opposed him in its own defence; he sought not to butcher little children because their fathers had been red blooded men. He strove to conquer social wrongs, to vanquish tyranny, to exterminate the systems that make free men slaves.

Such were his ideals when the booming of a tyrant's cannon challenged the peace of Europe. His acute foresight had for once failed him, yet, when the avalanche of August, 1914, did come, he, realizing its fearful vastness, was among the first to set about the concentration of British strength. In less than a year a strong man was needed to speed up munitions production throughout the Kingdom; and Lloyd George was appointed to the task. Twelve months later England mourned her Secretary for war—Kitchener of Khartoum had obeyed the summons of his Commander-in-Chief; and Lloyd George, who had thoroughly organized the munitions industry, took his place. At last when he had shown himself preëminently successful in those great tasks, the nation appealed to him to assume the supreme direction of her government; a task that demands almost superhuman capabilities, a position that no man is so competent to fill as David Lloyd George.

What opinion must we form of this national leader? A demagogue, you say? Stop a moment! Step back seventeen years and stand with me in the gallery of the British House of Commons. The benches of the House are nearly all occupied. These are the legislators of a great nation which has been humiliated by the insults of two paltry South African republics; and the outcome of the war is still in doubt. Excitement and anxiety are at white heat. A young member rises from the Opposition benches. With the attention of five hundred of England's keenest and proudest minds centered upon him, he begins to speak. Knowledge of the situation abroad is revealed in his every utter-

ance; conviction hangs on every syllable; defiance is in every movement of his body. He points out with aggravating scepticism, the reverses, the obstacles, and the injustices that stand between the Empire and the Boers. That vast audience seethes and clenches its fist under the lash. Never has a man so defied public opinion. That man was Lloyd George. I say not that he was right; but he believed he was. And will you call such a man a demagogue?

The pro-Boer of that stormy period, who dodged the flying missles of English mobs, has become the greatest fighting asset that the Empire possesses. Partisan animosities are forgotten. He stands vested with almost dictatorial powers because he incarnates the spirit of democracy, because the British nation has realized as if by instinct, that he represents them better than any other man.

A mind bold, independent, decisive—courage that fears no human foe—eloquence that conquers every audience, and a true passion for the people from whence he came—distinguish this extraordinary character.

His is the courage so typically British, courage that cannot conceive of defeat. It mattered not whether Gladstone frowned upon, or Chamberlain assailed his purposes, the little Welshman knew no barrier but his conscience. He glories in a duel of wits; the mightier his opponent, the greater his joy in the conflict; and he seldom comes off second best. Unflinching, he faced the howling, cursing mob at Birmingham; his conscience bade him speak, and speak he did.

Small in stature, he is a giant in intellect. His genius comprises indefatigable energy combined with unusual natural gifts. He has the skill to organize, deputize, and supervise that could have made him an American merchant prince. Nothing can divert him from his work. The task of the moment receives his whole attention, the menial task becomes a work of art. Speed and efficiency mark his undertakings. He sees the faults of a plan while others hesitate, and in a trice has it reconstructed along improved lines. His mind is as clear and rapid as a flash of lightning.

His mental equipment with his Celtic emotion make him an orator. His eloquence woke the Empire to a prompter action; it inspired the munition workers to redoubled efforts. When the workers of Bristol were on the verge of revolt, Lloyd George addressed them and they returned to work with a cheer.

Practical and business-like as he seems in public life, there is no man in the Kingdom more devoted to his home. His family is dearer to him than Downing Street. Never a day used to pass that he did not write a letter to the kindly old uncle who started him on the road to success as a servant of the Empire.

Yet love of kin is not his dominant passion. Affection for the common people is his inspiration. He lives for their welfare; for if he seems to force them now, it is only that they may be spared the iron rod of a task-master who knows no mercy.

> "His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim,
> His loyalty the King, the world his fame."

This is the man in whose hands our lives and destinies are now placed. Where can history show his peer? Webster had his eloquence but lacked his message; Gladstone had his zeal but lacked his power; Napoleon possessed his genius without his lofty ideals. Already he stands supreme on merits citadel. Not his words alone, not his courage alone, not his immortal deeds alone, not his blameless character alone, not his glorious patriotism alone, but all combined have placed him where the slander of petty adversaries falls like vanquished billows from a towering promontory.

Tyrants hate him; spoilers fear him; free men love him. His past is monumental; his future bids fair to surpass it. The conquering statesman leads a nation whose arms have never met unjust defeat. Who can doubt that his leadership points the way to complete victory? And if ever it be given to one man to achieve such triumph for his fellows, surely, David Lloyd George will be the man to induce with enduring permanence the time

> When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled
> In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.

Where the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

This is the master of the present crisis.

—M. C. Hooper, '18.

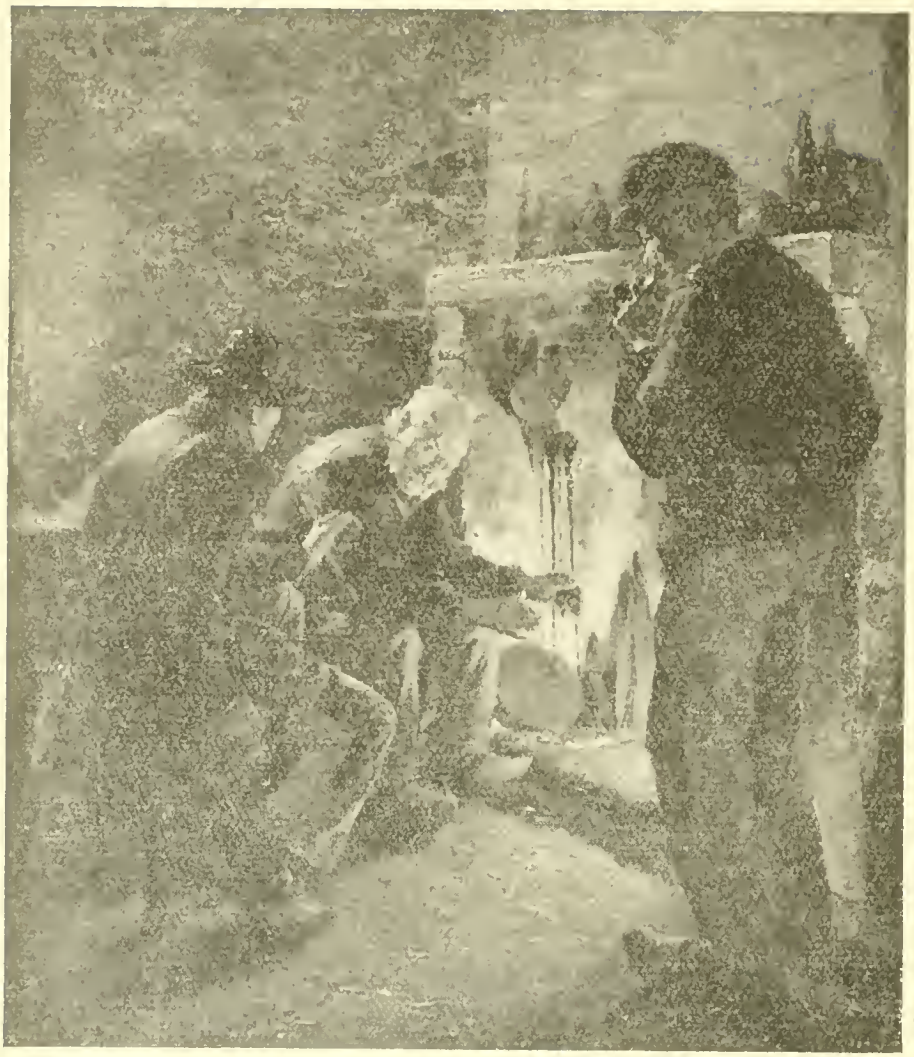
CHRISTMAS MORN.

Only a jingle of silvery bells,
  And a flying steed and sleigh,
But the glimpse I got of Paradise,
  Will linger all the day—
For the warmth of her eyes rejoice me yet,
And the bloom of her lips, can I forget?

The violets pinned in her dainty muff
  Caught in the wind, and came—
Straight out to me, and I loved them, for
  Were not her eyes the same?
Could it be she had loosed the flowers,
That I might love them a few brief hours?

What was't her lips appeared to say
  As out of sight she flew?
I think it was "Merry Christmas, dear"—
  She has certainly made it true!
I shall see her to-night for a few brief hours—
And until then—I have her flowers.

—Amy E. Campbell, '12.



A. SUZOR-COTE, R.C.A.

Canadian Peasants by the Fire.

A Canadian Painting exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition 1917.

PÈRE NOEL, CANADIEN.

RUINS, rain and grey mud made it dreary outdoors. Mother Marie sat quietly in her tiny kitchen. Every line of her body, every wrinkle on her face indicated discouragement, despair. That made it dreary indoors.

Mother Marie did not often sit thus. Activity and hopefulness were her constant allies. Today, however, the smile had left her face. The blessed Noël was coming, in two days it would be celebrated—and the children were so eager—Tears could not be repressed forever.

Last year there had been nothing for the children. There had scarcely been enough to feed them. This year was hard too, but better. Ah, yes! The children had shoes to keep out the bitter weather. Shoes! Already Mother Marie could picture the expectant row of little shoes by the fireside for Père Noël to fill.*

The children had been so reasonable, so patient last year. "Next year," she had comforted them. "The blessed saint has not forgotten you, but the world is large. There are many children, and surely there were not enough gifts for all. Next year it will be your turn. Be patient, and never complain, and Père Noël will not forget."

She had been filled with hope as she explained matters to the children. All year through she had hoped. Today the little ones had been questioning her as to what Père Noël might bring them. Now she was hopeless.

In the next room Monsieur le Canadien was singing. Mother Marie did not know the words of the song but she knew the meaning of the singing. Monsieur was happy, that she knew. And well he might be; for today he had trudged back from the army post office with a box under his arm, and had cried: "Christmas is coming, Mother Marie. Look! The little mother across the ocean sends me this."

---

* Although the New Year is more generally celebrated than Christmas in France, yet there are many villages and country places where the children still place their shoes by the fireside on Christmas Eve for Père Noël to fill.

"It is well when mothers send out of their plenty." She thought it bitterly now. "But when mothers have nothing, nothing, and the little children wait, little children who are too young to be patient always, too young to understand, what then?"

At that moment the young soldier came into the kitchen. "Why, Mother Marie, what is it?" Her gloom was a most amazing thing. "Is it Jean?" he asked. "Jean is well," returned the woman quietly. "What is it that Monsieur wishes?"

"It is about Christmas," he hesitated. "See, my mother has sent such jolly things to eat. Couldn't we all celebrate?" And thrusting his hand into his pocket, "It is pay day, Mother Marie; let's give the little 'uns some fun. Couldn't you come and help me buy them something?"

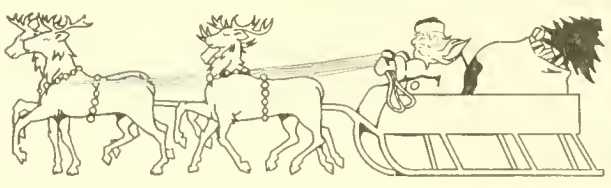
"Ah, Monsieur!" she gasped. "They do not want much. A few centimes, one little thing between them all, how it would please them."

The Noël dawned drearily. A drizzling mist enlarged the desolation of the drab little village; but in the half ruined home of Mother Marie there was joy, radiant joy.

The children had awakened to find their little shoes filled, filled to overflowing. Trifling gifts, a gaudy knick-knack, something to make a noise with, something sweet to eat. These were treasures.

The eldest, a boy of more than usual thoughtfulness, lifted each carefully, pondering, examining. He had more than once doubted that Père Noël crawled down the chimney, and these candies,—had not Monsieur read him the words on the wrapper of one just like it last time there had been a box from the mother over the ocean? The boy sat still thinking, then suddenly he called out, "Monsieur, Monsieur, are you the good Père Noël?"

—Elsie Wilkins Hill, '17.



JOURNALISM AS A PROFESSION FOR COLLEGE GRADUATES.

IN all the ages the world has never needed leadership as sorely as it does to-day. Armageddon has wrought destruction on the earth and confusion in the minds of men. Three years of war have dulled the thinking powers as well as the finer sensibilities of mankind. How shall a righteous and lasting peace be established? In what way shall we deal most wisely with the demobilization of the armed hosts of four continents? What is to be done with the hundreds of thousands of men of all nations who have been crippled bodily and perhaps mentally as well in the hell of battle? These are only a few of the many-after-the-war problems which are calling for solution. College men must be prepared to play their part in bringing good out of evil, they must prepare themselves for those callings in which their trained minds can be of the greatest service to their fellows. Where then shall they turn?

In these blood-red days of mighty cannon, high explosives and warfare in the heavens above and in the waters beneath, it may sound as foolishness to reassert Bulwer-Lytton's verdict as to the relative might of pen and sword. Yet, is it not true that every belligerent government body to-day depends quite as much, if not more, upon the press as upon its army? Without the support that statesmen receive from the newspapers of their various countries they are helpless. Cabinets are made and unmade through the power of public opinion which finds expression in the public prints. The fighting enthusiasm of the great peoples is maintained through the information given in the daily papers as to the causes, aims and progress of the war. The "scrap of paper" was immortalized by the pen of the journalist. The rape of Belgium, the fiendish crime of the Lusitania, and the myriad horrors of German "frightfulness" stirred the nations to indignation and action as they were told by the world's printing presses. One need not further labor the point. The power of the press was never so great as to-day, and never was there greater need for men and women writers consecrated to

the service of humanity. Without a doubt the modern newspaper offers to the college student who can think straight, and who can express his thoughts in terse, understandable English, a practically unparalleled opportunity to serve the human race. The pulpit alone has a right to claim equality, and there are many men in the ministry to-day who would have far larger audiences to whom they could preach with greater power were they editors instead of clerics. Many sound thinkers are poor speakers but clever writers.

Let me indicate a few of the ways in which the newspaper of to-day serves its community. Foremost is that from which it gets its name of "news" paper. It gathers the news of the world promptly, and very accurately as a rule, and places it on your doorstep daily. Events that transpire in the world's most out of the way corners are known here within a few hours or even minutes sometimes. It is almost as impossible to get away from the modern newspaper reporter as it is from the voice of conscience.

The press creates and moulds public opinion. This needs no arguing. Public opinion is the greatest force with which all governments, whether despotic or democratic, have to contend Public opinion brought about the Russian revolution, and it will bring about another in Germany before this war is over. De Toqueville once said: "A newspaper can drop the same thought into a thousand minds at the same moment." Had he lived to-day he would have substituted the word million for thousand. Public opinion is created in two ways, by the advocacy of principles and causes through the editorial columns, and by the dissemination of news which the people read and digest for themselves. The Northcliffe press in England is credited with having brought about the downfall of the Asquith government in England through its advocacy of more aggressive warfare, and its reporting of conditions as they actually were at the front.

The newspaper is not only a creator of public opinion but it has become in late years a reflector of public opinion. The interview and the correspondence column in which letters to the

editor are published are the two chief ways in which the people make their voice heard through the press. Reports of speeches also act as a mirror of public opinion, and the newspaper which is true to its high calling will give a faithful uncolored report of what is said and done at any gathering of the people. Too often the reports which are printed are filled with partisan misrepresentation. The college trained man should be above such smallness.

The great protector of the people against fraud and crime is undoubtedly the newspaper. The fear of publicity is greater than the fear of the law. The man who hates society's sins has here a splendid opportunity to fight them. The war profiteer, the man who is exploiting the public, the grafter who lines his pockets from the public treasury while others are pouring out their life's blood for liberty, these human vultures all hate and fear the press. We owe the entry of the United States into the world war largely to the exposures of German intrigue made by the editor of the *Providence Journal,* and his clever reporters who were placed in responsible positions in the offices of Count Bernstorff and other Hun diplomats and plotters. When the full story comes to be written the most thrilling of imaginative detective fiction will pale into insignificance beside it. And there are plenty of other lids yet to be lifted by the college man who likes to get at the bottom of things. There is ample room for the reformer.

As a philanthropic institution the newspaper has few equals. Public subscriptions are taken up through the press for all kinds of needy people and causes. The Belgian Relief Fund and the Patriotic Fund owe the major part of their success to the support given them by the newspapers.

It is not necessary to argue that the journalist provides both education and amusement for the masses through his daily writing. The newspaper is the greatest cultural organization of the present day. Everybody reads it either for edification, information or pleasure. To have control of what the people read,— is not that a responsibility worthy of the best man our colleges can produce?

The newspaper is the only omniscient institution existent. It is supposed to know everything. If you could get a glimpse of the hundreds of questions that are sent in weekly to the information column of a metropolitan newspaper you would be amazed at the variety of subjects inquired about. Not all the encyclopedias ever written contain enough combined wisdom for the unfortunate editor charged with answering them. Yet very seldom is the newspaper stuck, for if it does not know where to go for the necessary information it can always appeal to its readers for assistance, and some one is almost sure to know and respond. This is one very interesting form of public service.

Even the business end of a newspaper has service as one of its main features. Through the advertising columns those who have goods to sell and those who wish to buy are brought together. Properly viewed the advertisements in a daily or weekly paper have a distinct news value. And I freely admit they are quite often better reading than some of the editorial columns.

So much for the service side of journalism. What does a man or woman get? What are the personal compensations? Financially the rewards are not large except in rare instances. On the biggest Toronto papers there are three or four men at the top to earn from $5,000 to $15,000 a year, but they are men who had they gone into other businesses would probably been getting twice that salary. Reporters earn from $20 to $40 per week, and some particularly good men get as high as $50. Beginners, of course, must be content with as little as $8 or $10. Salaries are on the upward trend, however, and there is hope that some day we scribes may receive remuneration more commensurate with the service rendered.

It is the fascination of the life that keeps us in it. One is at the centre of things on a newspaper. He knows the world's news before it is printed. The reporter must of necessity be where things are going on. He must be a Johnny-on-the-Spot. No two days are ever alike in the life of a wide-awake reporter, or at any rate they need not be, for there is always adventure to be found by the man who has a nose for news. Let me quote

what Dr. Talcott Williams, dean of the Columbia University School of Journalism, has to say of the life of a reporter in a great city:

"Among the sons of men there is none who really knows a great city except the man who has been a reporter in it. He has sounded its depths. He has come to know the house of crime, the house of worship and the house of festival. He is familiar with the church and with the nether world. He has seen the greater and the lesser wheels of administrative machinery in motion. He has learned how to reach that supreme potentate, the police sergeant, behind his desk, and how to unravel and knit together the varying tales of bystanders. He knows the streets of danger full of news, and the streets of safety full of newspaper readers, comfort charged. He comes to have an instinct as to the trail of news, and he discovers, as perhaps no other man does, how often the intelligent, the educated, the well bred and the advantaged, are dull and hackneyed by a safe life, and how swift and keen and quick comes to be the great guerilla horde that knows the street as its hunting ground and wins by wits, not by work."

The newspaper writer comes in personal contact with the world's greatest men and women. Day after day it is his duty to interview this or that leader in human activities, and the acquaintances thus formed often ripen into real friendships. The bigger the man the more courteous he is to the interviewer. It is only the smaller fry big in their own conceit who either refuse to see you or answer your questions curtly or not at all.

The cultural advantages of newspaper work are self-evident. Every day one learns something new about the big world in which he lives, and it is always the newest of the new at that. He listens to the cleverest of counsel as they interpret the law, he reports the utterances of the leading statesmen and thinkers, he interviews the Prime Minister on the great questions of the day, he is the first to greet and learn the story of the arctic explorer, he is taken into the confidence of the great generals on the various battlefronts and is shown everything worth seeing in or-

der that others may see through his eyes all that the censor will permit to be printed. Does he desire to specialize along a special branch of knowledge he has unparalelled facilities.

Generous provision is always made for him at the banqueting table, in the concert hall and the theatre. His profession is an "Open Sesame" to the enjoyments of this life. And even the railways are prepared to give him transportation in return for advertising space in his newspaper.

Every normal man loves a certain amount of power. Many a newspaper man is in the business to-day because he loves to be the man behind some of the big things. The most feared man in Great Britain is Lord Northcliffe with his string of newspapers and magazines, and he has his counterpart in the United States in William Randolph Hearst, and to a lesser extent in Canada in Lord Atholstan, (Sir Hugh Graham), of the *Star* and other Montreal papers. All of these men have perhaps at times abused their power, but there is a proper use of such power for the public weal that the college graduate might justifiably covet.

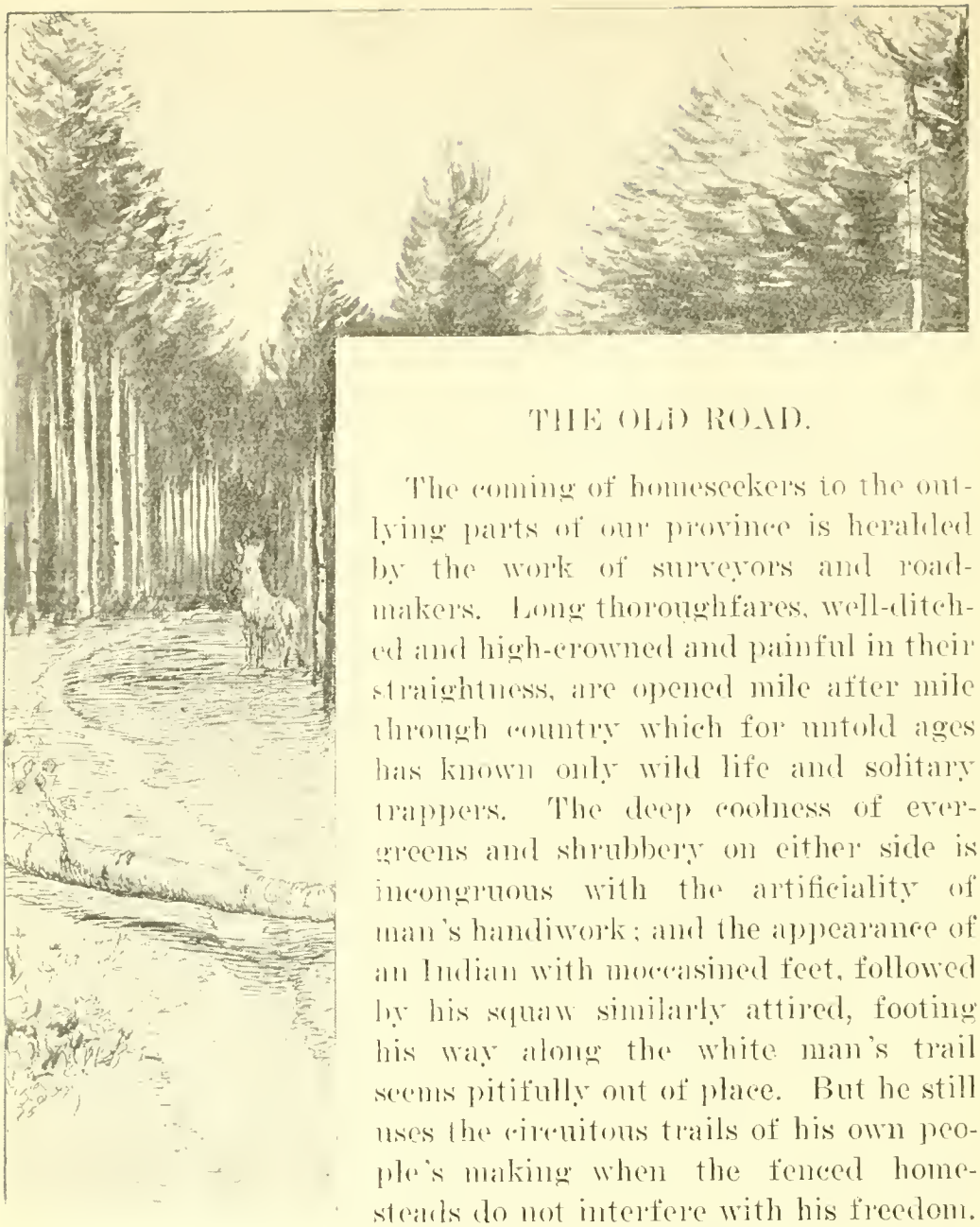
But there is another and gloomy side to the picture. The enormous capital required to establish and maintain a modern newspaper in a big city makes it impossible for any but the few to reach the seats of the mighty. The others are not free agents. What they write must be in accord with what their employers wish to promote. You cannot set about to turn the world upside down unless the Chief is willing. A man is seldom, if ever, asked to violate his conscience, but he must often keep his mouth shut when he would like to speak. Fortunately it does not require so much money to become the controlling power in a small city or country paper, and though the field of influence there may seem to be smaller, much more can be done for Canada by the smaller papers than is being done to-day. The comparatively small salaries as compared with commercial callings and the professions, the long and indefinite hours of work, the disagreeable and often dangerous assignments the reporter frequently has to undertake, the powerful enemies a conscientious writer is almost sure to make, the insidious attempts that are made to secure

influence for projects inimical to the public interest, the aspersion of one's motives and the defamation of one's character by those you oppose, the threats of the discontinuance of advertising by big advertisers and advertising agencies, these are some of the other things which often make the newspaper man ask himself if he has not made a mistake in choosing his life work. The average person does not realize the extent to which a newspaper's independence is affected by the fact that the advertiser makes up the deficit when circulation returns are subtracted from cost of production, and provides the profits. Yet the more prosperous a newspaper becomes the more it is its own master, for the loss of one or more advertisers is not then a life and death matter. It costs money to be independent. One of the Toronto newspapers lost scores of thousands of dollars through its strenuous advocacy of reciprocity. To-day four out of the six Toronto papers are refusing a quarter of a million dollars a year by shutting their doors to liquor advertising, and as much more by banning other objectionable forms of advertising.

Yet, when all is said and done, there is a charm about newspaper life that makes it almost impossible for the man who once becomes thoroughly infected with the germ to ever be really happy in any other calling. Few ever make the attempt.

> "To serve thy generation, this thy fate;
> 'Written in water,' swiftly fades thy name;
> Bue he who loves his kind doth first and last,
> A work too great for fame."
>
> —J. H. Cranston, '05.

The Yule-clog is a great log of wood, sometimes the root of a tree, brought into the house with great ceremony on Christmas Eve, laid in the fireplace and lighted with the brand from last year's log. While it lasted there was great drinking, singing and telling of tales. Sometimes it was accompanied by Christmas candles; but in the cottages the only light was from the ruddy blaze of the great wood fire. The Yule-log was to burn all night: if it went out, it was considered a sign of ill luck.



THE OLD ROAD.

The coming of homeseekers to the outlying parts of our province is heralded by the work of surveyors and road-makers. Long thoroughfares, well-ditched and high-crowned and painful in their straightness, are opened mile after mile through country which for untold ages has known only wild life and solitary trappers. The deep coolness of evergreens and shrubbery on either side is incongruous with the artificiality of man's handiwork; and the appearance of an Indian with moccasined feet, followed by his squaw similarly attired, footing his way along the white man's trail seems pitifully out of place. But he still uses the circuitous trails of his own people's making when the fenced homesteads do not interfere with his freedom.

There is a section of the highway in this part of the country which has been turned in its course and indicates the changeableness of even the white man's well laid plans. Where the road used to cross country for a quarter of a mile, it has been straightened to form a right angle, and the old road is used now only as a short cut. Fallen trees bar both ends to vehicular traffic. Somewhere about the middle of the road, with that graceful symmetry which it assumes when trodden naturally by the pedestrian's

course, is a pathway, worn clean by bare feet as they patter to and from the school house on the corner. With the first awakening of spring, the crown of the road is carpeted with new shoots of grass which are outlined subtly against the charcoal-powdered ground, where early fires have burned the remaining last year's vegetation. Young birches, willow, poplar, and balm of gilead with sticky redolent buds, and raspberry canes crowd each other a little farther each year over the ditches and compete for growth on the flattened surface. Hepaticas, trilliums, wild strawberries, coral root, clintonia, virgin's bower, wild vetch, fire weed, golden rod and asters appear in turn throughout the summer along its course, and a few lonely shoots of oats indicate where a passing team had dropped some of its precious burden.

Often when turning into this secluded way, I have looked ahead of me wondering what or who might appear on the path as it winds out of sight around a bend. Often, too, I have gathered the bushes around me and peered eagerly down the open space to see what I could see. Would the fairies come and dance for me on the barrier? or on the puff balls in the grass? Would a partridge drum for my special benefit on some resounding log? or a mother wolf, fearless with maternal pride, dare to feed her whelps in the open? or a bull moose walk ahead of his mate up the path? I knew I would be very fortunate to have these rarely seen habits of wild life appear to my expectant eyes. Nevertheless, I have seen the woodpeckers courting on the fallen saplings, a porcupine trundle up the path, stopping now and then to sit down and look about him, and a red deer, hardly perceptible beyond the bend, beautiful in her startled posture, pausing a few seconds before dashing off into the forest—her white flag marking the increasing speed of her flight.

Of all times of the day, I like best to be on the old road in the evening, when the daylight of the north country seems loathe to give place to night. But night gradually comes, slowly creeping from the forest, the ground, and everywhere. The few birds that sing their vespers add peace and devotion to the encompassing stillness. The White Throat sings his sustained notes on into

the night, but the Hermit Thrush has no rival. He loves the deep half darkness of the forest solitude, and his song—a far sounding delightful "eoloe hallalee"—rings through the woods like a hymn of praise.

My journey at the end of the day has three outstanding places along its four mile course: one is where the road dips down between two clay hills to cross the river as it purls on its way to the lake; another is where the road mounts a sand hill and I turn off into the recesses of the wild-growing short cut; and the last is the foot of the mountain, the end of the journey and home.

—R.

THE LIVING SONG.

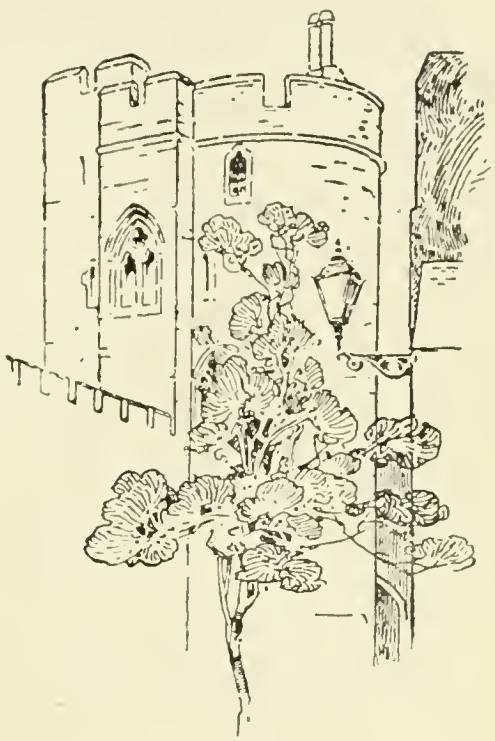
The tuneful pen lies silent, the singing heart is still,
The ear is deaf to music of poplars on the hill.
Some other hand must lift the pen. Some other heart must rise
And tune its harp to catch the strains from gates of Paradise.
Some other ear must listen for echoes from the skies.

For God must make his beauties clear to eyes all blind with pain,
To minds that lose the Vision in the search for sordid gain.
And so, the heart that seems so still will pass its music on
To hearts of clay, and we will hear the melodies of one
Who loved God's gift of human life and, loving it, has gone.

—Evelyn Davis Graham, '15.

A MIRACLE PLAY AT CHRISTMAS.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.



Let us imagine Christmas Day in a mediæval town of Northern England. The cathedral is only partly finished. Its nave and transepts are the work of Norman architects, but the choir has been destroyed in order to be rebuilt by more graceful designers and more skillful hands. The old city is full of craftsmen assembled to complete the church. Some have come, as a religious duty, to work off their tale of sins by bodily labor. Some are animated by a love of art—simple men who might have rivalled with the Greeks in ages of more cultivation. Others, again, are well-known carvers brought for hire from distant towns and countries beyond the sea. But to-day, and for some days past, the sound of hammer and chisel has been silent in the choir. Monks have bustled about the nave, dressing it up with holly boughs and bushes of yew, and preparing a stage for the sacred play they are going to exhibit on the feast-day. Christmas is not like Corpus Christi, and now the market-place stands inches deep in snow, so that the Miracles must be enacted beneath a roof instead of in the open air. And what place so appropriate as the cathedral, where poor people may have warmth and shelter while they see the show? Besides, the gloomy old church, with its windows darkened by the falling snow, lends itself to candle-light effects that will enhance the splendor of the scene. Everything is ready. The incense of morning mass yet lingers round the altar. The voice of the

friar, who told the people from the pulpit the story of Christ's birth, has hardly ceased to echo. Time has just been given for a mid-day dinner, and for the shepherds and farm lads to troop in from the countryside. The monks are ready at the wooden stage to draw its curtain, and all the nave is full of eager faces. There you may see the smith and carpenter, the butcher's wife, the country priest, and the gray-cowled friar. Scores of workmen, whose home the cathedral for the time is made, are also here, and you may know the artists by their thoughtful foreheads and keen eyes. That young monk carved Madonna and her Son above the southern porch. Beside him stands the master-mason, whose strong arms have hewn gigantic images of prophets and apostles for the pinnacles outside the choir; and the little man with cunning eyes between the two is he who cuts such quaint hobgoblins for the gargoyles. He has a vein of satire in him, and his humor overflows into the stone. Many and many a grim beast and hideous head has he hidden among vine-leaves and trellis-work upon the porches. Those who know him well are loath to anger him, for fear their sons and sons' sons should laugh at them forever caricatured in solid stone.

Hark! there sounds the bell. The curtain is drawn, and the candles blaze brightly round the wooden stage. What is the first scene? We have God in Heaven, dressed like a pope with triple crown, and attended by his court of angels. They sing and toss up censers till he lifts his hand and speaks. In a long Latin speech he unfolds the order of creation and his will concerning man. At the end of it up leaps an ugly buffoon, in goatskin, with rams' horns upon his head. Some children begin to cry; but the older people laugh, for this is the Devil, the clown and comic character, who talks their common tongue, and has no reverence before the very throne of Heaven. He asks leave to plague men, and receives it; then, with many a curious caper, he goes down to Hell, beneath the stage. The angels sing and toss their censers as before, and the first scene closes to a sound of organs. The next is more conventional, in spite of some grotesque incidents. It represents the Fall: the monks hurry over it quickly, as a tedious but necessary prelude to the birth of

Christ. That is the true Christmas part of the ceremony, and it is understood that the best actors and most beautiful dresses are to be reserved for it. The builders of the choir in particular are interested in the coming scenes, since one of their number has been chosen, for his handsome face and tenor voice, to sing the angel's part. He is a young fellow of nineteen, but his beard is not yet grown, and long hair hangs down upon his shoulders. A chorister of the cathedral, his younger brother, will act the Virgin Mary. At last the curtain is drawn.

We see a cottage room, dimly lighted by a lamp, and Mary spinning near her bedside. She sings a country air, and goes on working, till a rustling noise is heard, more light is thrown upon the stage, and a glorious creature, in white raiment, with broad golden wings, appears. He bears a lily, and cries, "Ave Maria, Gratia Plena!" She does not answer, but stands confused, with down-dropped eyes and timid mien. Gabriel rises from the ground and comforts her, and sings aloud his message of glad tidings. Then Mary gathers courage, and kneeling in her turn, thanks God; and when the angel and his radiance disappears, she sings the song of the Magnificat, clearly and simply, in the darkened room. Very soft and silver sounds this hymn through the great church. The women kneel, and children are hushed as by a lullaby. But some of the hinds and 'prentice-lads begin to think it rather dull. They are not sorry when the next scene opens with a sheep-fold and a little camp-fire. Unmistakable bleatings issue from the fold, and five or six common fellows are sitting round the blazing wood. One might fancy they had stepped straight from the church floor to the stage, so natural do they look. Besides, they call themselves by common names—Colin and Tom Lie-a-bed and Nimble Dick. Many a round laugh wakes echoes in the church when these shepherds stand up, and hold debate about a stolen sheep. Tom Lie-a-bed has nothing to remark but that he is very sleepy, and does not want to go in search of it to-night; Colin cuts jokes and throws out shrewd suspicions that Dick knows something of the matter; but Dick is sly, and keeps them off the scent, although a few of his asides

reveal to the audience that he is the real thief. While they are thus talking, silence falls upon the shepherds. Soft music from the church organ breathes, and they appear to fall asleep.

The stage is now quite dark, and for a few moments the aisles echo only to the dying melody. When, behold, a ray of light is seen, and splendor grows around the stage from hidden candles, and in the glory Gabriel appears upon a higher platform made to look like clouds. The shepherds wake in confusion, striving to shelter their eyes from this unwonted brilliancy. But Gabriel waves his lily, spreads his great gold wings, and bids good cheer with clarion voice. The shepherds fall to worship, and suddenly round Gabriel there gathers a choir of angels, and a song of "Gloria in Excelsis" to the sound of a deep organ is heard far off. From distant aisles it swells, and seems to come from heaven. Through the long resonant fugue the glory flies, and as it ceases with complex conclusion, the lights die out, the angels disappear, and Gabriel fades into the darkness. Still the shepherds kneel, rustically chanting a carol half in Latin, half in English, which begins "In dulci Jubilo." The people know it well, and when the chorus rises with "Ubi sunt gaudia?" its wild melody is caught by voices up and down the nave. This scene makes deep impression upon many hearts; for the beauty of Gabriel is rare, and few who see him in his angel's dress would know him for the lad who daily carves his lilies and broad water-flags about the pillars of the choir. To that simple audience he interprets Heaven, and little children will see him in their dreams. Dark winter nights and awful forests will be trodden by his feet, made musical by his melodious voice, and parted by the rustling of his wings. The youth himself may return to-morrow to the workman's blouse and chisel, but his memory lives in many minds and may form a part of Christmas for the fancy of men as yet unborn.

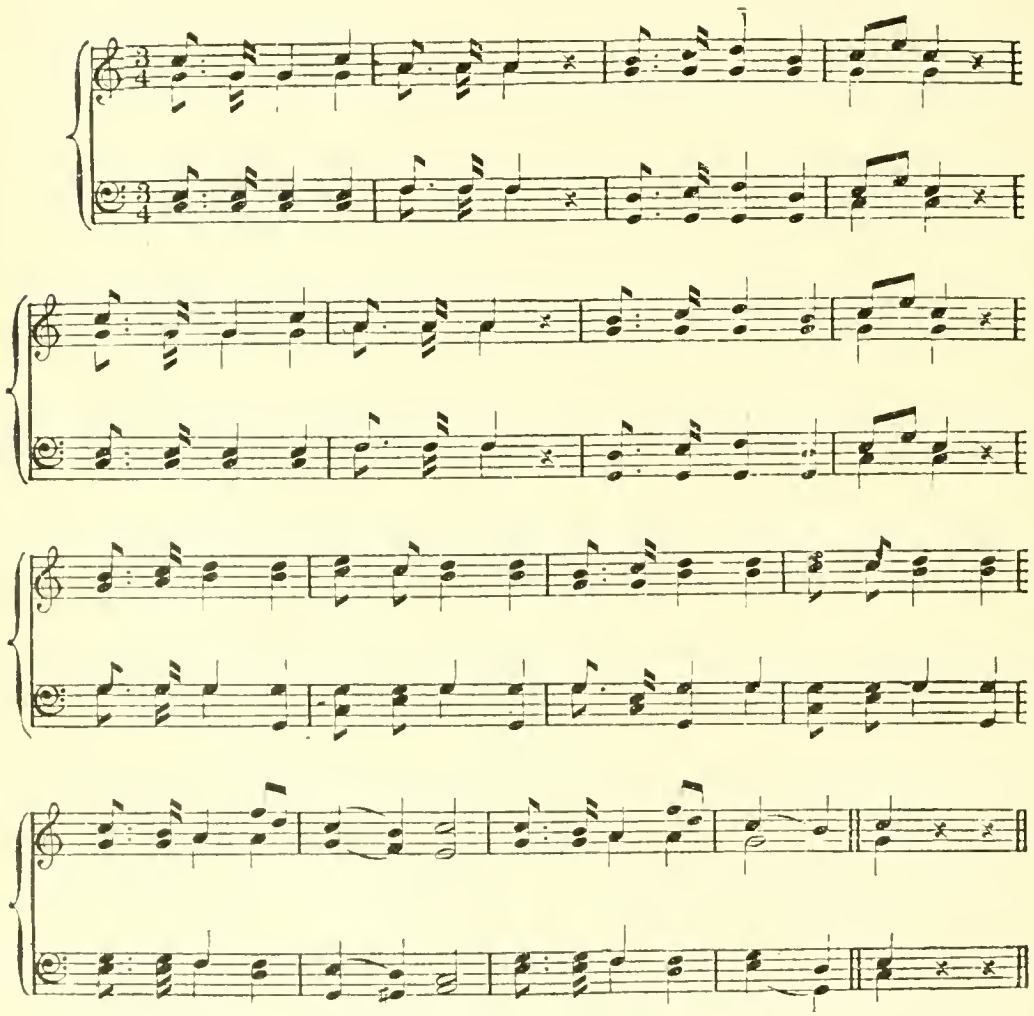
The next drawing of the curtain shows us the stable of Bethlehem crowned by its star. There kneels Mary, and Joseph leans upon his staff. The ox and the ass are close at hand, and Jesus lies in jeweled robes on straw within the manger. To right and left bow the shepherds, worshiping in dumb show, while voices

from behind chant a solemn hymn. In the midst of the melody is heard the flourish of trumpets, and heralds step upon the stage followed by the three crowned kings. They have come from the far East, led by the star. The song ceases, while drums and fifes and trumpets play a stately march. The kings pass by, and do obeisance one by one. Each gives some costly gift; each doffs his crown and leaves it at the Saviour's feet. Then they retire to a distance and worship in silence like the shepherds. Again the angel's song is heard, and while it dies away the curtain closes and the lights are put out.

The play is over, and the evening has come. The people must go from the warm church into the frozen snow, and crunch their homeward way beneath the moon. But in their minds they carry a sense of light and music and unearthly loveliness. Not a scene of this day's pageant will be lost. It grows within them and creates the poetry of Christmas. Nor must we forget the sculptors who listen to the play. We spoke of them minutely, because these mysteries sank deep into their souls and found a way into their carvings on the cathedral walls. The monk who made Madonna by the southern porch will remember Gabriel and place him bending low in lordly salutation by her side. The painted glass of the chapter-house will glow with fiery choirs of angels learned by heart that night. And who does not know the mocking devils and quaint satyrs that the humorous sculptor carved among his fruits and flowers? Some of the misereres of the stalls still bear portraits of the shepherd thief, and of the ox and ass who blinked so blindly when the kings, by torchlight, brought their dazzling gifts. Truly these old miracle-plays and the carved work of cunning hands that they inspired are worth to us more than all the delicate creations of Italian pencils. Our homely Northern churches still retain, for the child who reads their bosses and sculptured fronts, more Christmas poetry than we can find in Fra Angelico's devoutness or the liveliness of Giotto. Not that Southern artists have done nothing for our Christmas. Cimabue's gigantic angels of Assisi, and the radiant seraphs of Raphael or of Signorelli, were seen by Milton in his Italian jour-

ney. He gazed in Romish churches on graceful Nativities, into which Angelico and Credi threw their simple souls. How much they tinged his fancy we cannot say. But what we know of heavenly hierarchies we later men have learned from Milton; and what he saw he spoke, and what he spoke in sounding verse lives for us and now sways our reason, and controls our fancy, and makes fine art of high theology.

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.



1. Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus;
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus.

2. Ubi sunt, qui ante nos,
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

3. Vita nostra brevis est
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter
Rapit nos atrociter.
Nemini parcetur.

4. Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet
Semper sint in flore.

5. Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ!
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ amabiles,
Bonæ, laboriosæ.

6. Quis confluxus hodie
Academicorum?
E longinquo convenerunt
Protinusque successerunt
In commune forum.

7. Alma mater floreat,
Quæ nos edueavit,
Caros et eom militones,
Dissitas in regiones
Sparsos, congregavit.

8. Vivat et republica
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

9. Pereat tristitia
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antibursehius,
Atque irrisorés.

While I lay musing on my pillow I heard the sound of little feet pattering outside the door, and a whispering consultation. Presently a choir of small voices chanted forth an old Christmas carol, the burden of which was

> Rejoice, our Saviour He was born
> On Christmas Day in the morning.

I rose softly, slipt on my clothes, opened the door suddenly, and beheld one of the most beautiful little fairy groups that a painter could imagine. It consisted of a boy and two girls, the eldest not more than six, and lovely as seraphs. They were going the rounds of the house and singing at every chamber door.—*Irving.*

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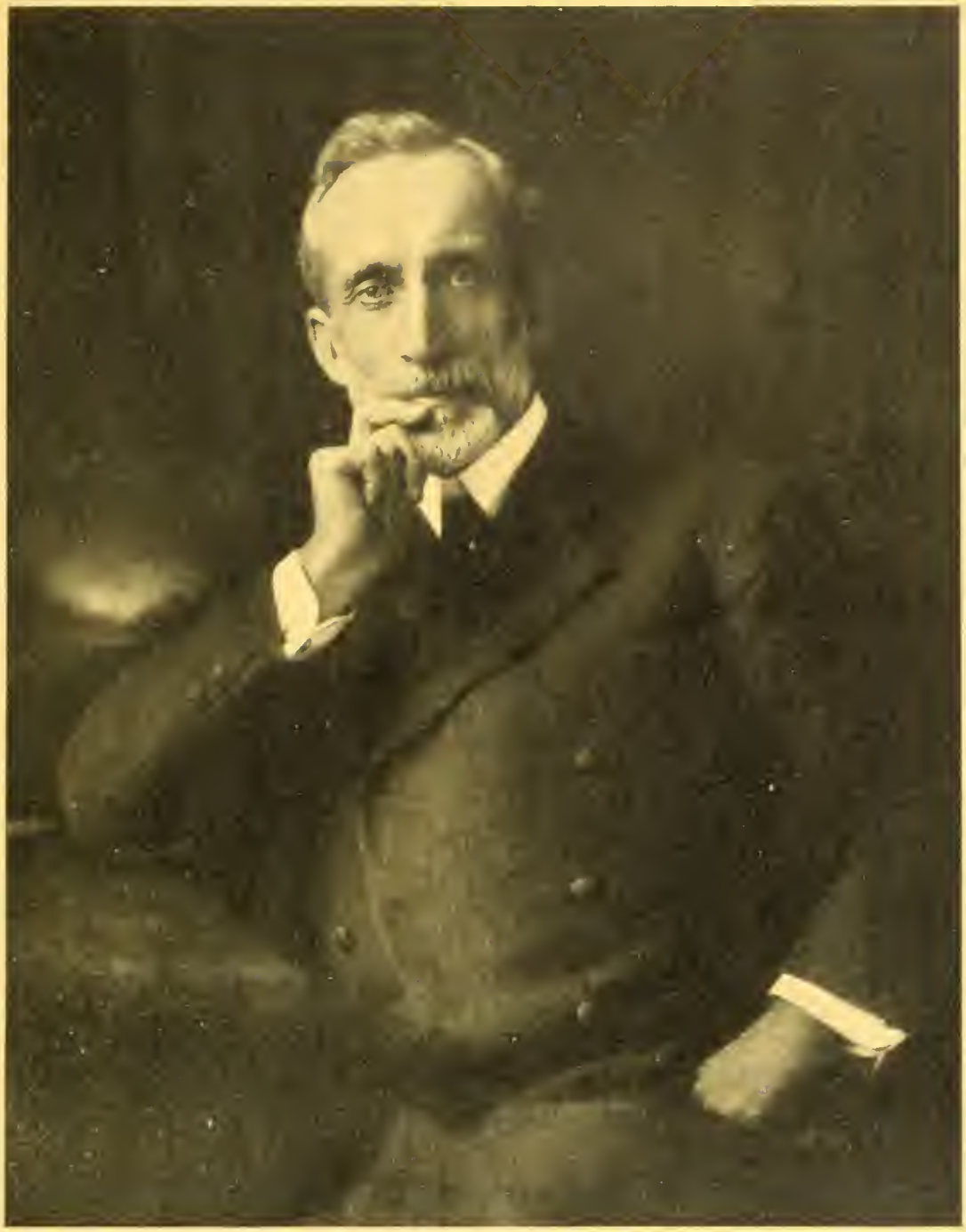
Editorial Notes

Clash, clang, hammer; ding, dong, bell.
Bell, dong, ding; hammer, clang, clash!
Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window Scrooge opened it and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious, glorious!

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.



PROFESSOR THOMAS TROTTER

"Eh?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.
"What's to-day, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.
"To-day!" replied the boy. "Why CHRISTMAS DAY."
—*Dickens.*

For a number of years the students of McMaster have endeavored to arrive at a more or less unanimous decision about a suitable University pin, in order that the heterogenous array of class pins might be discontinued. A design has been adopted at last! The arrangement of the new pin follows closely the design of the new seal. It is made in two pieces, with the shield resting on the outer circle and both slightly domed. The Greek motto is omitted. McMaster is placed at the top of the circle, University at the bottom. The execution and sale of the pins is in the hands of Messrs. Ryrie Brothers, Toronto, who will offer them to purchasers as follows:—Sterling silver heavily gold plated, one dollor; ten carat gold two dollars and fifty cents. Better quality gold, or any quality with setting will cost accordingly.

The Executive Committees of the Alumni and Alumnae Associations have been working in conjunction with the Student Body and Faculty Committees in an attempt to send a Christmas box to each McMaster man overseas. One hundred and twenty boxes have been packed, and with the exception of very few, have be mailed in time to reach their destinations by Christmas. The few which remain shall be sent when the addresses can be secured.

In accordance with the suggestion of the Post Office authorities, an alternative address has been placed on the boxes. In each case this is the address of Captain John MacNeill, who is doing Y.M.C.A. work in France and who, we feel sure, will dispose appropriately of any boxes which do not reach the first named destination.

The boxes contain the following: cake, maple sugar, dates, chiclets, chocolate, shaving stick, trench candle, face cloth, pair of socks, October issue of THE MONTHLY, daily paper and a

Christmas greeting card, designed and donated by Professor G. H. Campbell.

The Student Body Committee wish to express their appreciation for the opportunity of working in conjunction with the Alumni and Alumnae Associations. Such working together is a sure means of uniting the entire University as members of one large family. We hope the practice thus commenced will not be discontinued.

It is with much pleasure that we insert in this issue as a Christmas supplement, a reproduction of a photograph of Professor Thomas Trotter. It will be remembered that Doctor Trotter carried on his work throughout the college session last year with no little physical discomfort. Towards the end of the term he underwent a critical operation, and from that time until the present, with very little respite, he has been confined to his bed. Because the students have been denied the pleasure of associating with him thus far this year, it has occurred to us that it would be a gracious tribute of remembrance at this Christmas season, if we give them and our readers in general a reproduction of him whom we hope soon to see again carrying on his work amongst us at the University.

Peter Paul Rubens' picture, *The Descent From the Cross,* hangs far back in the dusty cloister of the ancient Cathedral of Antwerp. Against the dim old wall, the white figure of the Christ shines and strikes light into the gloom. The hands and feet are torn where the nails pierced and held them; the brow is circled with a crust of clotted blood; the torso, weak and lifeless, bends and sways; a crimson blotch marks the side where the spear was thrust; the arms and legs are awry; the neck falls to one side; the mouth hangs open, and in the sunken eyes is the look of One who died for men. Eight of those who worshiped this Man of Sorrows tenderly ease him down from the Cross.

Wrapped in fine linen, the body of Him who was Crucified will be given into the arms of Mary, the Mother. What grief! What anguish shall be the part of Mary! Her only Son done

to death by those who did not understand. Nailed to a gibbet, mutilated spat upon, given vinegar to drink, left to bleed out his life in the heat of the sun.

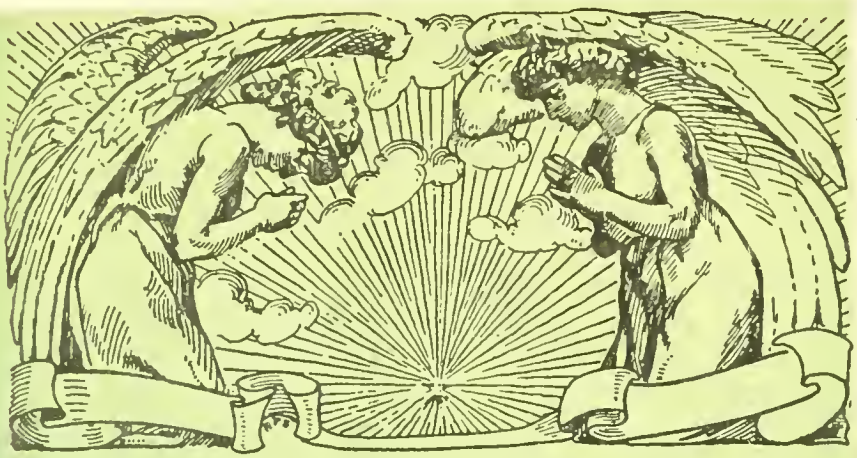
Yet Pontius Pilate gave to Mary the body! Then she could straighten the cramped limbs and bathe the wounds that knew no pain, and cool the lips that were cold forever! Then she could hold the dear head in her arms and whisper to Him, and croon again her cradle-songs!

But what of the five million Marys who on Christ's-Night this year must reach out empty hands to the sons who lie festering in shallow trenches, or piled in ghastly, grotesque heaps between the lines in Europe? What of their bodies mangled and rent asunder and sprayed with quicklime—to which compared the crucified body of Christ seems blessed by a special dispensation?

Within the year, Mary's Son walked away to fight for what he believed was right; he went to drive the Money-Changers from the Temple, and lo! His life was taken cruelly. He died half-crazed and alone. His poor body lies broken and dismembered; flung into the muck and left to rot.

Five million homes are desolate in Belgium, Germany, Britain, France, Austria, Russia, Italy, Servia, Montenegro. Five million Mothers of Men, who loved their sons as Mary loved her Son, hold out aching arms and pray, "Oh, thou Pilate, give to me the body——!"

But there is no body: The sepulcher is empty! Only the vultures keep record of the slain.—*The Fra.*



The dark clouds still lower o'er the earth. Behind them, however, sits Eternal Justice ever ready to shine forth in Peace and Good-will. Even amid the jangling discord of man's strife Faith's constancy catches the music of a righteous democracy. Christ still lives to bless, and to reign in the hearts of men. His kingdom will prevail and bring "Glory to God in the Highest."

—*A. L. McCrimmon.*

On Military Service.

Editor: Frank G. McCoy, '20.

"Land of our hope, land of the singing stars,
Type of the world to be,
The vision of a world set free from wars
Takes life, takes form from thee;
Where all the jarring nations of this earth,
Beneath the all-blessing sun,
Bring the new music of mankind to birth,
And make the whole world one."

—*Alfred Noyes.*

G. E. Gunton, '18, is in an English hospital suffering from trench nephritis, contracted in France.

Battery-Sergt.-Maj. G. M. Philpott, '15, is again on the firing line in France. His wounds were not of a serious nature. He writes that he is well and hopes to be in the final drive at the end of the war.

Cecil Wilkins, '20, has gone overseas with a local forestry battalion.

Lieut. J. P. Kent, '18, is with Gen. Allenby's forces in Palestine. Some time before the recent British drive, he was granted leave and visited Cairo and the pyramids.

One morning in November, lectures were disturbed by the whirr of an aeroplane overhead. Those who were fortunate enough to be near the window saw a biplane executing various erratic manoeuvres above the residence. Some of the more excitable onlookers thought it was an enemy air raid, but no—it was only "Scrape" Russell, '20, trying to carry away the weather-vane as a souvenir, before his departure to Texas.

Jenkin H. Davies, '14, writes that wearied of the inactivity connected with the navy, he has obtained a transfer to the army, and expects to graduate soon from the Officer Cadet School with the rank of 2nd Lieutenant.

Speaking of the recent air-raids, he says, "It is an uncanny feeling which one experiences just before a raid when everything is so silent in this noisy London, and the usually busy streets are deserted. Then the guns start, the droning of the planes becomes nearer and louder, the bombs begin, and one is wondering where the next one will drop. Then gradually the droning recedes, the guns stop firing, and ten minutes after the streets are crowded as usual and you would never know that anything had happened, except in the immediate areas where bombs have fallen."

GERALD W. GUIOU, '18 RALPH WILLCOCK, '12
Two McMaster men who have won the Military Cross with Bar.

Gerald W. Guiou, '18, was awarded the Military Cross for services rendered at Vimy Ridge. The official report states that the decoration was granted "For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He led his men forward in the most gallant manner and succeeded in capturing an enemy strong point. He set a magnificent example to his men." He was awarded a bar to his cross in a subsequent engagement. "He led a party of fifteen men up a communication trench, and after a fight at close quarters, defeated the Germans, consolidated his position and mounted a machine gun."

Gerald enlisted as a private in August, 1915, from which rank he soon rose to that of sergeant. He went to France in December of the same year. In June, 1916, he was given a commission in his own battalion, the P.P.C.L.I.

It will be remembered that Gerald was a member of the debating team which in 1914-15 won the Intercollegiate trophy for McMaster.

Captain (Acting Major) Ralph Willcock, '12, resigned his position as Master of Classics at Woodstock College upon the conclusion of the Fall term of 1915 to offer his services to his

country. He took out a commission as Lieutenant in a Woodstock battalion, going overseas in March, 1916. Soon after his arrival in England he was transferred to a Montreal battalion, with which he crossed to France and entered the trenches the following June. He was wounded in the battle of the Somme in October, in which battle he won the Military Cross for "leading his platoon with great gallantry in the attack; later carrying out a daring patrol with great skill and determination, rendering a valuable report."

After almost three months in hospital in England he rejoined his battalion in France, and has since participated in practically all the fighting in which the Canadians have figured, viz., at Vimy Ridge (his services in connection with which battle won for him the bar to his Military Cross, and his Captaincy). Lens, and the recent battle of Passchendaele.

A cable just received from Captain Willcock advises that he is at present enjoying a month's rest out of the trenches.

From Carl V. Farmer '15, Y.M.C.A., France.

"This has been a busy week. Two days ago we had a patch of levelled earth and a few sandbags. Last night on this site, we opened a tea stall, eighteen feet in length by nine in width, carefully built and protected. It meant work, but hundreds of boys coming down the line last night got free tea at this stall and appreciated it. This and one other place have been my immediate responsibility.

"Lloyd Houlding is attached to our Y.M.C.A. and holds the temporary rank of sergeant. He is in charge of a place quite near here.

"I am writing from a reasonably warm spot. The funny thing about it is that the warmer the spot is the more one is apt to suffer from 'cold feet.' However, this dugout is comfortably warm, not uncomfortably so. It is small —about six by ten. Three of us sleep in it. We have an extemporized brick stove in one corner which helps to make our lives happy, though sometimes it smokes and makes us weep.

"One thing I must not forget. Be it known that comforts, socks, etc., I can use this winter in any quantity—mostly medium sizes. There will be a tremendous demand. Delicacies—cakes, etc., can also be used in any quantity, especially around Christmas time.

"Edgar Bates is near at hand, and so far well and happy. I have lost track of Clare Hope's unit for a few days, but expect him to drop in any time."

College News

Around the Hall

Editor: Harold W. Lang, '19.

"It is the Christmas time,
And up and down 'twixt heaven and earth,
In glorious grief and solemn mirth,
The shining angels climb."

—*D. M. Mulock.*

CHRISTMAS! What a charm the name has for you! How you thrill at the thought of the One Best Day of all the year! You like to think of the Christmas of your childhood. You like to remember that feeling of intense excitement and expectancy as mother tucked you in the night before, your stockings hanging on the bed-post, while she told you to go right off to sleep or Santa Claus might not come! How you buried your head in the blankets and shut both eyes tight! How you counted sheep in order to lose consciousness, and, withal, how you wished and wished for morning! Then the first streaks of dawn came through the window and you were calling for your stockings. How you delved into their treasure-laden depths! Yes, Santa must have received your letter, for there was that penknife you asked for, and, oh, hosts of other things! And when the first ecstasies had passed, you dressed in a whirl of excitement and went downstairs to breakfast and the merry time in store throughout the day.

Then, when you got a little older, when you became a little proud of your increasing knowledge and reasoning ability, a little skeptical about certain childish beliefs, do you remember how you determined to test this Santa Claus myth for yourself? How you slept with one eye open, vigilantly fixed on those empty stockings? And do you remember, too, how disappointed you were when you *did* see a cautious parent filling them with strange parcels? Somehow Christmas seemed to have lost a little of its charm and mystery. You wished you hadn't been quite so curious. But mother, having been a child herself, held you close and told you to forget all about that sad revelation and be a little child once again. Then you were happy.

Oh the joy and mystery of it all! The Christmas tree, the holly wreaths, the gifts, the bells, the snow, that wonderful dinner, the friends and relatives gathered around, the candy, nuts and raisins. My, what a time you did have!

Wouldn't you like to go back to those happy days again, this Christmas-tide? Truly you can! Cast aside your sophistications! Be one with the little children! Hang up your stocking with the others! Christmas-morning, feel the thrill of what you may find therein! Join the parade into breakfast! Let loose your laughter! Be one of the group! Contribute of yourself freely, and realize in your heart that we do not Get until we Give.

"We have met the enemy and they are ours."

First Inter-College Debate

Said meeting took place in Sheraton Memorial Hall, Wycliffe College, on the evening of November 14th, the cause of the gathering being a slight difference of opinion between Wycliffe and McMaster as to whether "the Dominion Government should include the Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk, and the Grand Trunk Pacific in their scheme of government ownership of railways." O. D. Priddle, B.A., and A. E. Look, B.Th., voiced the opinion of McMaster that the government *should*; while E. P. Wright and Rev. A. Simpson, of Wycliffe, contended that it *shouldn't*. Of course we felt we were right, and when our champions got through we just knew we were. They handled their case in such a masterly manner that nobody could possibly doubt it. The judges were bound to be similarly convinced and the announcement of their decision was simply a formal matter, necessitated by the fact of its appearance as the fifth number on the program. Two excellent violin solos by Miss Marjorie Latimer, several most enjoyable readings by Miss Winnifred Haggas, and a well-rendered vocal solo by Mr. H. H. Marsh, added to the pleasure of the occasion. Then, of course, the McMaster contingent contributed its usual quota of songs and yells. On the whole the evening was most successful from our point of view.

Freshman-Sophomore Banquet

The Freshmen reached a further stage in their development on the evening of November 15th. The initiation ceremonies were directed at their moral welfare; but, this time, the social side of their nature received due attention through the medium of the annual Freshman-Sophomore Banquet. The festivities were held this year in the dining-room of McMaster Hall, and all the guests proclaimed the gathering highly successful. The first hour was devoted to the de-

lightful task of demolishing the abundance of good things provided by "Daddy" James and his capable assistants.. After this followed toasts and music. G. H. Mallory, President of the Sophomore Year, very capably proposed the toast to the King. "McMaster at the Front." was proposed by H. S. Hillyer, '20, and replied to by Professor W. S. W. McLay, who very feelingly referred to many of the lads who have left this institution at the call of duty. J. R. Harris, '18, eulogized our Alma Mater, while Professor G. H. Campbell delivered a very appropriate reply. L. E. Zavitz, '20, was in his element handing out bouquets to the ladies, while Miss E. M. Stillwell, Vice-President of Year '20, proved herself an adept at receiving them. Last, but not least, came the toast to the Freshmen, which was very cleverly proposed by L. C. Kitchen, '20, and equally well answered by W. F. Nelson, President of Year '21. Several excellent musical numbers interspersed these oratorical masterpieces. Miss Q. E. Shields, '20, and Miss H. A. Mabee, '20, rendered a piano duet, Miss C. N. Bremner, '20, a vocal solo and Mr. Colin C. McPhee, '20, a piano solo. The guests showed their appreciation of these numbers by their hearty encores.

Finally came the Promenade, in which the members of the two years were successful in getting a little better acquainted. At this point our representative must have lost consciousness, overcome by the glory of the occasion. For he leaves the rest of the evening's entertainment entirely to the imagination of the reader.

A graduate, recently returned to McMaster, discovered the Freshman Demosthenes in the act of rinsing his towel in the wash-basin.

Graduate.—"What are the arrangements about the laundry this year? Do they still allow ten cents off on the dollar?"

Freshman.—"I don't know, I'm sure. I've never sent a dollar's worth."

First Inter-Year Debate

"Should capital punishment be abolished?" Undoubtedly it should remain. At least the Sophomores proved it should to the satisfaction of the judges and the dissatisfaction of the Freshmen. The debate took place on the evening of November 30th, and was one of the most interesting to which members of the Debating Union have ever listened. A. H. Carr and M. E. Groat, of Year '21, upheld the affirmative side of the above question, while H. S. Hillyer, and H. S. Rosen-

berg, of Year '20, supported the negative. Probably the chief cause of the success of the Sophomores was the presence of the Sophettes, who were there in force and loyally supported their representatives in melodious song.

That Yell

"Eureka! I have found it!" Not the soap this time, however, as in the proverbial case of Archimedes in his bath, but a certified copy of the Freshman yell. Long and patiently have we trailed this elusive morsel of literary and musical art and at last our efforts have been rewarded. Here is what we got for our trouble.

Alebepho, Alebipho, Alebepho, Bipho Boom.
Boom, Chick-a-boom, Boom, Chick-a-boom.
Chick-a-rik-a, Chick-a-rik-a,
Boom, Boom, Boom.
Wah-hoo-wah, Wah-hoo-wah.
McMaster '21, Rah! Rah! Rah!

Chapel Visitors

We were pleased to welcome at our Chapel Service, Doctor Shailer Mathews, Dean of the Divinity School of Chicago University, and Reverend Doctor Waldo, acting-pastor of Walmer Road Baptist Church. Their short but inspiring addresses were greatly appreciated.

(Special Cable to The Monthly.)

Castle Memorial Hall, Wednesday, November 28th, 2 p.m.: "Debating Union has ratified the Military Service Act of 1917 by vote of 13 to 9."

Debating Union

We have since learned that the debate extended over a period of two weeks, and was one of the most bitterly contested in the history of the Union. The deadlock was finally broken by certain members of the Opposition voting with the Government, thereby displaying marked unionist tendencies. As usual, rumors of bribery and corruption are heard from all quarters.

Much eloquence was displayed on each side, and the brilliant speech of the "pedestrian" member of the house caused him to be borne aloft on the shoulders of his admirers.

Filled with exhilaration over the joyous festivities—not to mention the abundance of dainty morsels—so much in evidence at the Freshman-Sophomore Banquet; and inspired by the scenes of youth and beauty thereat, the Muse has given vent to the following:

NATURE POEM!

There are freshets in the mountains,
  There are freshets on the plain.
There'd be freshets in the desert
  Should it ever chance to rain.

There are freshettes in Toronto,
  There are freshettes in McGill,
There are freshets in the valley,
  There are freshets on the hill.

There are freshets in the springtime,
  Theer are freshets in the fall,
But McMaster boasts of freshettes
  That far surpass them all!

Freshman (hurriedly running to the usher's office) :—"Did you see a bed-room door going down the hall?"

Usher:—"Why no. What do you mean?"

Freshman (looking worried) :—"I can't find mine."

A Farewell

On the evening of November 12th the members of Year '20 came together to say farewell to one of their classmates, C. J. Wilkins, on the eve of his departure overseas. The class assembled at his home in Rosedale and a social time was spent. On behalf of the year, Professor G. H. Campbell spoke a few words of farewell to Mr. Wilkins, who responded very briefly. All joined in the Year '20 yell, Thy Praises McMaster, Auld Lang Syne and The McMaster Hymn, after which each one wished Cecil *bon voyage* and expressed the hope that he might speedily return to McMaster. It is rumored that the difficulties of Toronto's delightful but perplexing suburb caused some persons to be late in arriving at the station for the final send-off.

The mistletoe is still hung up in farm-houses and kitchens at Christmas, and the young men have the privilege of kissing the girls under it, plucking each time a berry from the bush. When the berries are all plucked the privilege ceases.

JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Illustrated with silhouettes of well known persons about the Hall.

(First stanza, posed for by W. S. W.)

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy,
Without them sashes, curls, an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—
Hate to take the castor-ile they give for belly-ache!
'Most all the time, the whole year round, there ain't no flies on me,
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

(Second stanza, posed for by J. S. V.)

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat;
First thing she knows she doesn't know where she is at!
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide,
'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride!
But sometimes when the grocery man is worrited an' cross,
He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up his hoss,
An' then I laff an' holler, "Oh, ye never teched *me!*"
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

(Third stanza, posed for by L. A. W.)

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man,
I'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother, Dan,
As was et up by the cannibuls that live in Ceylon's Isle,
Where every prospeck pleases, an' only man is vile!
But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild West show,
Nor read the life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know
That Buff'lo Bill an' cow-boys is good enough for me!
Excep' jest 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!

(Fourth stanza, posed for by A. E. B.)

And then old Sport he hangs around, so solemn-like an' still,
His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's the matter, little Bill?"
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what's become
Of them two enemies of hern that used to make things hum!
But I'm so perlite an' 'tend so earnestly to biz,
That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me
When, jest 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candies, cakes, an' toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids, an' not for naughty boys;
So wash yer face an' brush yer hair, an' mind yer p's and q's,
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, and don't wear out yer shoes;
Say "Yessum" to the ladies, an' "Yessur" to the men,
An' when they's company, don't pass yer plate for pie again;
But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

—From "Songs of Childhood," by Eugene Field

Athletics

Editor: L. C. Kitchen.

ON November 14th, the Senior Team played the first of the Inter Faculty games with Pharmacy on Varsity Campus. The result was again a deadlock—no score was made in spite of the playing of Jamieson and Dick. It seems amusing that soccer games should so often result in no scoring. We suppose that it means that goal-keepers are by far the best players on the teams, or if not—figure it out.

The second game on Friday, November 16th, was more interesting in this regard, and it sustained our theory that goal-keepers are away above par. The game was against Dentals on the front campus at Varsity. The first half saw no scoring, but in the last half Dents' combination got loose and the score was finally three goals to nil. Great work by Richardson was responsible for this low score. "Rich." stopped shot after shot that was labelled as a counter. Dents got five penalty kicks, one of which scored.

The next game was played also on Varsity Campus on November 27th, with Wycliffe. The ground was snowy and gave very precarious footing. Once again the teams succeeded in keeping the ball from the goals. As overtime brought a like result, or rather lack of it, the game was a draw. Jamieson, McDonald, of Theology, and Dick showed up well and deserve particular mention.

The line-up for the games was chosen from the following:—Goal, Richardson (captain); backs Cain, Carr, Cole, Dick, Jamieson, McDonald (not O. H.), Sinclair; forwards, Geattie, Dingle, Dodds, Hurst Miller, Pearee, Schatz, Slade, Webb.

On Saturday, November 10th, the Theologs and Sophomores journeyed to the lists once more at Willowvale Park to settle finally the Inter-Year Soccer supremacy. Before the game there was considerable "wind-jamming" as to whether Dick was eligible to play with the "Sophs." The Theologs, the stronger in argument prevailed, and the game proceeded minus friend Dick. The Theologs emerged on the long end of a 1-0 score. The Sophs. protested the same on the ground that some of the "Theologs" were also ineligible, not having paid their fees. The Athletic Executive decided that the game should be replayed rather than have questioned the Theologs claim to the championship. The matter was then promptly allowed to drop.

As it will soon be time to think of skating and hockey we venture to suggest that those students who haven't their skates here should tie a string to their fingers now as a reminder to bring them back after the holidays. We presume that the Jenning's Cup Series will be carried on with "Mac." in it as usual and some interesting games will result. Remember, fellows, condition counts most in the first games, so watch for ice.

Women's Department

Editor: Miss Grace Taylor, '18.

Sing of sorrow, all men know it,
Share with them their tears;
Then—ah! then, forget not, poet,
Sing the Hope that cheers.

—*Bernard Freeman Trotter.*

THE aspect of Christmas has necessarily changed in these days of war. Christmas, in pre-war times, was a season of merry-making. To-day we feel that too great festivity is incongruous. But since the first war Christmas this fact has been forced home to us:—That it is our duty to be cheerful, especially in such a season. We don't feel like it, but it is weakness to give in to our feelings. One cannot help admiring those whose home circles have been destroyed during the past

three years, and who still attempt to celebrate Christmas. Oh! yes, we can see the cheerfulness is artificial and strained, but we honor them, because they are standing by their duty to themselves, to their families, and to their country.

But, perhaps, if we look closer, we may find that the war has done something to foster the Christmas spirit. The joy that is to be derived from giving is surely one important aspect of the gladness of Yuletide. It used to be that we gave gifts, and too often the pure joy of giving was marred by the expectation of receiving as much as we gave.

It is a well-worn platitude that the war has taught us how to give, and we have discovered that it is only when we give sacrificially that we most truly experience the joy of giving.

If we would carry this lesson into our Christmas festivities, perhaps we would not miss the happiness that may be in store for us.

Let us sacrifice that we may give gifts; let us give our time that others may enjoy the day; let us sacrifice our feelings that we may not mar the happiness of others, but rather add to it.

To all our readers we would wish a very happy Christmas.

W.L.S.

November 16th, after the business of the meeting had been disposed of, we were entertained by two much appreciated musical numbers, a piano solo by Miss Violet McKenzie, '21, and a vocal solo by Miss Helen Gilmour, '21. Then followed a number of impromptu speeches, in which we were told how the Freshettes should behave themselves at the Reunion, what a good time everyone had at the Freshman-Sophomore Banquet, what a delightful task it is to be Head Girl and —well, lots of other things! A certain Freshette distinguished herself by strongly upholding the affirmative of the resolution that "First Year Theologs should be included in the Freshman Class." After a delightful solo by Miss Marjorie Hedges, '21, the meeting was brought to a close.

At the meeting of the Literary Society on November 30th we listened to three short talks on Canadian war poets. Miss Helen Kerr spoke to us about Bernard Freeman Trotter. Miss Evelyn Dempsey told us something about Katherine Hale, and Miss Evelyn Cain gave us an account of some of Verna Sheard's poetry. We then listened to a very pleasing pianoforte duet by Miss Queenie Shields and Miss Helen Mabee, after which the meeting adjourned.

Y.W.C.A.

A very enjoyable meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was held on November 23rd. The main feature of the program was a farewell address by Miss Anderson, who expects shortly to sail for India. We have an added interest in Miss Anderson, since she is the Y. W. C. A. Secretary who is being supported by the Canadian Women Students. Through her able word-pictures we saw India as a spot where ancient heathen customs and modern European civilisation mingle in the most humorous combinations; but further, India became a land of enchantment and a field for materializing ideals. At the close of the address, an informal tea made it possible for us to meet Miss Anderson personally and to realize more fully her enthusiasm for her work.

Victory Bonds

The McMaster Women's Student Body has bought two victory bonds. The succeeding members of the student body will reap the benefits, but we do not grudge it to them any more than we grudge the money to the Canadian Government. How the interest will be spent is to be determined each year by the women students. The present student body feels itself to be the benefactor of all succeeding ones until Year '37 graduates.

(With Apologies).

Round about the cauldron go;
Mathematics you must know.
Let X equal the cold stone,
When will Y be thirty-one?
Drop that in the mystic pan;
Tell me, pray, how old is Ann?
Double, double, boil and bubble,
Mathematics makes them trouble,
Fillet of a fenny snake
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Biology makes them cut and jab,
Thirteen hours a week in lab.
Latin, Greek and German, too,
Fifty pages make a stew.
And to thicken up the mystery
Take two chapters English History.
Physics, French and English Lit,
Spend an hour on each or git.
All night long from six to three,
Study Math. and Chemistry,
In the hours when you should dream
Write a twelve-page English theme,
Work at night, and Sunday, too,

Outside reading you must do.
Double, double, boil and bubble
College life is full of trouble.
Cool it with a Freshman's blood,
Then the charm is thick and good,
By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes.

Our Graduates

Editor: E. J. Bengough, B.A.

THE items of news concerning our graduates are coming into the Editor's desk with increasing frequency. To all of those who contribute toward this result, we extend our thanks. By each one passing on any piece of information which may come to his notice, this column will become of the greatest interest and usefulness. In the hope that the printer will be able to find room for all the items which have been gathered, the Editor withdraws from the scene without further remarks except to wish to every reader the compliments of the season and to hope that this will be the last Christmas season spent under the clouds of war.

'90.—Rev. Ernest Grigg, Theol., recently closed his third term of service as a missionary in Burma under the American Board. After returning to England he crossed to France to spend a few months in Military Y.M.C.A. work, and at last word he had charge of one of the huts. His address is care Y.M.C.A., Hut A.P.O.S., 24, B.E.F., France.

'94.—Miss Blanche Bishop, M.A., died at the home of her father, Greenwich, King's County, N.S., on October 16th, 1917. She had been in failing health for some time. She was formerly a teacher at Moulton College, Toronto, and also at "Harding Hall," London, Ontario. Afterwards she taught for some years at Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, N.S. Dr. H. T. De Wolf, Principal of Acadia Ladies' Seminary, conducted the funeral services, assisted by Rev. N. A. Harkness, '04, and Rev. Mr. Armitage (Methodist).

'95.—Prof. George Herbert Clarke, of the University of Tennesee, is the author of a pamphlet on "Why the United States Entered the War," which has been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, and which the Dominion Government is distributing with other literature bearing on the war.

Ex-96.—Mr. John H. Payne, who was in attendance for two years with the class of '96, died last month at his home, 181 Sheldrake Blv., Toronto. He has been in business ever since leaving the University, having been Secretary-Treasurer of R. G. McLean, Ltd. A number of years ago he joined the Anglican denomination and was at the time of his death a prominent member of Christ Church, Deer Park. He leaves an adopted son and daughter, the son being at the war.

'96.—"The Biology of Twins," is the title of a book recently issued by H. H. Newman, reviewed in one of the November issues of "Science."

'97.—Rev. A. B. Reekie has returned to his mission work in Bolivia, with the expectation of reaching his destination some time this month.

'99.—Rev. John C. McFarlane has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Newark, N.J., and has accepted a call to Warsaw, N.Y.

'00.—Rev. O C. Elliott has resigned the pastorate of St. Thomas Church in order to accept the appointment under the Home Mission Board as evangelist. The Board will now have two evangelists in the field, the other being Rev. A.W. Torrie, '04.

'03.—Rev. H. McDiarmid is now settled as pastor in the church at Walkerville. For some months he was supplying for Rev. C. Harris, '09, of Dundas.

'03.—Rev. A. A. Scott, Theol., has charge temporarily of three mission fields in India. He has for some time had Tuni and Yellamanchili, and now owing to the removal of Mr. Dixon Smith to Coconada, he has undertaken also the Narsapatnam field. He hopes after January to be relieved from some of these responsibilities.

'03.—J. Alex. Wallace is running as a Laurier candidate for Norfolk County in the Dominion Election.

'04.—Rev. W. C. Pearce has become pastor of the Church in Dresden, having resigned the pastorate of Beachville.

'06.—Rev. A. S. Woodburn has been pursuing post-graduate work at the University of Chicago, and will probably receive the Ph.D. degree at the next Convocation. He has become associate pastor of the First Baptist Church at Evanston, Ill., and carries the full responsibility of the church during the absence of the pastor, Mr. Stifler, who has taken up work in the Military Camps.

'07.—R. H. Roberts has been appointed Inspector of Vermilion District, Alta. He was formerly on the staff of Calgary Normal School.

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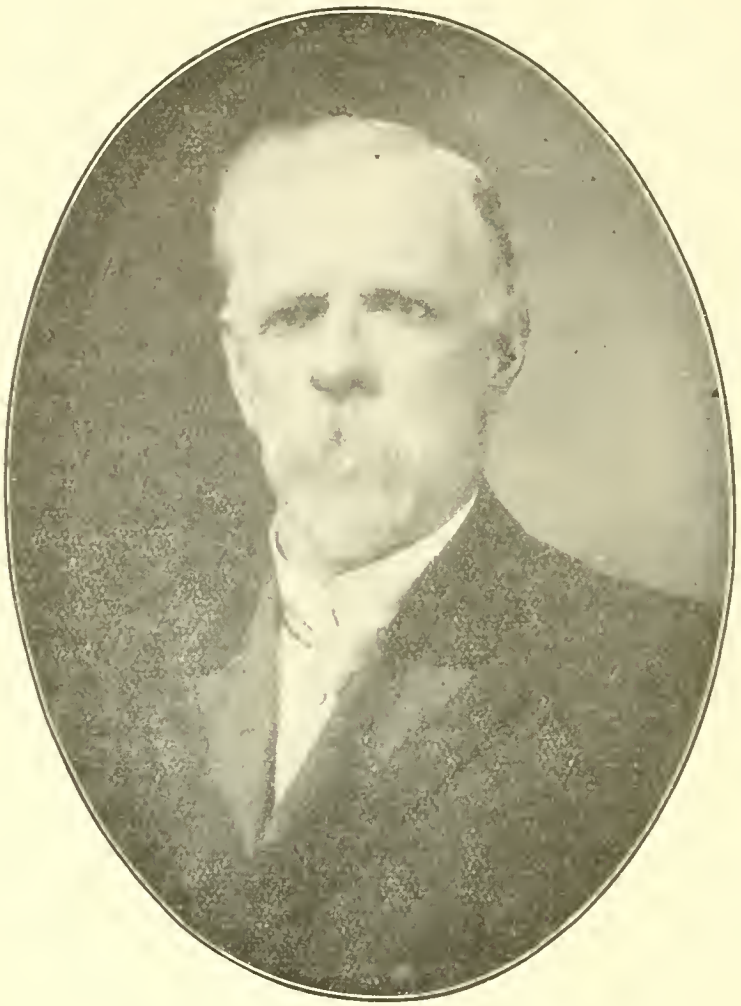

WILLIAM ELI NORTON.

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REV. WILLIAM ELI NORTON.

IN the comparatively brief space in which this article must be confined, it would not be possible to deal adequately with the life and character of one who held so important and so honored a place in the Baptist denomination in Canada as did the late Dr. William E. Norton. His was a work that touched the life of the nation as well as the denomination, a work that called him into the councils of the other religious bodies of the country in the discussion of world problems, and that involved the responsibility of representing, as far as that can be done by any one man, the Baptist idea. His was a field of great opportunity and large influence, but we shall be obliged to confine ourselves to but a few of the many observations that might be made.

William E. Norton was born in the Township of Bosanquet, in the County of Lambton, Ontario, in the year 1851. His parents were John Norton and Elizabeth Smith, both of whom were born in Canada about the year 1820.

The subject of our sketch first saw the light of day on a farm, but at a very early age moved with his parents into the village of Arkona, a few miles from the homestead. Here, with the other members of a large family, he attended public school. When a young man he spent some time at Woodstock College and qualified as a teacher. During his fifteen years connection with the teaching profession he taught in Warwick Township, near the town of Forest, also in the villages of Florence and

Wyoming. One of his old pupils says of him that as a teacher he was "genial, cheery, manly and sympathetic. He was respected and beloved by his pupils and by the whole community—a true Christian gentleman."

During the time he was engaged in teaching he also took a good deal of interest in things municipal and political. He was always active in church work, whether in the Sunday School, the prayer meeting, or in leading the church service. It is told of Mr. Norton that when he took charge of one of the schools above mentioned the Baptist church in the village was in a weak and discouraged condition. He threw himself so earnestly into the work of resuscitation that it was not many months before this down-hearted congregation was one of the most vigorous in the community. No doubt the spirit of devotion and loyalty to the cause of Christ and to the church with which he had from honest conviction united years before, proved one of his very finest qualifications for the position of Superintendent of Home Missions which he was destined to occupy with such signal success in the later years.

About the year 1887 Mr. Norton decided, after a good many months of serious thought, to enter the ministry. He came to McMaster University in the year 1888, and was graduated with the class of 1891. (In 1907 McMaster conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.) During his course he had been student pastor at Stayner, and now accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Georgetown where he was ordained in May, 1891. His ordination service was one of very great interest. During his examination, Mr. Norton displayed a maturity of thought, a strength of conviction and a mental and spiritual resource which deeply impressed the Council. The Moderator on the occasion was Rev. D. G. McDonald, of Stratford; the induction prayer was offered by Rev. Wm. Hartley, of Guelph; the sermon was preached by Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, of Toronto; the charge to the candidate was given by Professor Trotter, of McMaster University; the charge to the church by Rev. J. L. Gilmour, of Orangeville.

After a happy and successful three years' pastorate in

Georgetown Mr. Norton was called to Owen Sound. Here he remained for nine years, a strong and wise leader in the work of the church itself, and exercising, all the while, a powerful influence for good throughout the whole community.

It was while he was enjoying this fruitful pastorate, and wielding an ever-widening influence in the Owen Sound Association, that the death occurred of Rev. J. P. McEwen, the everywhere esteemed Superintendent of Home Missions. The Board faced the question of a successor, and sent the call to Rev. W. E. Norton. For some time he hesitated to leave a people so loyal and true to accept a responsibility so great, but after careful consideration and counsel, he decided to respond, and entered upon his duties in June, 1901. The larger results of this ministry are too far-reaching to be measured by any human method of calculation, but from an interesting summary of the work of these fifteen years presented by the Home Mission Board in its last report, we find that on an annual average one hundred and twenty-five pastors and fifty students have been engaged in preaching the Gospel at upwards of two hundred and sixty churches and preaching stations. In the same period 9637 persons were baptized into the fellowship of these Home Mission churches; eighty-four new churches were organized; one hundred and fifty-one church edifices were erected on Home Mission fields, and eighty-two mission fields became self-supporting. In the year 1899-1900 the total income of the Board was $22,460. In the year 1913-14, the last normal year before the war, the amount was $53,367. During the same fifteen years the Home Mission churches gave out by letter to other churches nearly 6000 members.

As a preacher, Dr. Norton was a man who could with credit to himself and profit to the people occupy any pulpit in the land. He was always a student, read widely and thoroughly, and, as was said in a worthy tribute of a correspondent in a recent issue of *The Canadian Baptist*, "Dr. Norton loved his preaching office, and his sermons at ordinations and anniversaries and special occasions were always marked by thorough preparation, deep insight, robust practicality and intense earnestness in delivery."

Dr. Norton greatly enjoyed his sermon preparation, and it may be noted with interest that it was in the early hours of the morning that the larger number of his sermon outlines were prepared. As he stood in the pulpit he impressed the hearer as being able to speak with authority, because he was in frequent contact with the Source of authority. He had little sympathy with the non-committal attitude or the colorless view-point. He was proud of his denomination and was at all times and on all occasions jealous of its honor. For this reason, among others, he always made a most excellent interdenominational representative. His attitude toward other denominations was always most cordial, while his loyalty to conviction was one of the things that won him their very high regard.

One of the very pleasant things in connection with Dr. Norton's administration of our Home Mission work was the mutually cordial relationship constantly maintained among the various Boards. Kindly acknowledgment is made of this in the following resolution passed by the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board at its last meeting. "In view of the recent decease of our brother, Rev. W. E. Norton, D.D., who for so many years as Superintendent of Home Missions for Ontario and Quebec, led our denomination in that great enterprise with outstanding ability, we desire to place in the Minutes of the Foreign Mission Board an expression of our sincere regard for him as a brother beloved in the Lord; our recognition and appreciation of his constant consideration of, and sympathy with, the work of this Board, which made it a pleasure to be associated with him in service; our deep sense of his conspicuous wisdom and foresight as Director in his own special department of work, and our thankfulness to God, by whose grace alone it is possible for any man to attain such nobility of character."

As a man, Dr. Norton was the soul of honor, and, after all, this was his greatest asset. He was always true. His feeling toward his brethren was kindly and he greatly appreciated their confidence. Socially, he was affable and approachable. A genial conversationalist, and a man of large and varied experience who

had read and travelled much, an hour with him in a social way was always edifying as well as entertaining.

Dr. Norton's last illness, severe though it was, was made easier to bear by the many and to him very precious assurances of affection that came from friends far and near. Gratified beyond expression was he for the constant consideration and kindness of the Home Mission Board, in co-operation with whom he had spent so many toilsome yet delightful years in the Master's service.

It will be appropriate to close with Dr. Norton's farewell message to his people as he was leaving his last pastorate to accept the Superintendency of Home Missions, when he spoke as follows from the text, "Consider Him, etc."

"We have come to the parting of the ways—you go one way and I another. You may be sure that temptations await us both. The world, the flesh and Satan, and sham Christianity will not allow us an easy time if it's 'Where shall we go?' Consider Jesus Christ. Do not think about your ex-pastor nor his teaching—do not think about your new pastor nor his teaching—but of Jesus Christ. Think about Him; gaze upon Him; study Him, until He grows into your very life. If you do this you will be able to say when He comes: 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only but unto all them that love His appearing.'"

—R. D. Warren.

ROBT. F. GAGEN, R.C.A.
Cod Bankers

A Canadian Painting exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition, 1917.

A CITY OF TEMPLES.

MY readers perhaps know that India counts seven of her great cities as especially sacred. Of these Benares is world-famous, but the others, although enjoying an empire-wide reputation, in their own land, are usually little heard of beyond the boundaries of mountain and sea that have kept Hindustan so curiously isolated in thought and development until the raising of the young nations of the west. Several of this circle of seven cities are situated in Southern India, and I was recently given the opportunity of seeing one of these, Congeeverain, through the hospitality of the local missionary, Rev. J. H. Maclean, of the United Free Church of Scotland Mission.

When one steps off the train in the trim open-air railway station, there is little in sight to indicate the high antiquity or great temples of the place. The solid station platform, with its groups of well-watered foliage plants and palms and flowering shrubs, the long, low red-stone station building, and the glimpse through the railings of well-paved, well-watered streets, are reminiscent of many modern towns with their wide-awake municipal councils under the government's tutilage. One does not have to drive far along the shady streets, however, until the eye is caught by the towering *gopirram*, or gate-way, of the great "mango-tree" temple of Siva, the largest in Congeeverain. Lured by this magnet, we make our way into its shadow through all the picturesqueness and superficial beauty of an Indian town. The tower, reached at last, proves to be built over the main gateway of the huge outer wall of the temple; and from the great oblong base the lines and sides gradually come together in semi-pyramidal form, crowned above by an ornamental capital. The imposing height and bulk of this structure, crowded with carving, and the simplicity and dignity of its main lines, make it a most impressive spectacle. We must get on, however, and pass over the great stone thresholds, simply feeling a touch of honest pride when we learn that it was built by our own Telugu Kings of Vijianagar, during one of the periods when they held this Tamil capital.

Inside is a bewildering wilderness—twenty-five acres of tanks, tumble-down walls, stone-pillared porches, sheds for cars, and an endless confusion of all the odds and ends of Brahmanical worship. About the edges of the bathing-places, which are usually reached by flights of stone steps, stand a few Brahmans, stoically wetting their cloths and banging them (ceremoniously) clean on the lowest step. The ripples run out from them under the green-scummed water, alleged, (like that of every other South Indian sacred tank of any pretensions) to come directly underground from the Ganges. However this may be, it has certainly attained the odor of sanctity through many years, having so far withstood the approaches of a benevolent but disinfectant-loving Sanitary Department.

Later on we visited, in another part of the town, a larger tank, quite as dirty and nearly as sacred. Here I was delighted to find Telugu Brahmans in charge, and we greeted each other as long-lost brethren in a foreign land. After hearing a good deal of more or less apocryphal history regarding their tank, I was informed of an incident that seems to have some claim to be fact. At one time, it appears, a Mohammedan descended the "ghats" or steps that face its four sides, and washed his hands in the sacred waters. The population were quick to resent this awful blasphemy, and the poor "Toork" was hailed before the local Rajah, who, with exemplary promptness, had his hands cut off to as far as the water had touched his wrists. Dishonored, maimed and cast forth, he wandered through South India till he came to the Mohammedan Kingdom of Bijapur. Here he showed his wounds and told his story to the King. This energetic son of the Prophet immediately collected his army, and, with spears flashing and banners flying, he swept down on Congeeverain and exacted a frightful price in blood and destruction for the insult to Islam. A Mosque, undoubtedly built from the stones of ruined temples, is pointed out as dating from this period. There is also one other ruinous after-effect of this raid to be seen to-day. The conqueror set up a stone, inscribed in Persian characters with the tale of the triumph of the Moslems, and the humiliation of the Hindus. When we passed by, the

descendents of these Hindus were worshipping this very stone as a diety. It was being plastered with the usual red and yellow powder, and, though the devotees were a little surprised on learning the exact nature of their diety, they apparently saw nothing incongruous in worshipping the memorial of their national degradation. Custom is responsible for many inconsistencies in India.

In the same great Saivite fane we ascended a long flight of steps badly in need of repair, to an elevated stage on which, under a small stone canopy, was the dais where took place the annual "marriage" of the images of Siva and his consort, Parvati. This is the great ceremonial of the year, and the story connected with it is as follows: Siva, while engaged in his absorbing and often thankless task of ruling the three worlds, was interrupted by his wife, who, in playful mood, came up behind him and covered his eyes with her hands. The offended deity, probably irritated by the acid remarks of some son of Belial about the lack of rain or kindred subject, flew into a rage. He degraded the trembling goddess from her high position at his side, and banished her to Congeeverain, to do eternal penance under the mango-tree from which the temple takes its name, and which stands in the midst thereof. However, his heart relented after a time at the sight of his spouse sitting so patiently with folded hands, her lotus-eyes shining with tears, her face, "clear and pale as the crescent moon with sorrow and suffering of heart." He repented of his hasty anger, and decided to restore her to full conjugal rights and happiness in a great re-marriage,—and there you are! It is evident that, although this story is told to explain the founding of the temple, it must have been invented later, as there would be no point in sending the disgraced goddess for penance to Congeeverain unless it already had a reputation for sanctity.

One curious feature of the ceremonial is the carrying of Parvati in her palanquin, before the marriage, to a small shrine some distance from the city, to receive the blessing of the local deity. This image has no connection with the Vedic or Puranic pantheon, but is a relic of aboriginal demon-worship, to which

the people still relapse when badly frightened by cholera or famine. This is an interesting example of the policy of compromise with and inclusion of all shades of faith and practice by which Brahmanism overspread the peninsula of India, and the consequent muddle of incongruous and contradictory religious systems grouped under that misleading phrase, "Hinduism."

We can spare no more time to wander through this old store-house of dead kings and priests, with its general air of easy-going decay. We notice, as we pass out to our carriage, the great breaches in the walls. These are faced with large stones, but the interior was simply filled in with rubbish, so that when they once begin to give way, deterioration is very rapid—a fact seized on by the Christian preachers to point a moral regarding the Indian religious systems and beliefs.

A long drive over the well-paved streets, through the clangour of the brass-workers' street and the bright colors of the weaver's quarter, and we gain the open country. Yet a little farther past groves of cocoa-nut palms and the now empty rice fields, and we come to one of the oldest and most beautiful temples in South India—the "Kaslasanadhan" or "Shrine of the Lord of Heaven." No worship is now carried on there, and it is left cold, chaste and beautiful to a Westerner, the absence of the usual fat black image, shining with grease in the light of a few tin keresone oil lamps, and stinking with incense, is no loss. The building is a pyramid of receding stores, built of whitish stone, and free from the grotesque and flamboyant frippery with which most Indian temples are disfigured. There is a hint of Greek feeling in its pure and simple lines, and unity of design. It is surrounded by a small green, and beyond this by a high wall, which consists of a row of inward-facing cells. The whole design is a close copy of the ancient Buddhist monasteries, which were built in three or four stories, each smaller than the one below, to give room for a broad promenade around inside the battlements. The battlements themselves were small cells opening from the walk, where the monks used to sit in meditation, seeking escape from the world and all its ills, while in the great

hall below the novitiates took their vow. "I take refuge in the Buddha; I take refuge in the law; I take refuge in the order."

It was probably in the 8th century, A.D., that this temple was built, and it stands to-day beautiful and lonely in its setting of palms, its sculptured reliefs worn smooth by time, lost in dreams of the past. Rajahs have left their vainglorious visiting-cards graven on its pillars, and the kindly rain and sunshine are ridding its lower walls of the coat of whitewash with which a too-enterprising trustee prepared for the visit of some official.

In the western half of the town is situated the great Vaishnavite temple of *Varadaraja*. In form it is much like the great Siva shrine, though not so large. There is no easy-going tolerance here, for Vaishnavism is a strict and straight creed, and there is an air of sinister demoniacal life about the place which is wholly lacking in the Savite place of worship. The approaches to the shrine are more jealously guarded, and the keen unscrupulous faces of the priests are disfigured by the huge red and white trident mark on the forehead. One of the most noticeable features of this temple is the thousand-pillared porch, or *mantapam*, in which Indian imagination has run wild in covering posts and ceiling with thousands of figures of men and gods, animals and dragons, and all the denizens of Indian mythology. Even the graceful Chalukyan cornice, usually left bare, has its dogs, squirrels and monkeys racing about it.

Here, also, in a quiet corner of the outer court, is a temple to Ramamija, the great South Indian ascetic and philosopher who founded the cult of Vaishnavism. This system, founded on the idea of *bhakti*, or devotion, and which elevates Vishnu to the supreme place among the gods, found great response in the minds of the people, and to-day divides with Savism the allegiance of all orthodox Hindus. This great reformer has now shared the fate of most Hindu holy men. He has been deified, given a little temple and some priests of his own, and has taken a humble place in the limitless Hindu pantheon.

Back now in the fast-gathering dusk of the wide verandahs and cheery hospitality of the mission bungalow. We are passing along the broad street over which the great cars are dragged at

the annual festivals, passing the Sikh temple as we go, for all faiths are represented here. The little lights begin to twinkle from the low tiled houses along the way, lighting up the earnest face of some student as he bends over his book, or giving a glimpse of the home life of a goldsmith, who plies his delicate trade near the glow as his children sit watching, and his wife moves about bent on some household duty. We pass, too, at a turning of the road, the sanctuary of a faith new to the people of India, but which is already making its power felt in every corner of this ancient land,—the Mission Chapel, where the sound of happy and solemn singing, and a certain hope in the face of the people, are the marks of Christian worship. Let us enter, and join in their prayers, for we have been listening all this day to a great and longing cry from an ancient people, and here is the answer which will bring them rest.

—J. B. McLaurin, '05.

THE FIRE DIVINE.

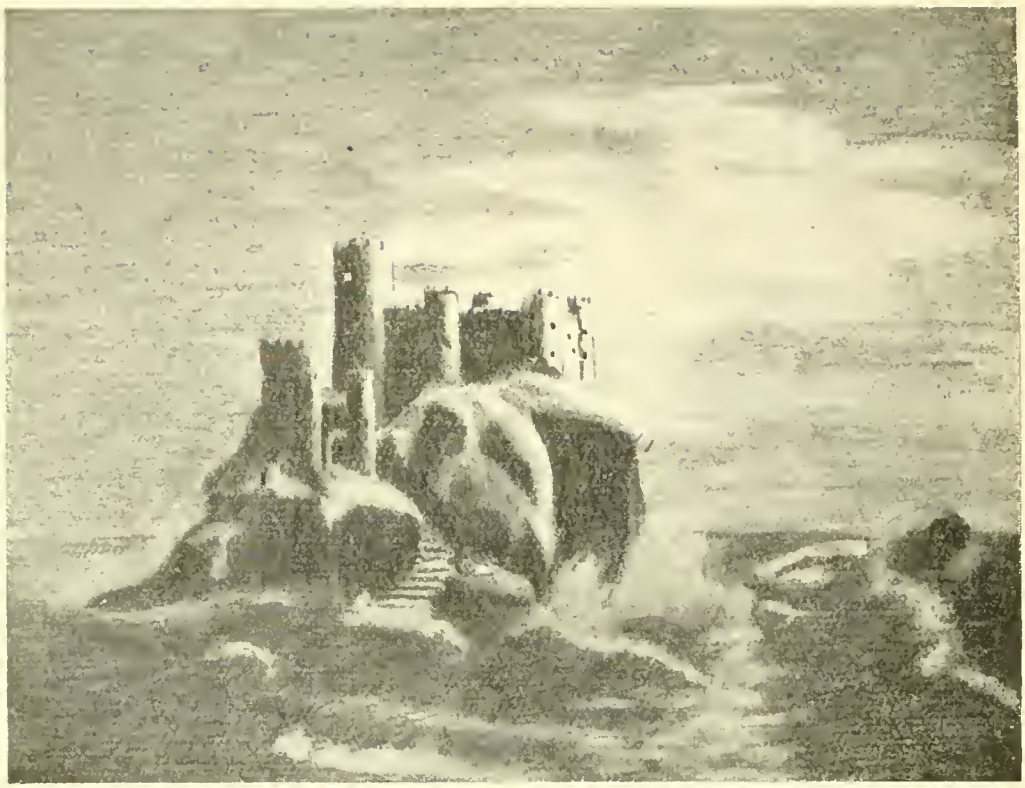
A Disembodied Genius, I
  Re-incarnate in thee,
A new-born little baby's cry
  Brings in the breath of me.
And with the gifts that once were mine,
  Wilt storm the World of Art?
As thou dost live, the Fire Divine
  Shall burn into thy heart.

—Margaret Clarke Russell.

SOLDIER'S FIELD.*

O'er the stands in flam - ing crim - son, Har - vard
ban-ners fly Cheer on cheer like
vol lied thun - der Eeh - oes to the sky
See the crim - son tide is turn . ing Gaining more and
more! Then fight! fight! fight! For we win to - night! Old
Har - vard for ev - er
1.
more.
2
more.

*"Soldier's Field," March-song, published by C. W. Homeyer & Co., Boston. See Editorial Notes.



CARBONECK CASTLE
From a pencil drawing by Miss E. V. MacKenzie, '21.

Behold the enchanted towers of Carboneck
A castle like a rock upon a rock
With chasm-like portals open to the sea
And steps that met the breaker, there was none
Stood near it but a lion on each side
That kept the entry, and the moon was full.

—*The Holy Grail.*

THE BURIAL OF ROBERT BROWNING.*

HAVE just witnessed the impressive ceremonial of the closing scene connected with the funeral of Robert Browning, in that august temple of English heroism and genius, Westminster Abbey. From the day when the news of his death was flashed from Venice, there was a complete consensus of public opinion that the author of The Ring and The Book should be interred at Westminster.

It is the closing day of eighteen hundred and eighty-nine. The atmosphere is chill, grey, and filled with great puffs of yellow fog, which, as they rise and fall over the city, bring alternate light and darkness. By ten o'clock visitors holding tickets for reserved places began to assemble in crowds in the dim cloisters. The roof is but dimly discernible, for the fog is wreathing itself in opaque masses in the vast spaces of the groined ceiling, rendering them still vaster to the eye, and casting a wierd and shadowy appearance over all. The tickets issued were confined to the transept and choir, a few seats being reserved in the nave near the choir for persons desirous of having a close view of the procession within the Abbey. It was my good fortune to secure one of these latter seats, nearly opposite the Jerusalem chamber. There was a great gathering of guests, principally ladies, in the clerestories over-looking the Poet's Corner. Through the kindness of a gentleman beside me, I was able to recognize many notable persons admitted by the West Cloister door. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. Mundella, Lord Roseberry, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the tall Earl of Pembroke, Sir Lyon Playfair, Mr. Lecky, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Froude, Mr. Frederick Harrison, and Mr. Goschen. Meanwhile the great Abbey became filled with a vast and varied congregation representative of art, science, literature, religion and politics,—intellectual England in miniature.

As the hour of noon neared its fulness the sun broke in through the great rose window and struggled with the fog-wreaths almost as ineffectively as the flickering star-like gas jets that studded the choir. The nave and transept were long ave-

*A letter written on the evening of the burial, December 31, 1889.

nues of solemn silence when the great bell proclaimed the arrival of the funeral cortege. The choristers, Dean Bradley, and the officiating clergy met the bearers of the coffin; and the procession moved slowly up the nave, chanting the processional parts of the Burial Service to the solemn and stately choral music of Croft and Purcell. The monotony of the march served to increase very greatly the impressiveness of the scene; while the echoes of the musical cadence, now faint, now strong, were thrilling and awesome.

The coffin was covered with a violet pall, borne by Mr. Hallam Tennyson, representing the Poet Laureate; Dr. Butler of Trinity College, Cambridge; Sir Joshua Stephen, Sir Theodore Martin, Archdeacon Farrar, Professor Masson of Edinburgh University, Professor Jowett, Master of Balliol; Sir F. Leighton, President of the Royal Academy; Sir George Grove, Professor Knight of St. Andrews, and Mr. George Smith, one of Mr. Browning's publishers,—art, music, literature, philosophy, law, and the Universities. Upon the top of the coffin were beautiful wreaths, one of white immortelles, one of violets and lilies, and a massive cross of English violets. One of these floral tributes was from his brother poet, Lord Tennyson, and another from his own sister.

Immediately behind the coffin walked the only child of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning—the young Robert Browning, sculptor and painter, and his wife, with others directly related to the poet; while a distinguished company followed. So slowly moved the procession that ten minutes pass before the open space between the choir and the alter-rails is reached under the lantern or central tower. Here the coffin was rested on tressels, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of Westminster, Canons Prothero, Ducksworth, Furse, and Westcott, and Dr. Troutbeck, in full canonicals, took their places, with Capt. Walter Campbell representing the Queen, and the Dean of Windsor, at the head of the coffin. On either side sat the friends just released from the pall; behind were the bereaved relatives; and near, those whom friendship entitled to a communion in sorrow.

The great bell had not ceased to toll since the cortege came in sight; but now its last peal died away as a portion of the ninetieth Psalm was sung to Purcell's music, and the Dean read the appointed lesson. Away in the transepts was the hushed crowd, straining with painful eagerness to catch the words of the lesson; at the end of the choir the Dean could be but faintly seen, and his voice was only fitfully heard as it echoed through the lofty Gothic arches; and away beyond were the thousands in the gloom of the nave, who were intent to hear the "Meditation." With great appropriateness and delicacy this had been selected from one of the sweet poems of the poet's long-dead wife who sleeps in her beloved Florence, herself the most gifted of all women who ever spake the English tongue:

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slopes men sow and reap:
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

The words seemed like a welcome from the restful world, the reality of which has been the chief theme of her husband's work. It was known that Dr. Bridge had set these words of surpassing beauty to music for this service. A boy's voice of pure sweetness was heard carrying the first line, the herald of the diapasoned harmony of the full choir in the four following lines, and sinking into subdued and assuring tenderness in the last line. Of the second stanza, the first four lines were given with a rush of sound, while the last two were sung very gently,

and the whole of the last stanza was breathed to the softest and tenderest music.

It was easy to see how profoundly the great congregation was impressed by the singing of this exquisite hymn. Then followed Wesley's anthem, "All go to one place," when the procession was reformed and moved to the open grave in the Poet's Corner. On the removal of the pall there was exposed a small brass plate on the yellow coffin of polished oak, with this inscription:

ROBERT BROWNING.
BORN MAY 7, 1812,
DIED DECEMBER 12, 1889.

The choristers stood about the grave, and as the coffin was lowered into it they very beautifully sang the choral part of the service.

Thus was laid to rest all that was mortal of Robert Browning among the precious dust of his compeers,—a company of poets, philosophers, orators, discoverers and divines, such as have been laid to rest in no other land since time began. His grave is close to the cenotaphs of Chaucer, Spencer, Ben Johnson and Grey; and near it is the bust of Longfellow. The space around the grave was almost covered with wreaths and garlands, the most striking of which was a wreath of laurel presented by the municipality of Venice, having the poet's name written on the silk binding. Here was a wreath also of red and evergreens "from his child friend Dorothea."

The final prayer and the collect for the dead were said by Dean Bradley, and the vast congregation joined with the choir in singing Watts' grand hymn. "O God, our help in ages past." After the benediction, while the "Dead March in Saul" thundered from the organs, the mourners and friends passed around to take a last farewell of the poet. Then the congregation filed slowly past the still open grave, and nightfall had come before the last of his admirers had left Robert Browning to his rest.

—Theodore Harding Rand.

THREE ORCHIDS.

The great majority of orchids are found in tropical regions and take the form of epiphytes, deriving their support chiefly from the moisture of the air. These are among the richest blooms of the flower kingdom, and with their variegated brilliancy of colour, and long hanging rootlets, fantastically draped in the dim light of tropical vegetation, must remind one of lanterns hanging in a garden.

Few of the seven thousand specimens of orchids are found on our part of the continent, but a few of these are among the most beautiful Canadian wild flowers. Some of our members of this great family prefer, like their tropical relatives, the seclusion of some untravelled way: a dismal swamp or a densely foliated marsh. Among these last are those which stand out most prominently as regards size and attractiveness at least, among our Canadian orchids: Showy Lady Slipper, Yellow Lady Slipper and Northern Calypso.

The first yellow orchid it was my pleasure to meet in its native home, grew in the recesses of a hardwood bush on the borders of a muddy spring, together with sensitive and maidenhair ferns. It is here beside me as I write, and has retained the

bright yellow of the flower and the green of the leaves which it possessed when I first carefully gathered it.

The Calypso is smaller than the yellow orchid. It has only one leaf on its stem and the colored lip of the flower is more shallow and strongly marked with purple, pink and yellow. The petals and sepals together stand erect behind the lip like a half star of purest coralline. It loves the cool seclusion of the Cold Water swamp, where every log and stump and the adjoining ground wears a green velvet dress of moss and liverworts, watered by fountains springing from the nourishing bosom of the earth.

My first meeting with Showy Lady Slipper stands out among the many pleasures of a happy summer. It was in a land of exquisite sunsets, on one of those summer evenings when every scent and sound and colour bespeaks the early days of the fast opening year, when one almost feels he were treading on Nature's secret rights. The walk to the orchid beds, the footpath through the evergreens, the climbing marsh roses, the honeysuckles in the grass, the long rays of the sun lighting the tips of the cedar thickets and the glory of the sky of that bye-gone summer evening, have remained an inalienable treasure of memory, mingling sweet odours with rich evening light.

The thick woods gradually became less dense and finally opened into a wet flat, and my attention was immediately given to where I was walking, for there is a hesitating timidity at first in sinking step after step into wet springing moss. Then gradually, as children count the evening stars, first one, then a few, then more than they can number, the orchids appeared—at my feet, about me on all sides, as far as I could see—orchids! thousands of them! beautiful pink orchids!

It was with a sense of pride mingled with shame that I drove the black pony and the precious load homeward that evening, for what could one do with a bouquet of orchids sufficiently large to fill the back of a buggy? O wanton intruder! O destructive, ruthless greed!

The next morning as the sun was coming over the trees; in a little house where the daily routine is performed with mediocre sameness, and where the sentiment of life is at low

ebb, a sweet face arose to perform customary duties of the home, wondering, yet fearing to hope that anyone would remember that this was peculiarly her day.

The odour of newly gathered flowers came from the adjoining apartment, and there in the centre of the kitchen table, which had been covered with a snow white cloth, lighting the white-washed room with a glory of the woods, and exhaling an odour which drew her close to the throbbing heart of Nature, was a great pan of sweet smelling orchids, and trailing out from the seclusion of their blossoms, a riband with card attached with her own name thereon and the words "Many happy returns of the day."

—R.

THE TANK.

Formed in the earth, by many a sharp pang torn
From out its maw,
Then crushed and crumbled, sifted through the fierce
Fire's flame I came, an ingot, ugly but
Without a flaw.

Then laid by many such, mid heaps of shard
And dust,
I wondered, why this pain, this heat intense?
Surely it could not be I was brought hence
To rust.

But came another time of parting,
And of test.
Ingots thrown here and there to please
A master mind. Said He: "Place here with these
All that are best"

Full many a time I heard him say
"Not Yet!"
But up I rose before Him one glad day.
Perfect; for inspiration always comes to brows
That sweat.

Part was I of a giant steed of war
To freedom lent:
With sides of perfect metal, wheels that o'er
The field, the trench, or hill or valley tore,
On duty bent.

The battle's smoke and thunder had no dread
For me.
And 'neath my breast of truest steel I bore
'Gainst foeman's earthworks, and the cannon's roar,
Sons of the free.

Thus seeking not for fame or deed for which
I was not fit,
But true at heart, just braving as it came,
The heat, the hammer, or the cannon's flame;
I did my bit.

—George Upham, Theo.

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Editorial Notes

The Board of Publication wishes to thank the readers of THE MONTHLY for the many kind things they have said about the magazine thus far, and especially for the many helpful words of appreciation about the Christmas number.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a short report of the women's victory in an Inter-College debate. Although the presence of men was strictly forbidden from the contest, nevertheless we have learned that the name of McMaster was ably upheld by our representatives from the Women's Student Body. CONGRATULATIONS!

Soldier's Field, so named because of its use for military purposes in the American Civil War, has been for some years the site of Harvard athletics. Now, once again, it is used as a drill ground, this time for the Harvard Regiment of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. The Stadium, built for football and track, has also been used for numerous dramatic spectacles. It occupies only a small fraction of Soldier's Field.

A disembodied spirit knocked timidly at the pearly gates. He was immediately confronted by Peter who questioned him about his life on earth. Finally he asked: "And did you subscribe regularly to your college magazine?"

"No, not always."

For the benefit of certain Philistines—and others—we take pleasure in publishing the following.

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.

Let us now in youth rejoice,
None can justly blame us;
For when golden youth has fled,
And in age our joys are dead,
Then the dust doth claim us.

Where have all our fathers gone?
Here we'll see them never:
Seek the gods' serene abode
Cross the dol'rous Stygian flood;
There they dwell forever.

Raise we then the joyous shout:
Life to Alma Mater!
Life to each professor here,
Life to all our comrades dear,
May they leave us never.

On Military Service.

Editor: Frank G. McCoy, '20.

And they are gone! The summer sunshine falls
Through the closed windows of thy silent halls;
The winter drags its round, the weary spring
And the slow summer still no tidings bring
Of their return. Yet still, oh gateway gray,
Silent but hopeful, thou dost wait the day.
—*Stephen Leacock.*

LIEUT. W. K. Anderson, '14, R.F.C., was accidentally killed while flying in England. He served as artillery observer during the fighting on the Somme and later returned to England where he acted as instructor.

Lieut. Gordon Davies, '15, was admitted to hospital on November 9th, suffering from severe gas poisoning and later was removed to London, England, and is now in Canada on furlough.

During a trial flight in Texas, Flight Cadet H. H. Wilson, '17, R.F.C., fell 1500 feet in his aeroplane. The machine was completely wrecked and Harry was thrown clear of the wreckage, but fortunately escaped serious injury.

Lieut. R. G. Atkinson, '16, R.F.C., has returned to Canada to act as instructor. He went to France with an infantry battalion from Montreal in the summer of 1916. While there he contracted trench fever. Later, he transferred to the Royal Flying Corps and completed his training in England.

Flight Lieutenants H. H. Webb and D. J. Russel, both of year '20, have gone to England, where they will continue their training.

Some time ago our hearts were saddened by the news that Wilfred Jones, another of our undergraduates, had made the supreme sacrifice. Although he spent only one short year with us, yet his quiet unassuming manner and his loyalty to his friends endeared him to all who knew him. Wilfred was born in Toronto, December 17th, 1897. He attended Winchester Street and Kew Beach public schools and completed his preparatory studies at Malvern Collegiate. He entered McMaster University with Year '18. During his freshman year he proved an enthusiastic supporter of all activities of his class and of his university. Early in the Autumn of 1915 Wilfred joined the 4th University Company with which he proceeded to England. While there he took a course of instruction in the Machine Gun School

WILFRED JONES, '18

Killed in Action, July 1st, 1917.

at Shorncliffe. He went to France early in the summer of 1916 with the Machine Gun Company of the 3rd Brigade. He saw service on the Somme and at Vimy Ridge. On July 1st, 1917, he was killed while in an advanced trench. THE MONTHLY takes this opportunity of extending sympathy to all who mourn his loss.

Gunner O. H. McDougald, '18, is now training in England.

George W. Farmer, '18; Wilfred Mallory, '16, and Harold McLarty, '16, are now serving as signallers at the front.

Spr. G. W. Spencer, '14, has been called to the invention board of the Admiralty. K. H. Kingdon, '14, has been serving on the same board since July, 1917.

Major W. S. Wallace, M.A., lecturer in History and Greek at McMaster, and who has been for the past year on duty in England, has been appointed president of the organization known among the troops as Khaki College. This organization is a branch of the vocational training department which was formed recently through the instrumentality of the Y.M.C.A. In addition to receiving technical instruction in the different vocations, the soldiers may now attend classes in many of the subjects taught in the universities. This scheme of education should prove of great assistance in solving the problems of demobilization. The Khaki College is to be congratulated in the choice of such an able man as Major Wallace as its president.

Pte. C. D. Jones, '16, and Sgt. G. S. Jury, '09, are also teaching in this institution.

O. H. McDonald, '19, has joined an artillery battery now training at Kingston. THE MCMASTER MONTHLY thereby loses an able associate editor.

C. H. Morris and D. Levi, both of year '21, have enlisted for overseas service.

From J. H. Fox, '16, Can. Corps Signals, France.

"I received the October issue of THE MONTHLY a week or so ago. It seemed almost like a letter from home. There are quite a few of the McMaster boys over here now. Roy McGregor and I are together most of the time and between the two of us we see quite a few of the boys. Harold McLarty called on us the other day. He looks fine and had just arrived from 'Blighty.' I don't know where he is situated yet. Wilfred Mallory is with the Second Divisional Signal Coy. I suppose you have heard that Edgar Bates has won the Military Medal. I haven't heard exactly what it is for, but heard indirectly that it was for repair-

ing a line under shell-fire and for good work ever since he has been out here. Most of the boys are with the fifth division and are still in England. They tell me that they find it very monotonous and are thinking of transferring to some other unit."

From C. L. Ives. C.A.M.C., Basingstoke.

"I expect by this time you will have learned of our trip back from the East by way of Italy and France. It was a delightful journey in many ways, and I think we were all very well pleased to see the 'land of the Sun' looking so fine. From this view one would be inclined to think that the Italians were a prosperous people. Every square mile of land seems to be under cultivation, and every household has its own vineyards. The view is much more pleasing than that of France, which was bare and desolate in many parts. We went through gorgeous scenery in the Alps and I am sure those pictures will linger in our memories for a long time. Altogether we were three weeks making the trip from Salonika; ten days on the boat and eleven days on the train. We stayed two days at Crete, after which we followed the coast of Greece and Albania to Corfu, and finally crossed the Adriatic to Taranto in the south of Italy."

From H. A. Innis, '16, Basingstoke, Eng.

"I was glad to hear that Pyke had arrived safely in what is known as 'The Land of Maple Sugar and Spearmint.' By this time he will probably be wrestling with Greek and other academic problems.

"News from Witley came recently from John Davis. Several of the contingent have proceeded to France. Mallory has gone, McLarty and George Farmer expect to go in a few days. 'Bill' Waters has recovered from his wounds and is back in France. The remainder are carrying on as usual. John has recovered from his mishap, though he is sufficiently lame to warrant what is known as light duty. He also informed me that Ewart Christie has risen to second in command of the Divisional Signalling School. During my sojourn in Basingstoke I have met several Baptists from the eastern provinces, one or two being graduates of Acadia University. Some of them are returning to Canada shortly; one, A. K. Herman, pastor of a church in New Brunswick, having suffered the loss of a leg. However, he is usually optimistic about a renewal of his work on his return. Such cases as his inspire many less seriously wounded to look forward to a life of usefulness. Such examples will materially aid in the solution of the returned soldier problem after the war."

College News

Around the Hall

Editor: Harold W. Lang, '19.

"We require from buildings, as from men, two kinds of goodness; first, the doing their practical duty well; then, that they be graceful and pleasing in doing it; which last is itself another form of duty."—*Ruskin.*

NOTHER year is gone. The New Year has begun. "The great world spins forever down the ringing grooves of change." We take this opportunity to wish all the readers of this department a very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

We find, by consulting the records of our predecessors, that, as a rule, this season has been the occasion for the sharpening of the Editorial lead-pencil and the knitting of the Editorial brow preparatory to the writing of a dissertation on one of two topics. Either an admonishing treatise relative to the formation of that panacea for all pangs of conscience—the New Year's Resolution, or an almost pathetically humorous discourse on the subject of Christmas examinations has been the result of their labors.

But the former of these topics serves but to recall many sad and disappointing memories for most of us. Personally, we didn't indulge in Resolutions this New Year for that very reason. Moreover, the latter subject fills us with such painful recollections that we prefer to leave it severely alone. Therefore, quite recklessly, we are going to depart from the beaten path and delve into regions unknown.

Our theme is one of real present-day interest and one which should be the concern of all. In brief it is this: "Are you doing your share to make the life and work of McMaster what it ought to be? Are you ready to lend a hand when called upon to help in the activities of the various student organizations?" Fellow-students, this is a critical time in the history of this institution, so dear to all of us. When we returned last September we found that many of our best men had left in response to the call of duty. Now, as we come back again, we miss others. As yet, the operation of the Military Service Act has not seriously affected our Student Body. But in all probability it will do so before very long. Therefore, it becomes increasingly necessary for every man and woman to do his or her share in order to maintain the standard of the University. Do you think our brave men would wish

their Alma Mater to become lifeless, dull and enervated? This will surely happen if we are not ready to do our part to avert it.

We do not ask you to make this a New Year's Resolution, lest that should imply its early consignment to the depths of oblivion. But we do ask you to stand ready and willing to make McMaster At Home worthy of McMaster Overseas.

Students' Re-Union

In truth there was "sound of revelry by night" on the evening of December 7th, 1917. For this was the occasion of the Students' Re-union, when quite a large number of the Senate, Board of Governors, and Graduates of McMaster responded to the invitation of the Faculty and Student Body to gather for a social evening. A very delightful reception was held in Castle Memorial Hall from eight to nine o'clock when the guests were presented to Chancellor and Mrs. McCrimmon, the High Kakiak and the Head Girl. Then followed a number of promenades, during which music was furnished by an orchestra. The Residence in McMaster Hall, the Science Building, and the various Laboratories with their interesting mysteries were open to the inspection of the guests. Especially did the men's studies excite the interest of the members of the fair sex. For, considering their owners to be mere men, these presented a remarkably neat and attractive appearance; although, we fear that many of them were decked in "borrowed plumes." Some of these treasures of domestic comfort might present a startlingly different aspect at the present moment. Refreshments were served in the Hall Dining Room, and thus concluded a very successful gathering.

> "Of all tales 'tis the saddest—and more sad,
> Because it makes us smile." —*Byron.*

Osgoode versus McMaster

Really it *is* a sad tale and yet, withal, it *does* make us smile when we think of it. There we were on that memorable evening of Monday, December 10th, 1917, about seventy-five strong, almost filling one-half of the auditorium at Osgoode Hall. We were full of confidence, our songs and yells never went better, and, altogether, we were the most cocksure lot of "rooters" that ever supported their champions in an Intercollege Debate. We were so certain of victory that we chafed at the delay in starting the encounter. And then . . . we lost! Yea, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon, Osgoode beat us. At least, so the judges said.

The subject for debate was, "Resolved that the franchise should be extended to all women in Canada on the same basis as men." S.G. Cole, B.A., and H. E. Wintemute, of McMaster University, upheld the affirmative side of this question, while J. A. Grace, B.A., and W. M. Unger, B.A., of Osgoode Hall, were their opponents. The latter speakers developed their case in a very eloquent and pleasing manner, although chiefly basing their arguments on Biblical references. Both of our debaters handled their material in a most convincing and masterly way, dealing with the matter from every possible aspect, and displaying a very comprehensive knowledge of the subject under discussion. But the Judges couldn't see it from their point of view; and, as we have already referred to their decision, we will pay no further attention to that painful number on the programme. At any rate, the Kerr Shield will remain foreign to these parts for another year.

"SYNOPSITIS"
A January Disease.

Several musical items were much appreciated by the audience, among them being a piano duet by Miss Shields and Miss Mabee, and vocal solos by Miss Clarke and Mr. A. G. Grace. In addition, Mr. J. A. Parker, B.A., delighted the audience with a reading. Also, the McMaster "Humming Bird" again proclaimed in paroxysms of melody the already well-known fact that "his faculties of recollection were especially keen with regard to the exact location of the place of his nativity." The above numbers comprised the silver lining in the clouds of an otherwise dismal evening.

A collector of "Lit." fees reports the following:

Collector.—"Can you let me have a dollar and a half for 'Lit.' fees?"

Theolog.—"Yes, I think I have that much." Reaching into his pocket he produced a dollar bill, and then a quarter from another pocket. From a suit-case he added fifteen cents and in a

little table drawer found a five-cent piece and two coppers. "That's one forty-seven; wait a minute." From his note-book came a postage stamp and a final search in a trunk revealed the lost cent.

Truly it may be said:

Theology! Theology!
Faith, Hope and Charity!
Long Coats and Poverty!
A————men!

Sophomore Party.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." The sixty-mile-an-hour gale of Saturday night blew the members of Year '20 to Miss Mary Clarke's, where they celebrated in jubilant spirits their liberation from enforced study. Although mentally exhausted by the strain of the past week, the spirits of all were revived to such an extent in the early part of the evening, that later on several of the party succeeded in evolving particularly "Bright Ideas," much to the embarrassment of their victims. After much-appreciated refreshments, popular songs were sung until it was time for the party to break up. We're not sure, but we think that everyone finally succeeded in arriving home safely.

"I hear the Faculty thought quite a lot of your Christmas exams."

"Yes, they encored them."

Amateur "Lit."

The very title "Amateur Lit." is a guarantee of an interesting evening; and the program of December 14th, 1917, was no exception to the general rule. There was a very good number of contestants with a variety of excellent "stunts." The first "spasm" was by the "Tissue Paper Orchestra" under the able leadership of Miss Alba Robertson, '19. What the Juniorettes lacked in melody they made up in good intentions and perseverance. We would suggest a comb inside the paper to give more volume to their productions. Then the Male Quartette sang a couple of times as an introduction to the appearance of the "Faculty of 1937." In this number, Miss J. D. Mimms, with the co-operation of the Seniorettes, gave a representation of a meeting of the Faculty of McMaster in the years to come, causing the audience to shout with laughter again and again. Yes, the male students may possibly secure a residence; and, Oh joy! ministers' husbands are to receive a small salary. J. S. Veals, B.A., and A.E. Beattie next gave a production entitled "The Lion and the

Mouse,'' although this wasn't what Shakespeare called it. We confess that the number was cleverly carried out, in spite of the fact that the clothes of the actors looked as if they had been shot away in some previous conflict. Also, the light was not quite bright enough to enable the ''Mouse'' to read his lines, pasted on the inside of his shield. The last number was a reading by Miss Smith, '18. Popular vote awarded the prizes to the girls of Year '18 and to ''Fog'' and his diminutive partner.

Professor, noticing splotches of green ink on the floor in front of the usher's office, and a trail of the same fluid down the hall:—''My, my, has one of the freshmen been bleeding?''

Chapel Visitor

Miss C. E. Snell, travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, delivered a short address at the Chapel service on Friday, December 14th. Miss Snell gave a brief *résumé* of the founding of the Volunteer Movement about thirty years ago, when a few students pledged themselves to give their lives for work in heathen lands. That number has increased to thousands at the present day. The speaker appealed to the men and women to consider the claims of the foreign work upon them on the ground of the efficient organization behind the whole missionary propaganda, the great opportunities for workers in whatever vocation they may be chiefly interested, and the overwhelming need for leaders.

Miss Snell also spoke at the regular weekly meeting of the McMaster Student Volunteers.

What did she mean?—Some of McMaster's fair co-eds. were discussing the bill of fare for a ''feed.'' Suddenly one of the ladies asked, ''Are any of the men going to be there?''

''Not one.''

''Then we won't need any salad dressing for the lobsters.''

Carter Scholarships

The awards of the Carter Scholarships for 1917 have been announced, and it is interesting to find the names of three McMaster students in the list. H. S. Oddy was the winner of the first scholarship for Perth County. H. R. Hart won the second scholarship in Lanark, and S.N. Shatz the third scholarship for Waterloo. The scholarships are awarded on the matriculation examinations, three awards of $100, $60 and $40 respectively being made in each county. We congratulate the above named students.

Women's Department

Editor: Miss Grace Taylor, '18.

"At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead."

THIS quotation seems to us to describe examination week very aptly,—the stars, of course, being interpreted metaphorically. There are some few who never need to fear such a vision, but the more human among us are faced with the terrible possibility of stars regularly twice a year.

Some, to be sure, see stars more readily than others. Careful investigation of the College species goes to prove that this faculty is most noticeable in the early years. It is remarkably acute in the freshman class, but tends to become less so as the student progresses.

Some temperaments, however, see stars almost as readily in the fourth year as in the first.

The immediate results of such a vision is generally seen in wild and excited attempts to do an impossible amount of work. This is followed—after the examination has been written—by a deep despair.

The next result is the taking of steps to prevent the recurrence of this vision in the next examinations. This means assiduous study for a longer or shorter period immediately following examination week. We have authentic proof of a case where the student, having written all the required papers, spent a whole afternoon studying for the next term, before lectures had been resumed.

Statistics show, however, that this mania for work lasts only for a short time. It still remains to find out a method for lengthening the duration of this mania. The resolution of this problem would be, we are sure, an untold benefit to college students. We, ourselves, are afraid to offer any solution lest we should destroy the ancient traditions of college life which demand that at certain periods we burn—shall we say the midnight oil?—But that is putting it mildly.

Perhaps these remarks would have been more fitting in last month's issue, but unfortunately we were only inspired to write them under the stress of examinations. Now we are cruel enough to present them to our readers long after such matters should have been forgotten.

Sophette (on observing a signet ring on the finger of a seniorette).—"Let's have a look at your ring!"

Seniorette (absent mindedly).—"Oh! he hasn't sent it yet!"

Throughout the first term, weekly mission study classes have been held under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A.. Dr. Ellis has been acting as normal leader for these classes, and on Monday, the seventeenth of December, she gave us an inspiring talk on "The Choice of a Life Work." This was a fitting conclusion to the mission study classes. Dr. Ellis impressed upon us, that we must first let God plan for us. If we would be successful we must not be too proud to start in a lowly place. However small and trivial our work may seem to be, we must seek to be efficient in it, if we are to climb any higher.

Y.W.C.A.

On the afternoon of Thursday, December 13th, the McMaster girls met the girls from St. Hilda's in debate. McMaster was represented by Miss Gladys White and Miss Lois MacLaurin, both of '19.

The Debate

The girls from St. Hilda's said we should have reciprocity with the United States as a war measure. The McMaster girls said we shouldn't.

The judges decided that the negative had proved their case the most conclusively, to which decision we all most heartily agreed.

Another Year program was given at Ladies' Lit. on Friday, December 14th. This time it was the turn of our revered Seniors to favor us with their talent, which they proceeded to do as soon as the business of the day had been finished. The literary taste of Year '18 was displayed in their first number, for two scenes from George Eliot, one from "Adam Bede," the other from "The Mill on the Floss," were very cleverly acted. Such characters as Mr. and Mrs. Poyser, Squire Donnithorne's son and Maggie Tulliver, Mrs. Glegg and Mrs. Pullett, came upon the stage, and succeeded in making us appreciate the works of George Eliot more than ever. Following this, Miss M. Eaton sang "Land of Hope and Glory," and Miss Taylor read the Current Events paper.

W.L.S.

Then curtains were lifted again, and behold—a faculty meeting, as it will be in 1937.

Miss Mimms, as Chancellor, presided at the sedate meeting. Listening to the discussions we soon learned that the subjects

which will be taught at McMaster in the future will be very different from those of present day. The professor of "Classy Modern Hebrew," and Matrimony, read most interesting papers, but tears were brought to our eyes, when just before the meeting adjourned the Dean in Arts begged that there be a residence built for the men, and the Dean in Theology, also taking courage, pleaded that some toleration be shown to minister's husbands. As the faculty meeting broke up the audience also arose and closed the meeting by singing "Thy Praises, McMaster."

Our Graduates

Editor: E. J. Bengough, B.A.

THE many excellent features which adorned the Christmas number of The Monthly made it necessary to crowd out some of the items concerning Our Graduates, which had been prepared for publication in that issue. This fact will explain the apparent tardiness of the Editor in some of the announcements which are given this month. The Chief assures us that we may have more space this time, but in order to prevent the overrunning of our allotted limits, the Editor of this department will spare the readers further introductory remarks and plunge immediately into the recital of facts which have come to his notice.

'94.—Word has just been received of the death of Rev. C. N. Mitchell in Bolivia. A cable from Rev. Alex. Haddow, '13, announced that Mr. Mitchell passed away on December 29th. He had been seriously out of health about a year ago, but had so far recovered as to resume his missionary duties. Mrs. Mitchell went to Bolivia some time ago, and they planned to return to Canada in February. Two sons are now in Canada in educational institutions.

'94.—Rev. C. W. King, formerly of Neepawa, Man., is now pastor of the Baptist Church in Arkona, Ont.

'97.—Miss M. Dorothy Eby has been teaching Chemistry in the Normal School at Trenton, New Jersey, for a number of years, her department giving courses in Applied Chemistry and Household Chemistry.

'01.—J. E. Pengelly, who has been living for some time in Hayter, Alberta, has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church now being organized in that town.

'04.—Rev. C. W. Pearce has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Dresden, Ont.

'04.—Rev. H. H. Bingham, pastor of Talbot St. Church, London, recently declined a call to the First Church, Kingston.

'06.—Rev. C. L. Timpany arrived in India early in December, after a furlough of a year and a half in Canada.

'08.—"Railway Rates and the Canadian Railway Commission," Dr. D. A. MacGibbon's essay which won the $1,000 prize in the Hartz, Schaffner & Marx competition, has just come from the press of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

'09.—Rev. Thomas Wearing, of Woodstock, received the degree Ph.D., *cum laude*, at the December Convocation of the University of Chicago.

'09.—Rev. Caleb Harris has been able to resume his duties as pastor of the Dundas Church after a somewhat prolonged illness.

'09.—Rev. J. E. Pettit, lately of Listowel, has become pastor at Brighton.

'10.—Miss V. I. Dickens is on the staff of the Technical High School, Toronto. Articles from her pen on the teaching of Art have been apearing in "The School," a magazine published by the Toronto Faculty of Education.

'10.—The November number of "The American City" contains an article from the pen of Dr. W. J. Donald upon "The Functions of City Clubs in Municipal Life." He sketches the origin and purpose of such clubs, as well as outlining the plans of organization of various typical clubs. Dr. Donald is now in Bethlehem, Pa., where he has been conducting a membership campaign for the Chamber of Commerce.

'10.—Miss E. W. Dengate, who has been a teacher in the Mount Forest High School, takes a position on the staff of Woodstock Collegiate Institute, beginning this month.

'10.—Miss M. A. Fitch, who has been teaching most acceptably at Moulton College, has been appointed to the staff of Harbord Street Collegiate, Toronto.

'10.—"The Story of Cosmological Theory" is the title of an article from the pen of Dr. W. H. McNairn, which appears in a recent number of "Science." This was the lecture delivered at the Autumn Convocation in October last.

'11.—Rev. H. Dixon Smith, one of our missionaries in India, has been made acting principal of the McLaurin High School and Seminary, at Cocanada.

'11.—Miss Bessie Arkell is now principal of the school at Carstairs, Alta.

'12.—H. E. Dobson, Principal of Oliver School, Edmonton, Alta., has joined the Royal Flying Corps and has been granted indefinite leave of absence by the Edmonton School Board.

'12.—Rev. H. B. Cross (ad eundem) has been released from missionary work in India in order to enter the service of the Military Y.M.C.A.

'12.—Rev. A. B. Vincent is now pastor of the Baptist Church in Hagersville, Ont.

'13.—Rev. M. R. Hartley, and Mrs. Hartley and child, have sailed for India, where he takes up work as a missionary under the direction of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society. Mrs. Hartley was Miss Annie Darcy who was for some time a student at McMaster.

'13.—Miss Annie E. Haines was married on December 15th at her father's home in Cheltenham, to William T. Fraser. Rev. Robert Segsworth, Theol., '09, officiated.

'14.—A. Hisey is now on the staff of the Malvern Collegiate Institute, Toronto. On the occasion of leaving Aurora High School he was presented with an address and a purse of gold.

'14.—Irvine E. Stewart is now a petroleum geologist with one of the oil companies in Oklahoma. He spends most of his time doing field work in the oil fields of Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas. His address is Drawer "S," Bartlesville, Okla.

'15.—Miss A. M. Matthews has charge of the Art Department in Brantford Collegiate Institute.

'15.—The casualty list issued on December 1st showed the name of Percy W. Underwood, of Calgary as having been killed in action. Mr. Underwood graduated at Brandon College. He went overseas about two years ago with the Canadian Army Medical Corps.

Ex.-'15.—Miss Edith Fenton and Miss Jean Vining graduated as nurses in October at the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto. Miss Fenton obtained a prize for the highest marks, and Miss Vining won a $50 scholarship for general proficiency. Like the loyal girl she is, she immediately invested the money in a Victory Bond. Her father and brother are both overseas.

'15.—G. E. Grattan is research chemist with the Canadian Electro Products Co., at Shawinigan Falls, Que.

'16.—C. J. Thoms was married last June at Oyen, Alta., to Miss Ida May Harvie, of Toronto. Mr. Thoms is now on the staff of the Oakwood Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

'16.—Miss C. B. Hellyer is on the staff of Waterford High School.

'16.—Mr. John S. Hall was married on November 20th at Niango, North Nigeria, to Miss Edith Edwards, formerly of Toronto. Rev. N. W. D. Davis, of '14, officiated. Mr. Hall was recently ordained. He is working as a missionary among the Tangale tribe which numbers about 35,000. Within twenty-five miles of his location there are about a score of different tribes each with its own distinct language and all of them hitherto untouched by missionary efforts.

'16.—V. S. Stevens, is now on the Toronto Public School staff. He is living at 421 Palmerston Blvd.

'16.—R. J. Lang was married recently to Miss Jennie Florence Hardwicke, of Peterborough. Their home address is 489 Cross St., in that city, but R. J. is away from home a good deal in connection with his research duties.

'17.—Rev. H. C. Packham, pastor of the Listowel Church, was married on September 17th to Miss Ethel A. Williams, of Seaforth, Ont., the ceremony taking place at the home of the bride's sister in Toronto.

'17.—J. F. Twiss is now a demonstrator in the Department of Physics of the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg.

'17.—W. A. Robertson is on the staff of Picton High School.

Ex.-'17.—P. V. Rosewarne is now in charge of the research laboratory of Canadian Explosives, Ltd., at Beloeil, Que.

Ex.-'17.—I. L. Conners is engaged in Government Inspection of explosives at Trenton, Ont.

Prof. Tingle is now editing the "Canadian Chemical Journal," a new journal which recently made its appearance in Toronto.

The Minister of Education for Alberta has appointed a committee to report on the courses of study and to suggest such improvements as seem desirable. Among the members of this committee we find a number of McMaster men: W. G. Carpenter, '05, in the Science Section, and in the History Section there are G. W. Gorman, '05, R. H. Roberts, '07, and M. H. Long, '08.

Another distinguished Canadian, whom the University delighted to honor, has been called by death. Dr. B. D. Thomas, so long revered as the dean of Baptist preachers in this country, died at his home in Grimsby on October 26th. He had served as President of the Convention, meeting in Woodstock the previous week, and had said farewell to the denomination there when he left the Convention to catch his train on Saturday. On Sunday he attended his old church at Jarvis street, and in the evening heard a sermon by his son, Rev. L. H. Thomas,

'99. It is doubtful if he could have desired a more appropriate closing to his long life.

Whitby is becoming quite a McMaster centre, seven graduates being now residents of that town. Harvey Merritt, '13, is pastor of the Baptist Church. The Principal of the High School is G. S. Johnson, '05, whose wife was Miss Lillie Senior, also of '05. On the staff are W. Wray Smith, '14, and Miss Alice Gregory, '16. An important partner in the firm publishing the Whitby Gazette, McMaster Monthly, and other prominent journals, is Graydon M. Goodfellow, '13, whose wife was Miss Olive Wilkins of the same year.

Rev. Burton A. Fisher, a student in McMaster in 1911-12 and 1912-13, is now pastor of the First Baptist Church, Sharpsburg, Pa., near Pittsburg. An interesting feature of Mr. Fisher's work is an address every Tuesday to men "from all over and of all classes" at the Stock Yards Exchange Building. Those who knew him would expect him to be effective in such work. His brother, Capt. Harry W. Fisher, (of Brockville), was killed in action some time ago.

Prof. A. H. Newman, LL.D., of Waco, Texas, formerly of McMaster University, and who was given the honorary degree LL.D., in 1914, has received and accepted the invitation to occupy the Chair of Church History and Comparative Religion in Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., for the year 1917-18.

"From Montreal to Vimy Ridge and Beyond" is the title of a book just off the press, which consists of letters from the late Lieut. Clifford Almon Wells, B.A., edited by his step-father, ex-Chancellor O. C. S. Wallace. It will be recalled that Lieut. Wells was killed last April, and that his mother, Mrs. Wells-Wallace, did not long survive his death. Many will be grateful to Dr. Wallace for gathering together and giving to the world these letters which issue a call to nobility of character and heroism of spirit.

Here and There

Editor: O. H. McDonald, '19.

HUMANITY will never reach its ultimate development until it cuts down sleep and food,—says Thomas A. Edison, in Roycroft,—and I consider this the most important conclusion which I have come to during my years of hard and constant effort.

"On the average, men would get on better if they reduced their food consumption by two-thirds. They do the work of three horse-power engines and consume the fuel which could operate fifty-horse-power engines. I consume five ounces to a meal, three times a day. The man engaged at hard physical labor, whose work makes the engine of his body require more fuel than mine does, could get on perfectly well on eight or ten ounces to a meal, although he might find the achievement of the habit difficult.

"The man who sleeps too much suffers from it in many ways and gains nothing from it. Really sleep is an absurdity, a bad habit. A million years from now we won't go to bed at all. For five weeks eight of us put in from 145 to 150 hours a week each at the job,—trying to perfect the disc-record for our phonographs. This means more than twenty-one hours a day—and we all gained weight."

She.—"What did you think of our scheme for Christmas decoration—holly leaves over laurel?"

He.—"Well, I should have preferred mistletoe over yew."

A jolly young chemistry tough
While mixing a compound of stuff,
Dropped a match in a vial,
And after a while,
They found two front teeth and a cuff.

An imprecation, a hymn of hate, from our good Irish exchange, the T. C. D. of Trinity College, Dublin:

Indo. Germanic
Father Satanic
Of broods Titanic:
Germanic and Aryan,
Alemanic Bavarian,
Molesian, Iranian,
Silesian, Albanian,
Teutonic,
Slavonic,
Armenian,
Ruthenian, ...

With a large A
And little b
With alpha and beta
One, two and three,
With chapter and map terminology,
With many a hollow, deep and fervent damn,
Wie's sich gehort, fluch 'ich euch Allzusamm.

Chem. Prof.—"What is an atom?" Then as no one answered, "well, I see it's larger than your knowledge of chemistry." —*Gateway.*

ECHOES FROM FRESHMAN COMPOSITION.

"Brushing back her hair and buttoning up her coat her dark eyes roved round the room."

"With a spring to the range she took her checked apron and opened the door."

"The beats of her heart raised her tie on her blue linen dress."

"On the floor was a window pane which the puddy had long since let loose."

"She pulled her fingers out of her glove with her teeth."

"When he reached the door he received a smell of ham."

"She rushed downstairs at each attempt."

"Tears rolled down her cheeks mingled with a pleasant smile."

—*Bessie Tift Journal.*

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following publications during the month:—Queen's University Journal, University Monthly, Gateway, Acta Victoriana, Trinity University Review, Manitoban, Canadian Finance, Bessie Tift Journal, Oberlin Literary Magazine, Wheaton College Record, Philomathean Monthly, Argosy, and Acadia Atheneum.

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McMaster University Monthly

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EXPERIENCES ON THE PRAIRIE.

IF the western fever has once got hold of a person there's no resisting it when springtime comes, especially when an unusual line of work calling one there offers itself, whose very novelty is its chief appeal. And so, it happened last spring, that the first week in May found me in the finest little town of Northern Alberta, ready for any and all the experiences that could come to a travelling saleswoman. I can give you but a few of the many: they came every day in the five months, for I covered nearly five thousand miles of country roads and entered over seven hundred homes.

One would suppose that in that ranching country, it would be an easy matter to secure a good pony to ride. But the gentle and dependable, yet swift animal is a rare one. It was necessary to mention only once that I wanted to buy. Soon they came, by ones, twos, and threes, small and big, fat and bony, gentle and unmanageable, and even a nice, sleek donkey. I tried them all but my long-eared friend, and, though warned by the neighbors that a certain man was a crook, and couldn't resist the temptation to cheat even a woman, I bought his pony because it was the swiftest and easiest to ride. Next day I started forth, very happy to own a horse and actually be on the prairie with plenty of opportunity for making good in a man's job. Happiness, however, was short-lived, for at the end of the first five miles my Betty Brown went lame in one foot and all the farmers were advising me how to cure her. By night, she was lame in two feet, and everybody in the countryside knew it—they have

telephones all over that country, and at the end of two days an innocent agent had become a German spy, a land seeker, a lady rancher and the dupe of a crook in a horse deal. I walked the last five miles into town that night, picturing the trouble I was going to have, just what I would say to that fellow, and even imagining a court-room scene. But news travels faster than a lame pony, and that man lost no time in coming around to take back his horse. The next week I secured a well-broken cayuse possessing four brands and four sound legs but a deep-seated prejudice against automobiles.

Betty II had a few odd traits of character which showed up at unexpected moments. One day I had great difficulty in fastening a wire gate, and I let the lines drop, expecting her to stand still as usual. When I had tugged and strained and pulled that bachelor's gate into position I turned to mount, but there was my pony in a ploughed field, rolling from side to side, saddle, bags, bridle and lines in the damp earth. I ran to catch her; she jumped, snorted and plunged, and at every effort I made, she merely moved off a little farther. When she got tired of teasing me she started on the gallop for the hills. I sat down and wondered what would become of me, and blue was the outlook. But I had forgotten about the bachelor who had been watching from his barn door. A hearty laugh, a hasty good morning, in a flash he was off in pursuit, and in twenty minutes was back with a crest-fallen bronco in tow. Wasn't it horrid to have to mention business to such an obliging man!

As the weather became warmer and business a certainty, I invested in a comfortable buggy, tied my saddle on the back, and started for the north country. For weeks I had heard of it as "away up beyond the river," a wild, half settled country. Some advised me seriously to invest in a revolver and sleeping bag, and others, not to go at all. The last tweny miles of my long drive was through a hilly country settled almost entirely by Russians and Galicians. Their houses might also have been transplanted from Russia, they were so foreign to ours—small, square, with thick mud walls whitewashed outside and in, heavy thatched roofs and small windows. Curiosity to investigate the

flavor of garlic led me to ask for dinner at one of these homes where the meal was about ready. But everything on the stove was hastily packed into the oven and in a few minutes I was asked to "sit in" to a dinner of eggs fried in deep butter, white bread and raspberry jam.

I have never had such a surprise or seen anything more beautiful than the Saskatchewan River at Hopkins, its farthest point north. Great hills rise, one above another, on either side, and some slopes are densely wooded with poplar and birch. As the river is almost a thousand feet wide, the only means of crossing is by ferries, which run on cables and are moved by the power of the current. Hopkins was another surprise, for it consists of but one building, a long, low log cabin tucked in among the hills like a nest in a great forest tree. There can be found every in two feet, and everybody in the countryside knew it—they have staple article from margarine to tinsel for a Christmas tree.

About this time Betty Buckskin was showing signs of losing flesh because she refused to drink, so I spiced her oats lavishly with table salt. It happened that day that we took the river road and it crossed a narrow creek, and across the creek was a shaky bridge made of poles. Betty refused to put a foot upon the bridge, so I got out to lead her across. Just as I took her bridle, she remembered that water would quench a salty thirst. I attempted to walk the bridge and lead her while she forded the stream, but it didn't work well, for her feet sank in soft earth. She plunged forward and drew me in too. The buggy bumped over a high stump and two wheels over myself. I thought "now I am being run over but it doesn't hurt much." Being already drenched from weeping skies, the dip in the creek wasn't a shock, and anyway, it was all in a day's journey.

The north country has a wonderful charm for the newcomer; perhaps it is the great bald, everlasting hills, with their herds of cattle and sheep, and the clear little lakes in the shady ravines, —I never asked why, but day after day as I drove miles and miles, singing to the tune of my pony's hoof beats, I knew that here was happiness and no city would ever be satisfying again.

The people too are wonderful. They are of every nation-

ality, and many scarcely speak English. Never do they refuse hospitality; a stranger seldom needs to ask for it. One day in my wanderings among the hills I came to a new log house. A sprightly little shepherd youth in brown duck shirt and trousers, and hair worn in dutch fashion, threw open the door and asked me to enter. I enquired if Madame Duchette were at home. "I am Madame. Come in, come in and excuse to me the very bad appearance of my kitchen. Last night my cows they are gone so far away I hunt the whole night, and when I come back at daybreak here are two big peeg in my kitchen. Dey had eat up two bags of flour and one of sugar, but perhaps I can fin' someding for you to eat. Come in." My hostess, no less fascinating because of her boyish costume, served afternoon tea from a polished round table in the homiest of living rooms, and satisfied my curiosity as to how a woman can run a farm alone. She told me how with three oxen she had ploughed and harrowed her fields and got the proper mulch so that her crops gave promise of being the best in the neighborhood. The chief of her worries indeed was the persistence of various bachelors who tried to induce her to chose a partner for a successful venture

Nearby, on the bank of the river, in a beautifully chosen situation, stood a group of buildings, the nucleus of a great sheep ranch where my work called me, and where I found friends who gave me some of the finest experiences of my summer because they made me one of themselves in their ordinary life, lived in so unordinary a fashion. Fishing, trapping, duck hunting, being initiated into the secrets of ranching extended what was intended for a business call into weeks of a real vacation. The motherly genius who presided over this home was the essence of that true hospitality that opens heart equally with home to the unexpected guest. The memory of that experience alone will always have made the summer worth while to me.

In August Betty was regretfully replaced by a second-hand Ford, and then my troubles began. But the joy of holding the wheel for over three thousand miles of prairie trails made up for the few times when punctures had to be mended, spark plugs

scraped and chains adjusted. I drove another fifty miles still farther north to the very fringe of the white settlement, through a country which has been colonized entirely by the Roman Catholic Church of Quebec. Then I turned east, across Indian reserves, the Frog Lake district, historical since the Riel rebellion, and reached the Onion Lake country on the Saskatchewan boundary. Many a person I met in that country who had not been to a railroad town for seven years. No wonder a stranger is welcome. Everywhere, in all my travels, I found the warmest-hearted people. I received welcomes which one never meets with in the East. I met with the finest courtesy and consideration; and I liked people for themselves as I never had before.

An Easterner said "a University girl a common pedlar?" Well hardly; an uncommon pedlar perhaps, getting some uncommon experiences and an uncommon bit of interest and fun out of life. If I could choose to repeat those months in such work and so far away, would I do it again? How else come to know so intimately the life of so many of our people; how else could I have made those friends who are friends indeed; how have lived for months, day after day in the open? Yes, and I would not exchange the experiences of last summer for any other of my life.

—Emma Kennedy, '09.

Photo by John Boyd.

ALONG THE QUEEN'S PARK DRIVE.

Photo by John Boyd.

IN HIGH PARK

WE'LL maybe think that this wis an unco' fierce storm we had the ither day. Weel I'm gaein' tae tell ye that it wis juist naething at all. When I wis a young chap we thought na mair o' the likes o' that than if we'd been in the habit o' gettin' them ilka day. I suppose ye dinna mind the winter o' the deep snaw? Weel that year my feyther wis awa' in shanty wi' the horses an' ma mither an' I had tae look after the rest o' the stock an' see that they were kept in guid shape until he got back in the spring. An' we had some time o' it, let me tell ye. We used to keep the coos in the auld-fashioned wooden stanchions that ye've seen maybe, an' ilka day we had to let these coos oot to water. Ma mither used to lift the water oot o' the well wi' a rope an' bucket while I wad be cleanin' the stable. The snaw got sae deep at last that every once in a while one o' the coos wad be gettin' off the road that led frae the barn tae the well an' I wad be under the necessity o' goin' and shovellin' her oot. It wis some job I can tell ye, for the poor brutes werena vera strong that winter on account o' the feed bein' so scarce, an' they found it pretty hard wark to wiggle back to where there wis solid footin'. After a while we saw that we were gaein' tae run oot o' straw an' hay a'thegither, so ma mither says tae me, "Sandy," says she. "Ye'd better tak' yer axe an' go tae the bush an' cut some branches an' bring them hame for the cattle." There wis a pretty guid crust on top o' the snaw, sae I went tae where there wis some small trees that would be easy tae to cut doon an' I put in the rest o' that day feedin' the coos wi' tree-tops that I carried hame in my arms. It wis weary wark, I mind that, for the coos had an appetite that wis past satisfyin', an' the branches seemed tae act mair like a tonic than onything else. However, I pulled them through a'richt. Na doot the fresh air an' exercise they had wis a help, for the stables were what ye might call weel ventilated in those days, an' sometimes the cattle were not put inside at all but juist left in a sort o' open shed facin' to the south. Before spring that year the snaw got that deep that ye couldna see a fence, except here and there an

lang picket maybe. An' on the first o' April it wis juist aboot as deep as it had been at ony time through the winter. Talk aboot yer lang winters. We thought there wasna goin' tae be onything else that year. But a change for the better cam' at last an' we had a better crop that summer than we ever had before, an' maybe since. It wis then that I found oot for the first time that everything has its compensations. There has never been sae hard a winter since that time. I'm sure o' that, but there has been lots o' years when oor wark didna bring us in as guid returns, tae say naething o' the satisfaction o' gettin' the best o' a difficult situation.

I sometimes wonder how the auld folks managed at all in those days. Prices were low for onything they had to sell an' they had to tak' trade at the country stores for it at that. It wis hard wark to get enough cash to pay the taxes. But they worried through some way an' I never noticed that the hardship had a bad effect on their character. In fact I'll be wonderin' sometimes if the present generation, wi' all its advantages an' opportunities has onything on their grandparents when it comes to takin' account o' things that we can tak' alang wi us when we leave here. But we dinna need to be worryin' I guess. If I'm no mistaken this war we're mixed up in the noo will bring back the auld times sae far as the discipline o' hard wark an' economy are concerned. I'm hopin' that in twa or three years from noo a loafer or a man oot o' a job will be as hard to find as they were amang the auld pioneers that settled this country a hundred years ago or mair. Such winters as I hae been tellin' ye aboot made short wark o' ony idler that didna mak' guid preparation for them in those days, but noo that we've got the better o' Nature wi' oor big houses, sae warm an' comfortable, she's comin' at us frae anither direction. An' it's a guid thing, much as we may dislike the faste o' the medicine. When we get tae the point where we hae na mair difficulties an' hardships we'll start gaein' doon hill. For the last twenty years there has been mair money in this country than wis daein' the people, as a whole, ony guid. There's an auld proverb that says "Poverty is the sixth sense," and I wouldn't be surprised if we got a

chance tae cultivate it, a wee bit mair than has been oor habit, in the years that are juist ahead. When we want to develop oor physical muscle we exercise, an' for the development o' moral an' spiritual muscle there's no ither method. It's by the discipline o' doin' things that we learn, an' not by sittin' down an' readin' or thinkin' or talkin' aboot them. There's got to be effort or there's no growth. We've got to meet difficulty if we're ever to come to onything. So that is why I canna say I'm sorry to see that the days that are comin' will be days o' discipline for mankind, not only here but all over this auld earth. I dinna think I'll like it mysel' noo ony better than I did when I wis a young chap fightin' the snaw an' frost o' an auld-fashioned winter. But it will be juist as good for me to-day as it wis then, an' for one thing I'll ken it for what it is.

—Sandy Fraser.

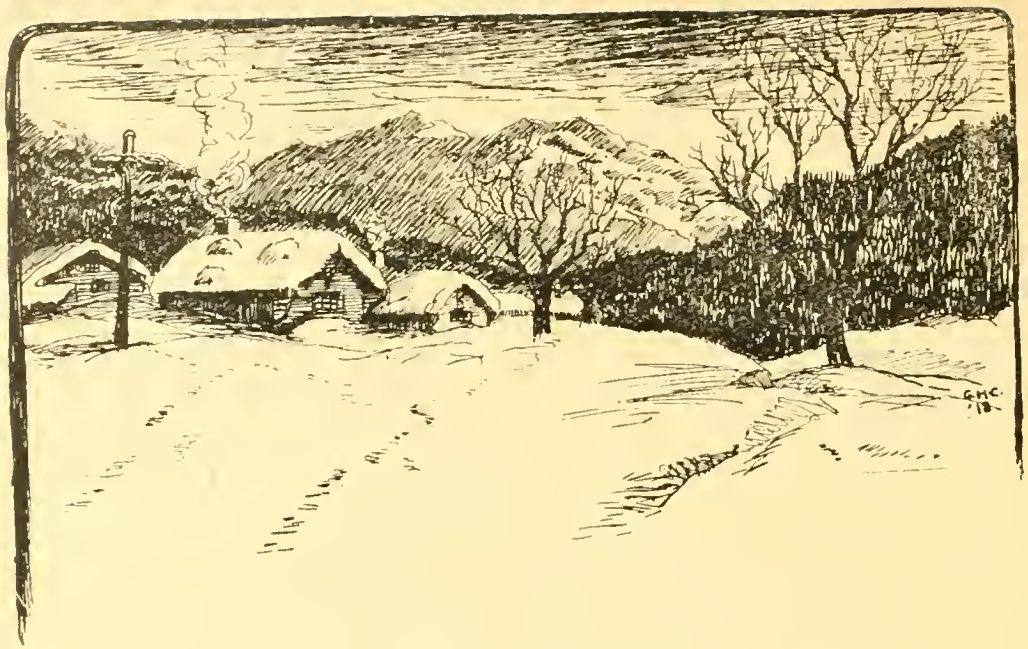
IN APPRECIATION OF BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER.

(Soldier and Poet).

How, dying, smotest thou the one full chord,
Ere thy lute broke! Oh great and Kindly Death,
Who gave thee to the Immortals, laid the wreath
On thy prone brow, and spoke thine unfinished word!
How through long life couldst thou more greatly live,
Lending thy lute to labour, that so Fame,
In the full time, should own, for thee, a name?
What thou couldst earn, Death did more freely give!

So do we name thee with the laureate dead!
With chaplet of gold maples bind thine head,
Who on the maple what fresh lustre shed,
Thou, of thy land the fit and honored son!
Behold thy crescent straight to full orb grown!
Lo, the full harvest, where thou late hads't sown!

—Gertrude McGregor Moffat.



THE POETRY OF THE SNOW.

From the Italian of Mara Antelling.

How often we complain of grey days and long for blue skies and bright sunshine! Who would suppose that one should feel a yearning akin to homesickness, for the grey clouds to veil the eternal blue of the heavens? Yet even beauty palls, and man's restless spirit has need of frequent changes to avoid the monotony so wearing to body, mind and soul.

And now our wish is granted. The snow begins to fall; only a few feathery flakes at first, lost in the brown of earth or the dry grass. And then, driven by the wind which freshens and whistles in our ears, down come the flakes followed faster and faster by their fellows. The air is clearer by reason of the diffused light. The snow-particles whirl in a mad dance as if a swarm of pure white insects were let loose amid the silence of nature who waits the snowy kiss which fertilizes the dark soil. The kiss of winter which marks the genesis of so many organisms.

In the city, the first snow storm is a joyous sight. No one stays indoors except old people or the sick, who from their windows watch the snow gently falling on roofs, capitals and cornices. The architectural lines of palaces and churches are defined in white and features of purity and elegance hitherto unnoticed

are clearly revealed as the snow settles down upon the buildings.

The snowy carpet grows ever thicker in the streets. Every little while a long, smooth slide makes the uninitiated take an involuntary lesson in the elements of skating and peals of merry laughter ring out on the frosty air. The sparrows grow bolder, for hunger forces them to become familiar with mankind; their cheep-cheep, from the window-sills, is heard in our apartments. Kindly souls begin to scatter crumbs for the hungry birds. Bad little boys set their traps and betray the birds' confidence.

Once more the army of street-cleaners is marshalled for the campaign against the forces of winter. The unemployed bless the snow-fall and wax happy in proportion to the depth of snow they are paid to remove. It costs our municipalities thousands of dollars to keep the traffic going, but to the poor of our Italian cities the snow-fall is the manna in the desert of winter.

In the secluded valleys and on the ridges of the mountains, life is suspended as far as any intercourse between valley and valley or district and district is concerned. Villages are blockaded; the snow has hermetically sealed their doors. Smoke comes out in puffs from the chimneys or mounts straight up in pillar-like masses which are soon diffused over the cottages wrapped in their immaculate winter coverlet.

On the Cansiglio Plateau—that marvellous stretch of forest which overlooks the Provinces of Treviso, Udine and Belluno—all is still. No longer is heard the song of the mountain girls as they gather strawberries or wild plums under the ancient beeches; in the inner basin of the Plateau—a curious hollow or dip in the mountains—there is no tinkling of bells, no lowing of cattle at pasture. No longer do we hear the drone of the herdsman's bag-pipes, the bleating of sheep or the braying of donkeys. Absolute stillness reigns, broken only by the occasional snapping of a branch under its burden of snow, or the rapid flight of some frightened creatures of the forest.

In the tiny hamlets hidden in the woodland depths and buried under the deep snow, the box-makers toil at their humble industry. When warm weather returns they will descend to the plains to sell the product of their winter's labor.

The picturesque homes of these people are roofed with bark which is held in place by slabs and chips of stone; indoors the peasants enjoy all the comfort that is desirable in a rustic home. Neatness and elegance characterize these cottage interiors to a degree almost unknown among other peasants of a similar social status. Utensils, furniture and dialect are unlike our own. It is said that the box-makers are of Cimbric origin and are racially akin to the Teutonic settlers at Seven Communes in the Vicentino District.

The herdsmen and charcoal burners are nomads and occupy the chalets which dot the mountain sides; they change their dwelling-places as the herds move up and down, following the growth of pasture on the hills. The box-makers in their cozy villages have no fear of winter; the coming of the snow is only the signal for them to begin their intensive toil. When the forest paths are closed, and doors are sealed, the families gather around the deal tables and ply their trade. The woodwork of the tables and benches shines out in the light of the hearth as white and smooth as if just out of the carpenter's shop.

Living as they do, far from the world, mid the silence of the forests, these people have no desire for anything different nor do they demand any privileges. Simple hearted children of nature, their life is primitive and natural from the cradle to the grave. What would be the effect if the echo of our noisy political struggles, our greed for gold, and thirst for power could mount these frozen paths? What would be the result if the primitive folk of the mountains should experience the stress of life in our modern centres, if the passions of the cities, of the plains, could mount to these isolated and snow-enveloped hamlets?

But the snow is our theme. In these mountain forests nests hang from bare boughs and the stillness is oppressive. It seems the death of nature rather than her period of repose. Higher up on the hills, one hears from time to time a frightful whisper—the far off roaring of an avalanche; the sound is reduced in volume, but it is the whisper of death, terrible and menacing.

As we emerge from the woods and from an eminence view

the plains beneath us, we see that the snow extends in a uniform and unbroken surface like a vast shrowd for the lifeless earth.

—G. H. C.

MY SONGSTERS.

There are birds of finer feather,
Singing songs in livelier strain
Than robin; he's built for weather.
My robin will sing in the rain.

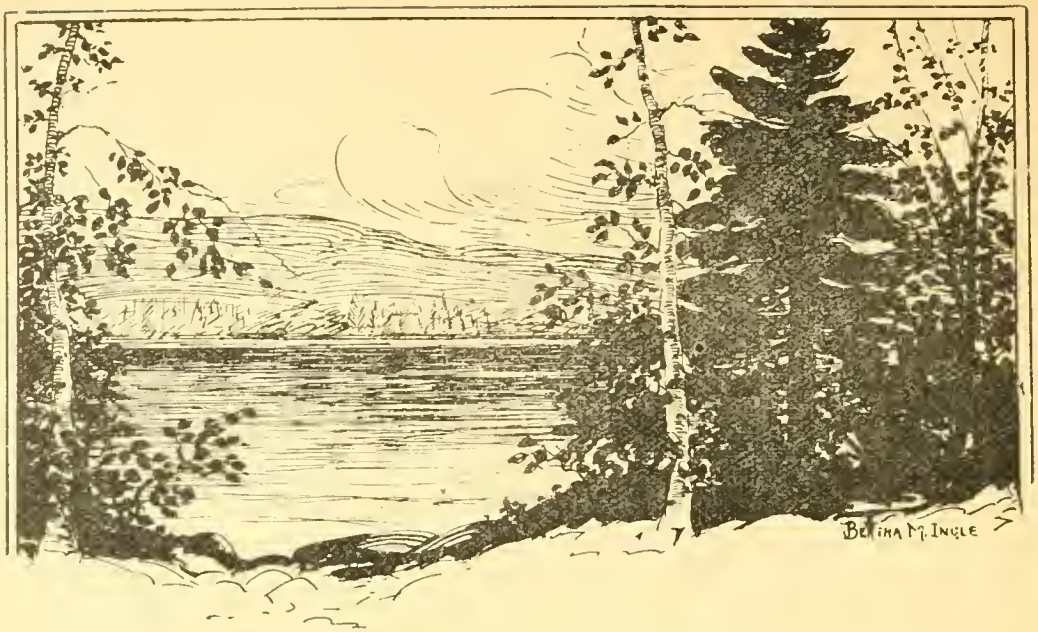
Sweet is the lilt of the linnet,
When the morning's chill mists have gone;
But my lark's aloft the minute
He feels the first thrill of the dawn.

He sings thro' the boom of battle—
When we swap our shells with the Huns—
Unsilenced by smoke, or rattle,
Or roar of reverberate guns.

I hold my heart-door wide open
To robin and linnet and lark;
But I hail my brightest hope when
My nightingale sings in the dark.

Thank God for the heart'ning message
Of songsters that sing thro' the rain,
The roar and the dark, with presage
Of Peace—after Viet'ry—again!

—J. D. Freeman, '90.



THE MOUNTAIN LAKE.

There is a lake among the northern hills whose situation is away from the common road of men and whose acquaintance awakens an affection which cannot easily be suppressed. For from the day I first visited its shores it keeps beckoning me back to its side—a beckoning which becomes more imperative as the days go by.

If you should ask anyone the road to the lake it is altogether likely he would say, "You turn off at the corner and go straight up the mountain." But straight is hardly the term to use in describing any woodland road. This road is anything but straight, and who would have it so? Rather it winds and doubles on itself, leads over barren rock and often runs under bushes, demanding almost a trapper's instinct to follow. For many a rod the only indication of a path is the scratches left by the teams as they have bumped the sleighs over the bare rock when hauling ice from the lake during the winter. Up through a patch of raspberry canes and Scotch caps it takes you, over a large pine log splintered and torn by a hungry bear looking for ants. Up over the rocks it leads again and you wonder if you have not gone astray when there on the right is the frame work of saplings where "Grandpa Keatley" trapped two bears the previous spring. On again and still up, through a corridor of slender black spruce

whose branches have been drooped by the weight of succeeding winter's snow. There, too, is the Night Hawk's nest on the rocks in the clump of jack pine—which by the way isn't a Hawk at all but a Swift. The mother bird comes flopping about looking very much like a toad and endeavoring to lead you from the path which runs by her precious secret. Suddenly there is a rush of fern scents, the fronds become waste high and through the trees beyond, the quiet water of the lake is seen.

How calm the water lies and seems to be even a deeper blue than usual thrust much nearer the sky by the mountains. No inlet, no outlet, yet clear and cool as the breath of night. The epitome of peace!

Birch grow close to the water's edge bending and touching the surface like a great protecting eyelash. And in the blue deeps of the water one looks as into the eye of the mountain, the soul of the wild.

On the floor of the lake marks of wild life are so distinct that one feels he has been fooled in some magical way and that the impressions have been made while gazing, so clear cut and fresh they are.

Going around the shore of the lake my way led through thickly growing trees. Suddenly a flutter from above covered my head and shoulders with snow-white petals of the Mountain Ash, which coming so suddenly seemed to say, "You didn't expect to find me here: See how prettily I have stopped you!"

Water lilies yellow and white float on its surface. Buckbean and other aquatic plants are there. Pitcher plants grow at one marshy end and rare liverworts and mosses together with Lady Tresses grow nearby. Sturdy little ferns (polypodium) cling to the perpendicular rock, sturdy because they have the rock in them. Back from the water the ground is covered with blueberry bushes interspersed with wild roses and Canadian lilies—those gorgeous children of the sun.

But one's eyes keep turning continually towards the lake. Lying alone there so high up the mountain side, protected by the close-growing forest, calm and beautiful in its restfulness, it is the soul of the scene.

And now though the mountain lake is far away, though I know its surface is covered with snow, though the birches still bend—now in nakedness—around its rim and the evergreens fill up the gaping patches of white; still I close my eyes and in memory see it decked in all the beauty of its summer garb; see the blue of its surface reflecting back the blue of heaven, inhale the soft air of the water scented breeze, live again the joy of my many summer visits. And in these reveries the incessant droning of the world becomes less distinct. Anxieties and cares fall away like the petals of a dying flower and there comes that peace which is experienced in communing with Nature. For even in contemplation of this mountain lake, I enter into the joy of the great out-of-doors and realize that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her; . . . . for she can so inform the mind that is within us, so impress with quietness and beauty, and so feed with lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues, rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men, nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all the dreary intercourse of daily life, shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb our cheerful faith, that all which we behold is full of blessings."

—R.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL JOHN McCRAE.

"We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields."

TO-DAY Lieut.-Col. John McCrae, the author of these lines, is numbered with the gallant dead of whom he wrote. He, too, lies silent in Flanders fields.

Probably few men in the present war have been loved more widely or won finer distinction. A skilful physician, the author of a leading work in medicine, formerly an editor of the University Magazine, the late Colonel McCrae represented the very flower of Canadian culture.

A distinguished Alumnus of the University of Toronto, where he developed his taste for literature under Professor Alexander, a post-graduate student under Osler at Johns Hopkins, and later a brilliant member of the staff of McGill University Medical School, Dr. McCrae was known to a wide circle of friends not only as a specialist with a great future in his profession but as a man of much native kindliness and deep feeling. "Major John McCrae, known and loved of everybody," was the

Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae.

way in which the pastor of his church read his name from the list at a great service in Montreal for the boys overseas in the grim winter of 1914-15. When Canada entered the war he was one of the first to volunteer. He felt pledged from the first, and it is significant of his character that none of his friends were surprised. "We all knew that McCrae would be one of the first to go."

In enrolling for overseas he entered a second time the service

of the empire, for he was among the loyal and adventurous young Canadians who made the long journey to South Africa to assist the Mother country in the Boer war. In the Boer war he served senior to Morrison, now General Morrison, with the guns, and strengthened a love for artillery honestly came by from his father, Colonel McCrae, of Guelph.

Going over with the artillery in the first contingent with General Morrison, he endured all the hardships and discomforts of Salisbury Plains. Reaching France for the spring drive as Major he served in the second battle of Ypres in the somewhat unique capacity of staff officer and medical officer. During these wearisome days when the body was worn out with undue strain, when the eye was shocked with gruesome sights of dead and dying, and the mind strangely burdened and depressed, this soldier-poet proved to us that the man of action may also be a thinker and a dreamer. About this time he gave us that wonderful little poem, "In Flanders Fields," the most quoted of all war poems, simple and clear in its language and thought, expressive of the deepest appreciation of the sacrifices made so cheerfully by his comrades and challenging the sons of the Empire, to seize and bear on to victory the falling Torch.

In Flanders fields, the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch, be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Later, Major McCrae took charge of the Medical Division of McGill University Hospital at Boulogne. While there he wrote the following poem which appeared in the London *Spectator*:

THE ANXIOUS DEAD.

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
  Above their heads the legions pressing on:
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear
  And died not knowing how the day had gone).

O flashing muzzles, pause, and let them see
  The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar;
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
  To them, and Caesar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
  That we have sworn and will not turn aside,
That we will onward till we win or fall
  That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
  They shall feel, earth wrapt in silence deep,
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
  And in content may turn them to their sleep.

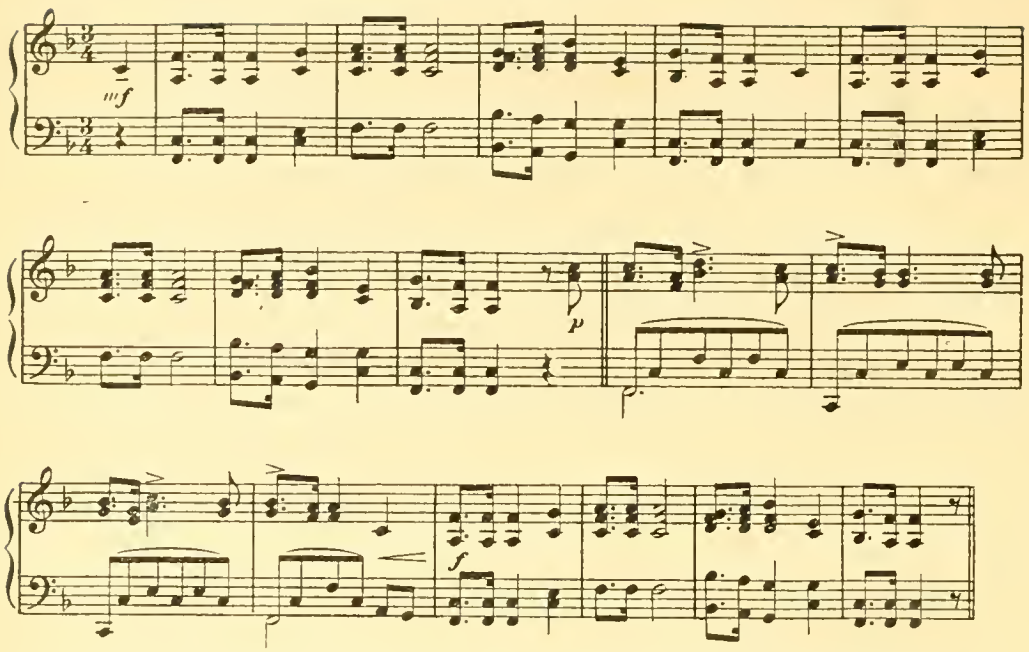
To the regret and loss of all amid the toils of the great war hospital where he had so often brought hope to the stricken soldier, he was himself laid low. His case proved to be complication of pneumonia and meningitis, and though attended with the very greatest care, under Sir Bertrand Dawson, he died very suddenly on January twenty-eighth.

Lieut.-Col. McCrae will always be remembered by the world at large as the author of "In Flanders Fields." To a narrower and more intimate circle he will be recalled as a man of rare charm, who "carried on" with unflinching faithfulness to the end, fond of his beautiful war-horse, Bonfire, of his dog, of all the life and beauty of out-of-doors, and of the lark, which still bravely sings in the sky in Flanders fields.

It is greatly to be hoped that his fine diaries of the war which he carefully kept day by day will be published, along with his poems and an adequate sketch of his career.

—B.M.R.

TRINITY COLLEGE SONG.



The song consists of four stanzas, three in Greek and one in Latin, and a chorus which is indented. Published by courtesy of Trinity College, Toronto.

Μετ' Ἀγῶνα

Ὁρμαώμεθ', ἀδελφοί,
εἰς ἀγῶνα δεινόν,
παντελῶς δυνάμενοι
νικᾶν πάντα ἔχθρον.

μετ' αγῶνα στέφανος
μέλος καὶ σημεῖον
αἰρώμεθ ἐς τὸ τέλος
ἡμῖν κῦδος φαιδρόν.

Ἀχιλλεὺς ὁ ποδάρκης
ὁ Αρης τε θεῶν,
Κρονίων καὶ Ἡρακλῆς
ἠσσάοινθ' ὑφ' ἡμῶν.

χαίρομεν γηθοσύνῃ
κλέοντες καὶ ὕμνῳ
ψάλλομεν Σίμωνά τε
Ἰούδαν τε δίω.

Nimium cervisii
Ebriat tirones
Non oportet fieri
Vappas nebulones.

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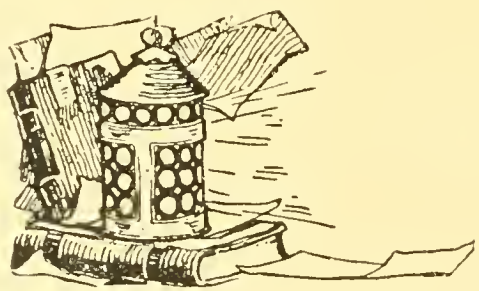
Editorial Notes

We come to you again, patient reader, with another innovation. The Midwinter number of THE MONTHLY makes its bow. We believe it is timely and indeed very fitting when we remember the unbroken weeks of clean snow and cold weather it has been our privilege to enjoy. We like the snow! We like the cold! They are our heritage and have become so much a part of our life that we feel almost that we are responsible for the making of this season's beauty. Winter in Canada! The two go together. And what scenes and sounds the words call forth: snow covered roofs and towers of our sister colleges seen in the grey distance;

wide spaces of white between the trees in the park; friendly beech close under our roof covered with winter's dress; marks of our neighbor the black squirrel, left on the drift near the boundary fence; sound of skaters moving to the rhythm of music, now loud, now almost inaudible as the gusts of wind carry the strains intermittently up to our window; weird medleys from passing sleighing parties and trails left by snow shoes down a wooded moonlit hill—record of merry voices. Winter in Canada, we hail thee!

Thi$ article wa$ the la$t article in thi$ i$$ue to be $et up, and ju$t a$ the type$etter attacked it he broke the matri$ for a certain letter. It i$ not ea$y to $peeify it, but we may $ay that it $tand$ between r and t in the alphabet. He found an extra $, however, $o he $upplied the mi$$ing letter by making thi$ ridiculou$ ubtitution. Plea$e excu$e thi$embarra$$ing $ituation. But what we $et out to $ay wa$ thi$: there are certain $mall nece$$itie$ which $ome of our ubcriber$ mu$t attend to if our i$$ue$ are to be $u$tained.



On Military Service.

Editor: Frank G. McCoy, '20.

"Yet in a treasury of such gems as these,
Which power and sovereignty and kingship fill
To the vast limit of the circling sun,
England, our Mother, in her heart holds still
As her most precious jewel, save only one,
The priceless pearl of peace,—
Peace plucked from out the very heart of war
Through the long agony of strenuous years,
Made pure by blood and sanctified by tears,
A pearl to lie where England's treasures are."

Capt. H. B. Moyle, '06, R.A.M.C., is in Canada, on furlough. Capt. Moyle has served one year among the troops in Mesopotamia and one year in Salonika. He hopes to obtain a transfer to the Canadian Medical Corps before returning to duty.

A. S. McGrath, '19, is training as a cadet in the R.F.C. at Camp Borden.

Bombardier R. E. Williams, '13, has been in France since 1915 with the C. F. A.

Flight Lieut. Fred Kemp, '16, R.F.C., has been requisitioned by the British Admiralty to do research work under Prof. McLennan of the Imperial Board of Scientific Research.

T. D. St. Dalmas, '13, who has been for several months instructor in the Vocational Training department of the Quebec District, has joined the R.F.C. and is now training in Toronto.

John F. Demaray, '17, enlisted with the Canadian Field Artillery and trained for a short time with the 79th Battery of Montreal. Early in January he transferred to the R.F.C. and is at present in the Aviation School of Toronto.

L. P. Newton, '18, spent the Christmas holidays in Scotland. He reports a pleasant and enjoyable trip while on leave. He has been in France with the P.P.C.L.I. since December, 1915, and and is now back on duty.

Flight Lieut. B. E. Gilbert, '16, R.F.C., who has been acting as an observer in France, has returned to England to qualify for a pilot's duties.

Spr. J. E. Bates, '16, has been awarded the Military Medal for keeping open the lines of communication during a heavy bombardment. Edgar went overseas with a draft of the Divisional Signal Company, and since going to France has been attached to an artillery unit.

Lieut. Stanley R. Wilkins, '18, has received the Military

W. K. ANDERSON, '14.
Accidentally Killed in England.

Cross for conspicuous bravery. The official details have not yet been received but he has been in several of the recent engagements, and on one occasion, all the other officers being incapacitated, he took command, and led his men to their objective with very few casualties.

Flight Lieut. Ronald M. Keirstead, son of Prof. E. M. Keirstead, of McMaster Univ., recently received the Distinguished Service Cross. He went overseas in August, 1916, with the Royal Naval Air Service.

Battery Sergeant-Major G. M. Philpott, '15, was recently mentioned in dispatches for service rendered at the front. He is now in an English Convalescent Hospital recovering from an attack of diphtheria, which he contracted in France. He expects to receive a commission before returning to active duty.

Lieut. A. N. Jenkes, former student, has arrived in Toronto, and has been placed upon the staff of the Royal Flying Corps of this city. Lieut. Jenkes went to France early in the war with a McGill Hospital unit. After several months in France he transferred to the R.F.C. and was for some time attached to the Home Defence wing, engaged in guarding the coasts of England.

Many letters in acknowledgment of the receipt of Christmas boxes have been received. One from R. Willcock, '12, dated December 20th, says: "To-day I received my McMaster parcel. It was very nice to be remembered by 'Old Mac.' The contents were very acceptable,—including a number of THE MONTHLY, which I had not seen for a long, long time. 'Bill' Waters is now in the same Battalion with me, so I passed the copy on to him. He came here about two weeks ago from England. There are no other 'Mac' men in this unit, but occasionally we have visitors from 'Alma Mater.' 'Bill' Cameron was here a few days ago, and not long ago I heard John MacNeill speak. Charlie Vining was in the P.P.C.L.I., but I have not seen him since Passchendaele."

Corp. W.S. McAlpine, '95, is in France with the Canadian Railway Troop.

LIEUTENANT W. K. ANDERSON.

The funeral of the late Lieut. W. Kay Anderson took place at his home in Lindsay on Saturday, February 2nd. A large number of friends from Toronto and Lindsay paid their last respects to this gallant young officer. As a student at McMaster, Kay made a fine record, graduating with first-class honors in his special work in Latin and Economics—a course he had chosen as preparatory to legal study. At the end of his first year at

Osgoode he enlisted in the 109th Batt. C.E.F., and when that unit was broken up in England, refused a staff appointment in order to qualify for active service. After the regular preliminary training he was attached to the Royal Flying Corps as an artillery observer, in which capacity he saw nearly seven months of service on the famous Somme front. His death was the result of a collision of airplanes at Harlaxton, near Grantham, while on leave in England to complete a pilot's course.

Loyalty, sincerity and hatred of all sham or hypocrisy were prominent traits in Kay Anderson's character. He had a keen sense of humor and a gift of repartee which was without bitterness. He took delight in out-door sports and in scenes of natural beauty, and frequently referred to his longing for a sight of the woods and lakes of our Canadian North. It seemed only fitting that borne to the grave by six brother officers and covered by the folds of the flag he had defended, he should be laid to rest beneath the pines of his native country.

As an alumnus of McMaster, Kay was a strong supporter of his Alma Mater, and often expressed appreciation of all that his college life had meant to him in both intellectual and spiritual affairs. He constantly strove to live up to the best expectation of his parents and his friends. In this he was more than successful, and those who knew him best feel that though his span of life was limited to twenty-five years, it was indeed well and nobly spent.

"And in small compass life may perfect be."

—*G.H.C.*

George Herbert Clarke, '95, Professor of English in the University of Tennessee, spent last year in war service. He expected to be in Red Cross work, and took his training for that service, but as no opening developed he turned into other directions and was for some months an editor in the War Trade Intelligence Department, and afterwards a member of the Publicity Department of the Government. He found many teachers of English and Scottish Universities on these staffs. In connection with his work he reports interesting visits to the western front, to part of the battle cruiser squadron, to training camps, prison camps, munition works, etc. Dr. Clarke is now back at his work in Tennessee. He is a loyal son of McMaster, and sends cordial greetings to his Alma Mater. It will be recalled that Professor Clarke is the author of a pamphlet on "Why the United States Entered the War," which was recently circulated by the Dominion Government.

College News

Around the Hall

Editor: Harold W. Lang, '19.

Look! the massy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
That glimmer with an amethystine light.

—*Bryant.*

Such was the sight which greeted our eyes some few mornings ago; one of the most beautiful winter scenes it has ever been our pleasure to witness. During the night there had been a slight thaw together with a cold rain. Soon after, the frost had performed its secret ministry, and there was the result. Each tree looked as though it had been dipped in a molten silver. From the tiniest twig to the largest trunk, all were enclosed in a transparent film of ice. As we gazed in admiration, the sun peeped out from behind a cloud and the beauty of the picture increased ten-fold. A breath of air disturbed the branches, and the golden sunlight reflected by the waving ice, darted hither and thither in glorious confusion. Pillars of pearl, crystal spires and gleaming columns, radiant in the sun, almost dazzled us with their splendor. Here was Nature's skill at its highest.

Winter seems to be the season which is best adapted to Nature' art. She has such useful tools in the sleet, the snow, the frost and the ice, that she can produce scenes and spectacles of marvellous beauty. Her equipment is at its best; and the sudden and surprising results of her work are well-known and dear to each of us. Who, for instance, has not wondered at the profusion of patterns on a frosted window? Then,

> "Nature with busy pencil draws designs
> Of ferns and blossoms and fine spray of pines,
> Oak-leaf and acorn and fantastic vines,
> Which she will make when summer comes again—
> Quaint arabesques in argent, flat and cold,
> Like curious Chinese etchings."

A Theologue, after reading the usual long Monday letter, was heard to exclaim: "My, but she's a Queen! This certainly has been the best summer I ever put in!"

Open "Lit."

The first meeting of the Literary Society for the new year, took the rather novel form of a skating party. On the evening of Friday, January 18th, quite a number of the students gathered in Castle Memorial Hall at seven-thirty. Band cards were filled, after which the company proceeded to Varsity Rink. Here, about two very pleasant hours were spent, the keen ice and equally keen atmosphere adding to the zest of the occasion. Then, all returned to McMaster Hall to find a remarkable transformation in the appearance of the Chapel. Vice-President Hinman, with his gang of scene-shifters, had set up a number of small tables and placed thereon sundry utensils and commodities, dear to the heart of the hungry "homo." After every lad had found his lassie, hot tomato soup, cake and coffee were served to the eager guests, until all available supplies were exhausted. Then, when the President had sprung his little surprise, thereby dashing the hopes of certain youths with regard to the remainder of the evening's revels, the merry gathering dispersed in the direction of the four winds.

A reporter drops into the editor's room with copy. Making his way around and about three stacks of books, four piles of magazines and several boxes of letters and papers, and seating himself gingerly on the corner of a chair, he remarks: "Our chief certainly is literary."

Second reporter: "Yes, he just naturally litters things all over his room."

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long thin hair was white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye.
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue long ago.
—*George Arnold.*

The storm and stress of another examination period having passed into history, a very marked reaction seems to have made its appearance in the life around the Hall. The number of parties, which it is our painful duty to record, would appear to indicate that all and sundry gave reckless indulgence to the cravings of the social instincts, during the latter days of last month. Space prevents us from doing justice to these various forms of dissipation, but we shall endeavor to set down the main facts of a few. The character and degree of revelry appears to have varied according to the age and dignity of those participating. The lower years gave vent to their energies in a series of rather plebeian amusements, alleged to have been sleighing parties.

Parties

For example, the first sleigh drive of Year '21 took place on the evening of January 17th, the President and Vice-President of Year '18 acting as chaperons. The class met at the home of their Vice-President, Miss Helen Gilmour, whence they were driven by speedy Arabian steeds into the country. Save for the indisposition of the horses to pull the Freshies up hills, which necessitated their climbing these Alpine steeps on foot, the drive was devoid of unhappy incident. Upon returning to the home of their hostess, and partaking of substantial alimental delights, the evening was passed enjoyably in games and music. At a late hour the various groups separated, each going on his way rejoicing.

The same evening saw the members of Year '20 on pleasure bent. It was a perfectly glorious night; and there was the sleigh, twenty-eight joyous Sophomores, perfectly capable chaperones in the persons of a staid (?) Senior and an equally staid Seniorette,—and the moon. The latter is the only reliable authority upon what happened between the party's departure from the home of L. C. Kitchen and their arrival at the Regent Inn, a couple of hours later.

Likewise did the Juniors begin well the New Year's series of social events by means of a sleighing party, on the evening

of January 15th. The merry band set out from the home of Miss M. S. Clark; and not even the frosty atmosphere hindered their plans for a good time. The party finally repaired to the home of Miss Wilkins, where much-appreciated refreshments were served and a social time was spent. Songs and yells brought the successful outing to a close.

Even the graduates were infected with the spirit of merriment. But their tastes were revealed to be of a much more aristocratic nature. For about nineteen members of Year '17 sat down to a most enjoyable dinner at the Brown Betty Tea Rooms, on the evening of January 26th. A delightful reunion was held among those present, while several of the class conveyed by letter their regret at being unavoidably absent. The remainder of the evening was very pleasantly spent at Massey Hall.

Of course the Theologues would have none of pleasures so worldly. Nevertheless, several long lanky "logues" and a few short pudgy "logues," with their friends—about a score—all told—assembled on the evening of January 17th to enjoy the kind hospitality of their host and hostess, Professor and Mrs. Matthews. Needless to say, a very delightful time was had.

Fyfe Day

The first Fyfe Day meeting of the new term was held on the morning of Thursday, January 24th. Professor Findlay and Miss M. S. Clark, of Year '19, who represented the University at the Students' Conference held at Northfield, Massachusetts, during the first week of January, delivered very interesting talks on the impressions received there. Both delegates were quite enthusiastic and reported the conference sessions to have been very profitable indeed. We were also very fortunate in having at the meeting Mr. David R. Porter, Secretary of the Council of North American Student Movements. In his address Mr. Porter applied the main points brought out by the previous speakers, to student life in its relation to the present world situation. He strongly advocated a thorough study of the life of Jesus Christ with the purpose of ascertaining who He was and is, His program for the world, and our place in this plan. The various addresses evoked considerable discussion, both professors and students participating in the same.

First member of THE MONTHLY Board: "Here's a copy of the October number returned for better direction. Where is this chap, anyhow?"

Second ditto: "I don't know, I'm sure. He's dead."

Debates

Two more very interesting debates in the inter-year series were held on the evenings of January 25th and February 1st. The subject of the first of these was, "Resolved that the policy of protection is to be desired rather than the policy of free trade for industrial, social and economic prosperity." The affirmative was upheld by C. G. Teeter and F. M. Froom, of Year '19, and the negative by W. A. Lawrence and F. C. Hartley, of Year '18. The debate was well contested, the judges finally giving their decision in favor of the affirmative.

The Sophomores and Theologues were opponents over the subject, "Resolved that the City of Toronto should place a heavy income tax on all its unmarried men, to help meet the expenses of the Patriotic Fund." H. S. Hillyer, '20, and L. C. Kitchen, '20, supported the affirmative side of this question, while H. O. Eastman, Theo., and C. E. Dougan, Theo., championed the negative. All the speeches were very interesting. But the Theologues must have placed too much faith in the inspiration of the Ontario Statutes. For the judges awarded the debate to the "Sophs." Consequently, the poor Toronto bachelor will have an additional price on his head from now on.

Banquet

A very pleasing event took place on the evening of Thursday, January 31st, in the form of a banquet in honor of our returned soldiers. Dinner was served at half-past six o'clock in the dining-room of McMaster Hall, to the Faculty and members of the Men's Student Body. The guests present were E. W. Pyke, '19, F. G. McCoy, '20, H. N. Stephens, '20, J. G. Johnston, '21, and W. S. Watson, Theo. After al had regaled themselves on "Daddy's" feast of good things, music and speeches were the order of the evening. The High Kakiak, as toastmaster, proposed the toast to the King. Chancellor McCrimmon welcomed the guests in the toast to Our Returned Soldiers. This was very ably responded to by Frank G. McCoy, '20. A selection by the Quartet followed, after which H. S. Hillyer '20, proposed the toast to McMaster Overseas. Professor Gilmour, while deploring his inability to suitably represent the men at the front, responded very appropriately. E. T. Newton, B.A., then gave a vocal solo, and Henry C. Packham, chaplain on pension of the Nip and Tuck, delivered a short address in his usual clever and happy manner. Our Alma Mater, proposed by H. E. Wintermute, '19, and responded to by Dr. D. A. MacGibbon, was the last item on the program. "Thy Praises, McMaster" concluded a most enjoyable evening.

CUTTERS STUCK IN THE SNOW.

Women's Department

Editor: Miss Grace Taylor, '18.

"Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste that burries wide
The works of man."

The winter which we in the north country enjoy is surely a glorious part of our peculiar heritage. There was a time when Canadians were not so proud of the severity of their winter weather. Since then however we have learned how to enjoy this season of the year, and to-day we would have all other countries envying us for our good fortune.

Of all the pleasures which Nature can afford us, there is none more exhilarating than that which we may feel on a sharp, frosty morning. The frost enters into every phase of Nature and modifies it accordingly. Such a morning has been fittingly described in these lines:—"Frost pricked the taste to each breath. Endless reaches of frost were all that met the sight. Frost crackling the only sound. Frost in one's throat like a drink of water, and the tingling of frost in the blood with a leap that was fulness of life."

A meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held on January 18th. The President told us about the Bible Study Classes that are to be carried on this term. The Y. W. C. A. feels itself to be very fortunate in securing Dr. Keirstead as the normal leader for these classes. **Y.W.C.A.**

The main feature of the afternoon was a report of the Northfield Missionary Conference. This was given by Miss Mabel Clarke, '19, who brought back to us the message and spirit of the conference with exceptional vividness and enthusiasm. After hearing this account, we all felt that we did wisely when we appointed Mabel as our delegate to this conference.

A most helpful meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held on Friday, February 1st, in Castle Memorial Hall. The devotional exercises opened the meeting, after which Miss Margaret Eaton sang a beautiful sacred song. The President then called upon the speaker, who was no outsider, but one of our own—namely, Miss Evelyn Smith. Miss Smith spoke to us on the life of Mr. John E. Davis. Some very interesting stories of his life when a little boy and also while in India were told us, revealing the great zeal and the exceptional ability of the man. Though he spent comparatively few years in India before he was stricken with the fatal disease of leprosy, these years were crowded with service for God and for humanity.

It would seem to the casual observer that this life was a great tragedy, but in reality it was a glorious triumph. Despite all his trials Mr. Davis' faith in God remained firm as a rock.

Heard at the Lit. Skating Party.—"Will you skate this intermission Miss X——? I've fallen twice already this evening."

January 25th. The meeting to-day took the form of a mock parliament in which the members of the first and the third years formed the government, and those of the second and fourth, the opposition. Speaker Mimms read the fifteen articles of the bill, and despite vigorous resistance, eight of these were passed. The most important of these were: **W.L.S.**

(1) Light refreshments should be served in the chapel every Friday evening after Lit.

(2) The Theologs should confine their attentions to members of any year, rather than to the Sophomore year.

(3) The freshettes should be given the privilege of mending some of the tattered gowns which are seen to float around the corridors.

(4) For the remainder of the term, no Sophomore should be allowed to pay attentions to any Sophette.

From articles 2 and 4, it will be seen that the government thinks the Sophettes need to pay more attention to their work.

Professor (in a third year Latin lecture).—"Senex—senior —What could be used instead of 'senior'?" And the answer come promptly "innior."

On Friday, February 8th, the annual oratorical contest took place. The representative from Year '18, was Miss Evelyn Smith, who spoke on "Superstition." Miss Etta Brooks, of '19, gave an exceedingly interesting talk on "Canada's Problem of her Disabled Soldiers." Year '20 was represented by Miss Evelyn Dempsey, who gave a sketch of the life and work of Pauline Johnson. Finally, Miss Evelyn Cain, of '21, orated to us eloquently on the pleasures and the possibilities of "Youth." The appropriateness of this subject together with the excellent delivery of the speaker won the approbation of all of us, including the judges. The freshies were so excited when they heard the decision of the judge that they could hardly give their yell.

We feel that Year '21 is to be highly congratulated on the ability shown by their orator.

German Professor.—"Fräulein, wo gingen Sie gestern auf Bloor Strasse?"

Student (flustered).—"Was? I don't—oh—je ne sais pas."

Hockey

The McMaster girls' hockey team is trying its strength against all the ladies' hockey teams it can find. On January 22nd, we played against St. Hilda's. After a while we lost count of the score. It was just as well, because we would not like to print it.

On January 26th, we played against the girls from University College. The score was 6 to 1 in favor of our opponents. The last time we played against University College the score was 6-0, so we feel that there has been a slight improvement.

Athletics

IN preparation for the Jennings Cup series in which McMaster was entered in Group II, the hockey team arranged a game with O.A.C. at Guelph on the 18th of January. The University was represented by the team which played, Manager Smith who refereed, Vice Pres. Sinclair, of Athletic Association, who was goal umpire, and the Athletic Editor, who was timekeeper, Rooters' Club and reporter, etc. With regard to the game the least said soonest mended. We must say that our hopes were raised to the skies when Froom went through the whole outfit and by pretty stick-handling scored the first goal. The McMaster Rooters' Club (?) nearly raised the roof. In fact we shouted "Boom on Mac" at the top of our lusty editorial voice, but alas! that was the only chance we got to "cut loose" with cheers. Matthews, in goal, stopped shots galore. In the second period he had twenty-three shots, "dead on," of which some slipped through. The story of the last two periods with the final result have been deleted by the censor. But nevertheless, a good time was spent by all, especially at Manager Smith's home after the game.

On Monday, January 21st, the team played the School of Science in the first league fixture and opened the series with a good brand of hockey. The contest was close throughout. During the first two periods "Mac" forwards, Pearce, Dingle and Hodges, made some splendid rushes. Poor combination and team work accounted for failure in scoring. In the third frame S.P.S. took the offensive and "Mac" the defence. Mallory and Jamieson checked well, but with only ten seconds to go "School" notched the only goal on Matthews, who had played a good game.

On Saturday, January 26th, we "hooked up" with "St. Mikes." In the first period there was no score. In the second period each team got one, and in the third frame "St. Mikes" got away for three goals to "Mac's" one. "Mac" team showed up well but could not last the full game. The line-up was: Goal, Matthews; defence, Mallory and Froom; forwards, Hodges, Dingle and Pearce.

Forestry were opponents in the third game on January 30th, Forestry having replaced Trinity who retired. As a consequence of their recent entry they proved easy for McMaster, who defeated them 11-1. That score sounds familiar to us. Oh! we remember,—but we weren't going to tell because "Mac" had the one the last time and besides it was supposed to be under the

censor's ban. There was considerable loose playing on both sides, but the "Mac" boys showed more speed and better shooting than their opponents. Pearce, Dingle and Froom did most of the scoring. Froom played defence with Mallory, Jamieson being out of the game on account of an injury to his ankle. Matthews was not at all overworked in goal.

The next game was also against Forestry on February 2nd. "Mac" line-up was somewhat of an experiment, Froom, Matthews and Hodges being absent. Jamieson went into the goal in the first period. Pearce and Mallory played defence, with Sinclair, Dingle and Beatty forwards. Forestry had the advantage at the end of first period 2 to 1, and then the shift came. Sinclair went into the nets. Jamieson moved out to defence. Pearce went forward and Smart replaced Beatty. This looked more like the regular team, and they worked better. "Mac" went ahead by one goal this period and by one more in the curtain period. Dingle was the star, getting three of the five goals, Pearce and Mallory each getting one of the others.

The second time these teams met on February 4th, the result was the same as previously. The answer still seems to be "not enough combination and team work." The line-up was: Matthews, Mallory and Jamieson, Pearce, Dingle and Sinclair.

The final game of the series with St. Michaels was played February 8th. "Mac" ran in three goals to one in first period. "St. Mikes" pulled up one more in the second period, but Jamieson had invisible boards across the net in the last period. He stopped them all, and so "Mac" finished the league in second place. S.P.S. won the group and go on to the semi-finals, while we turn our attention to inter-year games where the rivalry seems much more intense, particularly between the "Sophs" and the "Freshies." The Frosh think they have the advantage in the nets, but after the last game the "Sophs" think that in Jamieson they have the goaltender.

We shall see what we shall see.

Our Graduates

Editor: E. J. Bengough, '03.

AGAIN a large amount of news concerning alumni has come to the editor's desk. To all those who have co-operated by sending in items of information, he extends his thanks. News notes are the vital breath of this department; in their absence the editor occasionally expresses himself along some lines more or less pertinent, but this month he will refrain and let the reader at once enjoy the varied array spread out below.

'90.—Rev. J. D. Freeman, of Leicester, Eng., (D.D., '14), has published a book entitled "The Edge of the Age." No copy has yet reached Canada, but the book is most favorably reviewed in the *Times* Literary Supplement.

'95.—Professor George Herbert Clarke, of the University of Tennessee, has published an anthology entitled "A Treasury of War Poetry."

'96.—Rev. C. A. Eaton has been given leave of absence by his church to enable him to take the Chairmanship of the National Service Department of the U. S. Navy. His work consists largely in patriotic appeals to keep up the efficiency of labor in the shipbuilding yards. Dr. Eaton's eldest daughter is leaving for overseas shortly to enter canteen work.

'96.—It is reported that Capt. John MacNeill, pastor of Walmer Road Baptist Church, who has been overseas with the Y.M.C.A. for a year and a half, is returning to Canada in March to take up some new Y.M.C.A. work, the character of which has not been announced. It will be remembered that some time ago Capt. MacNeill was reported to have received the Military Cross; as there were two John MacNeills from Toronto, it was a matter of debate as to whether the cross belonged to John the Baptist or John the Evangelist. It now transpires that it was an Englishman of the same name who received the medal.

'00.—Mrs. H. N. MacKechnie (Nellie Cohoon) is now living at 7217 Merrill Ave., Chicago, and was one of our "American" graduates responding generously to the Alumnae Christmas Box Fund.

'02.—H. S. Arkell's portrait appeared recently in the Toronto press in connection with his address to the stock breeders' meetings. Professor Arkell is Live Stock Commissioner for Canada.

'02.—Rev. Alex. Torrie, one of the two evangelists of the

Home Mission Board, now has a permanent address at 489 Manning Ave., Toronto.

'03.—Miss Annie MacNeill is on the staff of Denison University, Granville, Ohio.

'03.—E. J. Zavitz, Provincial Forester for Ontario, has been doing some good work in the matter of fire protection, having divided the various forest reserves into districts with lookout towers and telephone communication. Fire boats have been established on Lake Nipigon and fire motors are on duty on the railway lines. An editorial in the Toronto *Globe* spoke highly of Prof. Zavitz' work for the Province.

'04.—Rev. C. R. Jones, who for some time has been Associate Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Pontiac, Mich., has become pastor of the Baptist Church in St. Clair, Mich.

'06.—Rev. A. A. Cameron, who received the degree D.D. in '06, is spending the winter in Los Angeles, his address being the Murray Apartments, 1026 Orange St.

'08.—Another McMaster woman to take her place as a leader in the work of the Ontario Baptist women is Mrs. R. J. Marshall (Blanche Edy), who has been made Superintendent for the Mission Bands for Ontario west.

'08.—Miss Marie Harris is teaching English and History in the London Technical School.

'08.—Dr. F. W. Weston is a demonstrator at the University of Toronto, besides carrying on his regular medical practice at 137 Avenue Road.

'09.—J. C. Doherty is now Science Master in the St. Catharines Collegiate. Mrs. Doherty (Grace Stone, '06), is Director of the Women's Mission Circles for the County, under appointment by the Women's Mission Board of Ontario West.

'09.—Mrs. Gordon Jury (Elsie R. MacLaurin), is living with Mr. Jury's parents in Bowmanville, while he is overseas.

'09.—Rev. Thomas Wearing, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Woodstock, received the degree of Ph.D. (cum laude) at the Christmas Convocation of the University of Chicago.

'09.—Miss Emma Kennedy is with the Imperial Publishing Co., Confederation Life Building, Toronto. During the past summer she took a trip to the West, visiting the Peace River district, in the interests of this company.

'09.—We regret to record the death of Miss Hope Aileen Gray, who passed away February 4th, at St. Paul, Minn. She had been visiting a specialist in reference to her health, and was on her way with her father to her home in the West when she

was stricken. The funeral was held in Eden, Ont., on February 7th. Miss Gray was highly esteemed by all her University and other friends, and had rendered valuable service to the institution as a member of the staff of Moulton College.

'10.—Miss Annie Fraser is teaching at Winchester, Ont.

'11.—Miss Mayme Montgomery is Art Teacher in the Lindsay Collegiate Institute.

'11.—C. S. Robertson, who has been for some time with the ver Mehr Engineering Co., of Toronto, has an appointment with the aeroplane inspection department of the Imperial Munitions Board. He is located at one of the factories in West Toronto.

'12.—Rev. A. B. Vincent is now pastor of the Church at Hagersville, Ontario.

'12.—Miss Rebecca Stenhouse is teaching at Winchester, Ontario.

'12.—G. M. Duncombe has been practising law in Brandon, Man., for about a year, having moved there from Winnipeg

'13.—Miss M. M. McDonald is now temporary assistant librarian in the Legislative Library, in Regina, Sask.

'13.—Miss Jessie Kee is teaching in Wellwin, Sask.

'13.—Miss Annie F. Haynes was married on December 15th at her home in Cheltenham, to Mr. William T. Fraser. Rev. R. Segsworth, Theol. '09, officiating.

'13.—T. D. St. Dalmas is now with the R. F. C. training in Toronto. For the past couple of years he has been instructor in Quebec under the Military Hospitals Commission.

'13.—Alexander Haddow gave an interesting description in the *Canadian Baptist* of January 31st, of a trip from La Paz to Cochabamba, Bolivia. By the opening of a new railway this journey can now be made in two days, whereas it formerly consumed from four days to a week.

'14.—W. Wray Smith was married on Christmas Day to Miss Mason, of Waterford, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. E. R. Fitch, '05. Wray is on the staff of the Whitby High School; just before the Christmas vacation the McMaster colony met at the home of G. S. Johnson, '05, the Principal of the High School, and gave the prospective groom a woodshed shower.

'14.—Miss Nellie L. Macintosh is now Mrs. Ashton Mollard, and is living in Regina, Sask. They were married on New Year's Eve by the Rev. Dr. Milliken.

'14.—W. G. Spencer and K. H. Kingdon, with F. W. Kemp, '16, who have been overseas on military duty for some time, have been commandeered by the Admiralty and are working on Physical Research work at the University of Cambridge under Prof. McLennan, of Toronto University.

'15.—P. K. Hambly is now teaching commercial subjects at Whitby Military Hospital. Mr. Hambly enlisted some time ago for military duty, but, being unfit for service overseas, was attached to the staff of the hospital. Dr. R. W. Young, '07, is also attached to the staff of the hospital in the medical department.

'15.—Miss Alma Matthews was one of the fortunate few to secure a Specialist's certificate in Art last year, and is now teaching that subject in the Collegiate, Brantford, Ont.

'16.—P. G. Buck, who is completing his theologiel course at McMaster, is under appointment to proceed to Bolivia next autumn as a missionary.

'16.—R. A. Laing holds the fellowship in the University of Toronto which was established by the graduates of that University pursuing work in the University of Chicago

'17.—Miss Kate Hammond is teaching at Sault Ste. Marie.

'17.—Year '17 held a reunion on Saturday, January 26th. It was a most successful affair, there being nineteen members of the class present, half of the total. Some came from some distance to attend.

'17.—Miss Bessie Cooke and Miss Marion Grimshaw are now located at Trenton, Ont., with the British Chemical Co., Ltd.

The semi-annual meeting of the Alumnae Association was held on December 14th at the Diet Kitchen, West Bloor St., Toronto. The day was exceedingly stormy, so that the attendance was small and the speaker, Mrs. John Firstbrook, was unable to be present. Mrs. Firstbrook had very kindly consented to speak on her war experiences, and the Association was sorry not to have heard her. Mrs. Cranston gave a report on the Christmas Box Fund. Miss Lottie Tapscott '09, Vice-President, presided, as the President, Miss Craig, is now in India.

Here and There

Editor: Miss Muriel Brothers, '18.

"And he said, 'Fight on.'"

—*Tennyson.*

ON reading the publications of the various colleges, one is struck by the fact, that through all the mirth and merriment, there runs a vein of seriousness, an inner consciousness of the great sacrifices that are being made. We still skate, snowshoe, hold Lits. and have feeds. But we, who cannot be "over there," whose service seems rather to "stand and wait," do not forget that over in "No Man's Land," someone is dying that we may enjoy the fulness of life and that the world may enjoy it more abundantly.

The Collegian publishes among other war poems, the following:

WHY WE FIGHT.

These are but old truths that we fight about
  Dreams born in ancient night;
The race-old strife to bring the right about—
  That is for what we fight.

To save all that we have inherited
  All we have built by right;
And so win peace, if peace is merited—
  That is for what we fight.

To cleanse the earth of foul autocracy,
  Bring freedom, life and light;
To haste the day of true democracy—
  Oh, that is why we fight!

—*M. Robbins Lampson.*

In *Vox Wesleyana* appears an article on "Marching Men," a collection of twenty poems written by Miss Helen Coleman, of Toronto. The most forceful poem in the collection is entitled: "'Tis Not the Will That's Wanted."

Would God that mine were better luck
Than falls to the lot of woman
In these great days with the world ablaze
And Britain's face to the foeman;
In these great days when the hour has struck
Calling for every ounce of pluck
God help me not to curse my luck
That I was born a woman!

Oh for the stinging lash of the spray,
Green waves and wild commotion
The lowering fogs where grim sea-dogs
Stalk ever the Northern Ocean;
Watching by night, watching by day,
Ribbons of smoke in the offing grey
Holding the Hun and his hordes at bay.
Far in the wild North Ocean!

Oh, for the airman's sensuous flight,
The great wings climbing, curving,
To desperate deeds as earth recedes
One's tightened pulses nerving,
Over the hostile camps at night
Where red eyes gleam through the murky light,
A blow to strike for freedom's right
The God of freedom serving!

Or out on the tortured fields of France
Where hellish deeds are flaunted,
With face to the Rhine on the firing line
To stand with a heart, undaunted;
'Mid screaming shell and shrapnel dance
Unmoved by outer circumstance,
To serve one's turn and take one's chance—
'Tis not the will that's wanted.

The following poem by the same author refers to a scene in Toronto University:

CONVOCATION HALL

May 18, 1917.

They rose,
The honored and the grave
The reverend, the grey,
While one read out the names of those
Who, gallant, young and brave,
Upon the fields of battle gave
Their ardent lives away.

They rose to honor. Youth—
What honor could they give ?
What tribute shall we lay?
Who still in safety live?
Before the shrine of those who pay
The price of honor and of truth
Giving their lives away?

They rose in reverence, yea;
But those who lie
Far on the Flanders field to-day
Had not an answering word to say;
Their silence thundered their reply—
They gave their lives away.

We are pleased to notice that Brandon College has not forgotten Dr. MacGibbon. We quote the following, which appeared in an article in the Christmas number of the Brandon College *Quill*:

"Dr. MacGibbon was a strength to the college community, not only in his own particular department, but in many other ways. Particularly in inter-class, local, and inter-collegiate debates, he was the moving and directing force. . . . Brandon College wishes Dr. MacGibbon every success for the future."

THE END OF THE WAR.

Absolute knowledge I have none,
But my Aunt's washerwoman's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a laborer on the street,
That he had a letter last week,
Written in the finest Greek,
From a Chinese coolie in Timbucktoo
Who said the niggers in Cuba knew
Of a colored man in a Texas town
Who got it straight from a circus clown,
That a man in the Klondike heard the news
From a gang of South American Jews,
About somebody in Bamboo
Who heard a man who claimed he knew
Of a swell society female rake
Whose mother-in-law will undertake
To prove to her husband's sister's niece
That she has a son who has a friend
Who knows when the war is going to end.

—*Anonymous.*

Here is a poem of impossible concepts:

BALLAD OF BEDLAM.

Oh, lady, wake! The azure moon
  Is rippling in the verdant skies;
The owl is warbling his soft tune,
  Awaiting but thy snowy eyes.
The joys of future years are past,
  To-morrow's hopes have fled away;
Still let us love, and e'en at last
  We shall be happy yesterday.

The early beam of rosy light
  Drives off the ebon morn afar,
While through the murmur of the light
  The huntsman winds his mad guitar.
Then, lady, wake! my brigantine
  Pants, neighs and prances to be free;
Till the creation I am thine
  To some rich desert fly with me.

—*Anonymous.*

McMaster University

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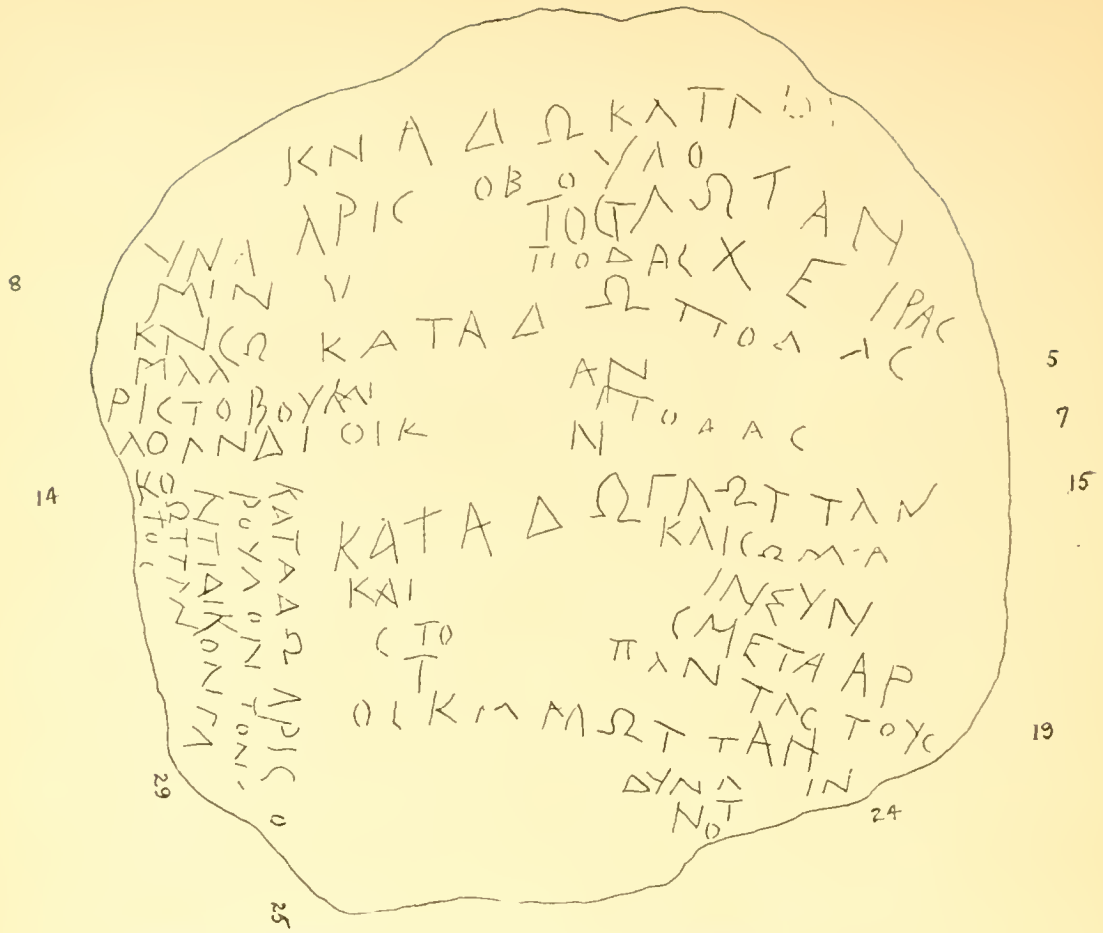
A FRAGMENT OF A LATIN CURSE-TABLET NOW IN THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

The
McMaster University Monthly

Vol. XXVII. MARCH, 1918 No. 6

THE IMPRECATION AS A PHASE OF ANCIENT LIFE.

THE most striking change of recent years in the methods of teaching the classies is the bestowal of special attention upon the smallest details of the lives and practices of the ancient Greeks and Romans. This does not mean, as some might be inclined to think, that the literature is slighted in any degree; on the contrary, the new method ensures a greater and more general appreciation of the literature, inasmuch as it provides a background which heretofore has been visible to only a few scholars. The reason for this may perhaps be clearer if we employ an illustration from our own times and experience. Suppose a modern Athenian of average intelligence and education who had never visited America were to essay to read "The Leatherwood God" of William Dean Howells, and "The Sky Pilot" of Ralph Connor, both of which works depend for their interest upon the knowledge of certain conditions and habits of thought peculiar to the northern part of our continent. Our Athenian, used as he is to the domination of a single national church and to its practices, would find himself so bewildered amid a host of unexplained allusions that the stories would be absolutely meaningless to him. It would be impossible for him to understand a civilization characterized by the existence of a horde of sects, by the unbridled expression of religious opinion and belief, and by ecclesiastical rituals without shrines, candles and ikons. But if, on the other hand, some kind friend from America were so to guide his reading as to enlighten him concerning religious condi-



GREEK CURSE-TABLET IN THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM OF ARCHAEOLOGY.

tions among us, these works would then appear to him as spiritually significant and as graphic portrayals of certain phases of North American life.

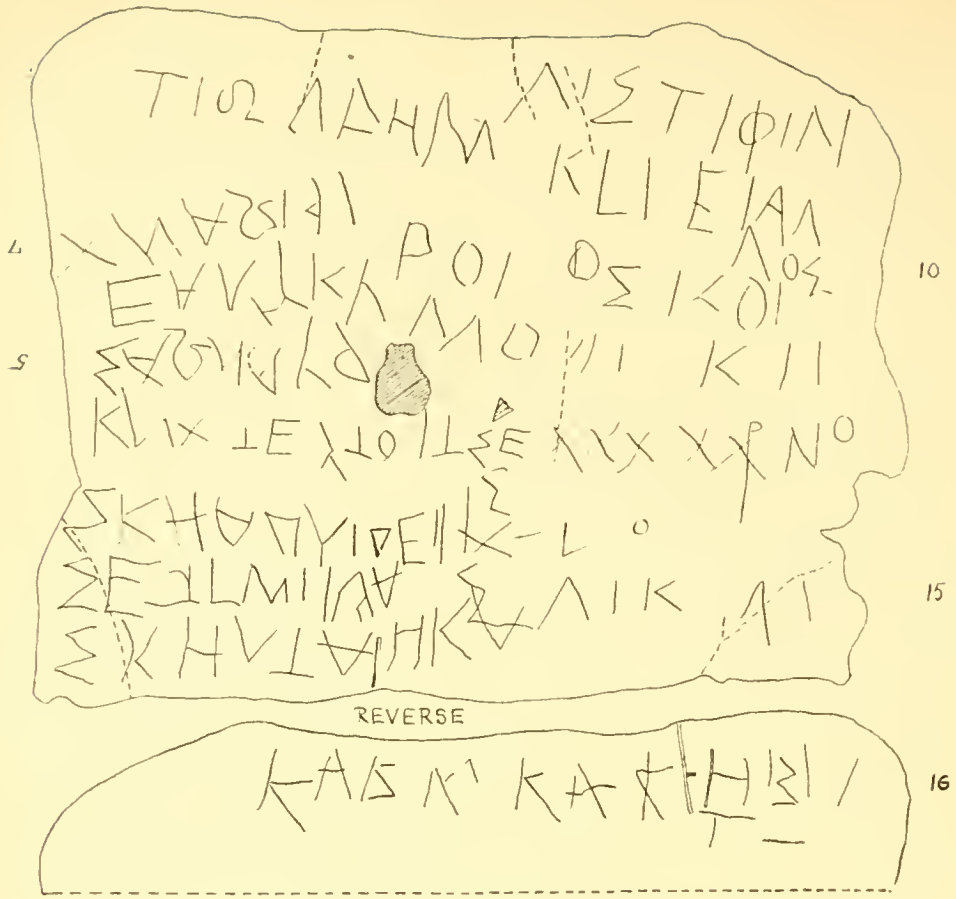
Now let us reverse the illustration. For many years university classes have been reading the great literature of Ancient Greece, and those students who have given any real thought at all to the matter have felt that, although they gained much of worth from their reading, they yet failed to touch a vital something which would have added to the reality of the life depicted in the works perused. Now these students are right, for something—in Bergsonian phrase, an *élan vital*—actually has been lacking; and, to make a long story short, it has been the very same sort of thing which our hypothetical modern Athenian would miss in the American fiction to which we have referred. For, of course, Herodotus, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Lucian and all the other Greek writers took it for granted that their readers were thor-

oughly posted in most of the practices of their respective eras.

Of all the multifarious beliefs peculiar to ancient times none was more commanding than the belief in the efficacy of magic in its numerous phases, and none of these phases was more commanding than the employment of the blessing and the curse. These two practices are logically complimentary to each other, and if one is explained the other is also explained by simply reversing the process of thought. At present we shall confine our attention to the curse, partly because malevolence attracts more attention to itself than does benevolence, and partly because we learn much more about it in the ancient records, for "the evil that men do lives after them."

The strength of the curse, as of the blessing, rests upon the primitive faith of men in the concrete reality of words, whether written or spoken, and upon the conviction that names are identical with the persons or objects for which they stand. That is, if your name is John, the word John is you; consequently, if your name as inscribed in a document is injured in any way, you yourself are at the same time injured. Similarly, to speak evil of your name, John, is to do evil to your person. From these examples one can easily see that an ancient could not summarily dismiss the question "What's in a name?" as idle and contemptuous. If a man called upon a god by his right name, the god was magically compelled, willy nilly, to heed the mortal's request, it was absolutely necessary, however, that the name invoked be the *right* one. In consequence of this potency attributed to names, in the most unenlightened communities the custom grew up of concealing one's real name and of giving out to the public only one's fictitious name, which because of its very nature was a useless weapon of offense in the hands of an enemy. Cities also observed this practice, and early in the Christian era the long existence and the supremacy of Rome were said to be due to the fact that her real name was not Roma, but as it were a *sobriquet*. The foes of Rome were therefore powerless to compass her overthrow by resorting to magic in the same manner in which Scipio with a curse-formula destroyed Carthage.

One can readily perceive what a deadly fear was engendered



GREEK CURSE-TABLET IN THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM OF ARCHAEOLOGY.

by the popular conviction that at any moment a curse, like a bolt from the blue, might be cast upon one by somebody whom one had crossed, piqued or injured, wittingly or unwittingly. Here is undoubtedly one of the greatest causes for the mutual suspicion which divided the citizens in ancient Greece and Rome, and which is still, among primitive peoples of the East, so strong a force for social disintegration. The secrecy and privacy of the act of cursing were the chief sources of this unsettling fear, and these were rendered necessary by several conditions. In the first place the person who was to suffer the visitation of wrath must not secure even the slightest hint of it in advance, lest he reply with a counter-curse, the effect of which would be not merely to neutralize the intended imprecation but perhaps also to outweigh it; so that when a balance would be struck in the countinghouse of the nether gods the evil would be on the head of the assailant rather than on that of the assailed—a neat case of the biter bit.

Again, the victim designated might have recourse to a sorcerer whose exorcisms would serve as a coat of mail to ward off the shafts of malice. Further, the law had severe penalties in store for those who sought by this foul and cowardly means to do injury to a fellow-citizen and to destroy property. This latter result, although not specifically included in the intentions of the curser, could not very well be avoided; for after the curses had been properly written upon some material, generally lead, they were dropped into a tomb through a hole which had been secretly drilled for that very purpose. Indeed, not rarely did a man when lying upon his deathbed have foresight enough to instruct his executors to inscribe a curse upon his sepulchre against those who might be tempted to use the abode of the dead as a letter-box in the postal service of the divinities of the lower world.

The harm that could be done through the curse was limited only by the capacity of a malicious imagination. All forms of disease, maiming, mutilation, disablement and deformation, and even death itself in a thousand and one horrible forms could be brought upon the object of one's spite. Moreover, the evil intent could be stretched so as to include the victim's family, flocks, crops, house, servants, friends, professional activities and what not, and to cover him with all manner of public disgrace and humiliation. The Roman Ovid, following the Greek Callimachus, shows us in that serious pleasantry of his, the Ibis, how far the pernicious device might be developed by a real genius. In this poem the author vents his spleen upon one who has overwhelmed him with ignominy, and for six or seven hundred lines he surrenders himself to a veritable carnival of hateful vituperation. The only redeeming features of the piece are that it is too extravagant to be anything else than a burlesque, and that the verses are in spots good poetry. Even the milder Horace allows himself to be shaken out of his stoical calm by the noisome person of a contemporary poet and to be driven to compose certain lines which, while wishing "bad cess" to the "oleaginous" creature, are at the same time good enough as literature to immortalize him. To the contemporaries of Ovid and Horace these poems must have been, in modern phrase, "screamingly funny," owing

to the vast incongruity between their literary finish and the grim earnestness of the ordinary formal curse.

But sometimes even these ordinary curses were spun out to a length which to us moderns, is equally ridiculous. A number of years ago there were found in the island of Cyprus, and, again, near the site of ancient Carthage, deposits of imprecations the text of which, inscribed upon leaden tablets, totalled several hundred lines. Only ten years ago there came to light in Rome a series of five tablets which had all been written upon by a single hand and been held together by a single transfixing nail. When the fragments of the lead had been pieced together and the writing upon them deciphered the formulae were found to consist of two hundred and forty-nine lines, each being of about the same length as an average hexameter. One of the illustrations which accompany this article shows the largest of the fragments. According to the indications of the handwriting and of the manner of spelling employed in several words, the tablets date from about 25 B.C. In their diabolical specificness the formulae remind one of the Ibis.

The Director of the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology has been so fortunate as to secure four Greek curse-tablets for his collection of classical antiquities. Two of these are still folded up on transfixing nails, and therefore cannot be deciphered. The other two, however, have been read. The text of one consists of a curse uttered by an unknown man against his opponents in a lawsuit in the hope that by these unforensic means he might be able to compass their defeat. The text of the remaining tablet is made up of a jumble of letters which probably represent the names of men or women purposely distorted so that they could not be read by any chance discoverer; the names were, however, legible to the gods, who, besides seeing everywhere, as Longfellow reminds us, also have the faculty of seeing "anyhow."

The later developments of the curse are interesting. The Roman church, so solicitous of popular beliefs, took it over with many other superstitions of the common people of the Mediterranean basin. The formulae served as a model for the decree of excommunication, the recital of which was given the Latin

name of *cursus*. From this came our English "curse." Of this order was the ban read by the cardinal of Rheims against the unknown thief who had taken his ring. What better proof of the power of the imprecation could there be than the figure of the poor little jackdaw limping in sorry feather before His Eminence. No one who has ever read Tristram Shandy can ever forget the long curse which was designed to despatch Obadiah to a nether limbo for all eternity. Then, too, we have daily reminders of this vicious practice wherever men gather together. All too quick to come to the tongue is that brief word which, if taken literally, as the ancients took it and its synonyms, condemns the soul of a man to everlasting destruction. When the expression is viewed in the light of its antecedents one gains a new vision of the persistency of evil in the human heart, and realizes with a shudder how short the distance which lies between ourselves and paganism.

W. Sherwood Fox, '00.

Western University, London, Ont.

THE LITTLE PATRIOT.

"BRITAIN transports troops to South Africa. War with Boers inevitable." The father read aloud the headlines of the daily paper.

"War!" the little Mother exclaimed, startled, and shrank away from the paper as if some invisible monster were lurking among its pages.

"War! What's that?" asked the small boy, shying his nearest block at the calm grey cat, while he climbed up on Daddy's knees to investigate matters at closer range.

The Father attempted an explanation.

"Well, when the people of one country get angry at the people of some other country and start to fight with them, and try to kill them, that's war—part of it," he added in an undertone.

"Oh yes! Jes' like when that big red-headed boy threw stones

an' things at the ragman's little boy, and he said he'd kill him if he could catch him and he jes' laughed.'' replied the youngster, blissfully regardless of pronominal distinctions. ''I see.'' And with his youthful ideas considerably replenished and invigorated he wriggled down to the floor to assist the cat in the process of washing her face.

The little Mother could not view the situation in such a matter-of-fact way. She had noticed a strange steely look in her husband's eyes whenever any mention was made of a possible conflict between the Mother Country and her foes; she frequently found him absorbed in thought, his hands clenched, his lips compressed into a thin red line. She thought of the brightly-polished sword which hung in its scabbard on the parlor wall, the sword which her husband's father had brought back blood-stained from the Crimea. She remembered some of the relics stored away in the small, old-fashioned trunk in the attic:—a little leather case containing the daguerreotype of a great uncle who had fought in the Indian Mutiny; a faded spotted uniform which had been worn many, many years ago by her husband's great-grandfather, one of England's trusty veterans at Waterloo; a newspaper, yellow with age, containing the news of the victory of Trafalgar, and near the bottom of the first page, underscored with ink, now brown, were the words, ''The Sea-Gull' was destroyed with practically all her crew.'' She remembered the first time she had seen that paper and how proudly her husband had related the exploits of his great-great-uncle, the daring skipper of the ''Sea-Gull.'' All his warrior-ancestors the husband loved and admired with unfeigned enthusiasm, and secretly he longed for the opportunity to prove himself a worthy member of such a loyal family. In his brain teemed the same impulses which had nerved his predecessors to action; in his heart smouldered the same fiery courage which had ever flamed up most brightly amid the horrors and darkness of war. All this the little Mother realized. But could he, would he leave his home and dear ones for the privations and loneliness of a soldier's life? To this ever-recurring question she refused to give a direct answer,—she could only wait and wonder.

Meanwhile the war-clouds darkened till finally the raging storm of armed conflict became a grim reality. Almost immediately came the call for volunteers. The Father heard it clearly, echoing and re-echoing across our broad Dominion and his war-like spirit, dominating all other passions, could no longer be restrained. By him, at least, the call was promptly answered.

Late that afternoon the Boy saw him coming slowly up the walk and raced out to meet him, expecting his usual ride on Daddy's shoulder. But Daddy was most unusually grave; indeed he seemed so unmindful of the Boy's presence that the latter vindictively clutched a couple of his father's fingers and jerked them sharply, suspending his whole weight from them while his feet trailed along the walk. Daddy stood still, but was yet staring into space. Well, well, that was queer! More effectual measures seemed necessary, so the young hopeful scrambled to his feet and brought his teeth into play.

"Don't," the father remonstrated gently. "Where's Mother?"

"Dunno; gimme a ride," was the imperious reply, but Daddy strode away, quite regardless of the frowning countenance which spoke plainly of rights denied.

The Father opened the kitchen door and the little Mother's large blue eyes searched his. "Must you?" they asked, and his replied unflinchingly, "I must," as he slowly nodded an affirmative answer. The little Mother made no response, but bowed her head and turned away to hide the tears that would come in spite of her loyal heart. This was too much for the soldier-to-be, and with words of comfort and courage he gathered her in his arms, while he tried to swallow the lump in his throat. Suddenly from behind him came a regular bombardment of blows, as two little fists worked vigorously and a wrathful voice demanded, "What you doin' to my mamma? You stop making her cry!" Then even the little Mother smiled through her tears, and Daddy, catching up the young boxing champion, started off toward the dining-room for a frolic which should restore his reputation.

. . . . .

Slowly the round moon was sinking. The shadows of the rag-

ged cliffs became longer and blacker till they almost filled the low valleys which intervened. Scarcely distinguishable from the uneven ground on which they lay were several hundred British soldiers wrapped in their blankets (for the night even in South Africa is chilly) and apparently asleep. The Father, however, could not sleep. Not that he was afraid—not he! But his thoughts recurred with strange persistency to his homeland and his own fireside, where his delicate wife and manly little son were awaiting his return. He rose to a sitting posture, and, taking from an inner pocket a worn envelope, opened it carefully. There in his hand lay a long curl which shone like gold when he lifted it up into the moonlight,—it was the curl that "Daddy was to wear near his heart and then he wouldn't get hurted." He wound it tenderly around his finger and pressed it against his lips, but all too soon he thought of the plans for the night and sadly shook his head, replacing the envelope with its treasured contents in his breast pocket. For an instant the moon poised on the sharp summit of a distant hill, then suddenly dropped out of sight, leaving the veldt in utter darkness. The Modder River no longer bore a silvery banner with dainty, shiny ripple-caps,—it was nothing but an inky stream sullenly seeking an unknown home among the black mountains. It even seemed to cease its gurgling over the round pebbles, and all was silent, save the occasional howl of a prowling jackal.

The night proved quite dark enough for the attempt to surprise and overwhelm the Boers entrenched in the kopje near the heights of Magersfontein. Two hours had passed and the soldiers were within fifty yards of the trenches of the foe when a rifle rang sharp and clear,—a soldier had tripped over a hidden wire. In an instant the searchlights of the Boers illumined everything, and deadly fire was flashed among the ranks of the doomed warriors. Before the British could retreat from the wire ambuscade, one-third of their number had fallen in that wild hail of lead, with no chance to strike an invisible enemy.

And at that very hour, far away across the ocean, a mother was putting her little boy to bed. They knelt down together by the cot, and the Boy repeated "Now I lay me down to sleep,"

ending as usual with the petition, "God bless Daddy and bring him home to us again soon. God Bless Mamma too. Amen." Then he tumbled up into bed, and the Mother tucked in the clothes, kissing the rosy face upturned to hers. "Will Daddy be home soon?" came the usual bedtime query, and the Mother answered brightly, "I hope so, dearie." But Daddy had already gone Home.

. . . . . .

The years passed by, but the little Mother never was quite the same as before her bereavement. Time had healed th bleeding wound, but the deep scar still remained. Her delicate constitution was frailer, and her brown hair was fast becoming streaked with silver, but her smile was rendered even more beautiful and sympathetic by its trace of sadness. The Boy, now a stalwart young man, was everything to her. All her thoughts centered around him, and all his plans depended entirely on her approbation. Together they read, talked, or sang. Together they went to the modest board church nearby, and in the shadow of Calvary the soldier-father seemed very near to them and they went home comforted.

Then came the terrible cataclysm in Europe—a death-dealing flash from an apparently cloudless sky. The nations poured their warriors into the field, they sent their aviators into the clouds, their sailors into the green depths. Science in every form was pressed into service that men might slaughter their fellows in ever-increasing numbers. All the horrors of all the wars since the beginning of time were re-enacted by the advocates of Kultur, who, in their aspiration for world-domination, destroyed their veneer of civilization, baring to the gaze of the world, instincts so savage as to be exceeded only by the amazing fertility of the diabolical minds responsible for the carnage.

The conflict, however, was not confined to the mainland of Europe or Asia. In regions far beyond the alarums of war there raged many a fierce battle which can never be recorded in the pages of history. The Boy paced up and down the yard where the cool night wind might breathe upon his burning brow. There was no one to whom he might turn in his struggle,—even Mother

Nature refused him counsel. The trees whispered their secrets, but he could not understand; the night-birds called, but they sent him no message: the far-away stars looked down upon him, but their gaze was cold and mysterious. Where did his duty lie? Should he remain inactive while a ruthless foe was ravaging the lands far and wide at the expense of honor, justice, beauty, life and virtue? Should he not help to avenge the insult to humanity? But his mother—should he leave her, perhaps forever, and so add to the burden of her undying sorrow?

A faint line of grey in the east gave warning that day was breaking as he quietly crossed the verandah and opened the front door, his temples throbbing with indecision. He stepped inside, a hand was placed silently on his arm, and the little Mother looked up into his face. He caught her in his arms, while the anguish of her soul melted into hot blinding tears.

"My boy, my only baby!" she sobbed, and her whole body trembled with passionate grief. But tears were a relief and she was a brave little woman, thus her sweet hopefulness soon returned.

"It is your duty; you may go, my boy," she said softly, then slipped from his embrace and disappeared in the early twilight.

The Boy went with the First Contingent. After long weeks and months of training he finally reached the trenches, where his daring spirit led him into many dangers, but through all his adventures a kind Providence seemed to be watching over him. His letters home were cheery and confident, with never a word of the many hardships which seem inevitably linked with life at the front. Once he wrote that in recognition of his valour he had been honored with the Victoria Cross. How proud the little Mother was then! Every chance visitor was obliged to hear that wonderful letter and to see the souvenirs he occasionally sent home,—a splinter from a German aeroplane, tiny silk flags, and gaily-decorated postcards.

One afternoon a neighbor came slowly walking up the path to the verandah where the little Mother sat knitting.

"Been for your mail?" was the abrupt greeting.

"No," said the little Mother, rising to draw up a chair. "I didn't know it was in."

"Oh," was the laconic reply.

"Why?" asked the little Mother quickly.

"Then you ain't seen to-day's paper?" the questioner continued.

"No." The answer was scarcely audible.

"Well, I wondered,—that is, I thought that maybe you'd like,—I mean, that maybe I had ought to come over—and—"

The visitor ceased speaking and held out the paper which she had kept till then concealed under her apron. But the little Mother was powerless to take it. The glaring headlines:—"Bloody Battle along the Somme"—burned themselves upon her soul and seemed a premonition of the news she most dreaded to hear. The neighbor opened the paper at the Casualty List, and pointed to the words "Killed in Action," and to a name in the list beneath. The Boy had fallen.

The little Mother did not weep—her grief was too bitter for tears. She stood for several moments silent, motionless, then with a suppressed moan, sank down, unconscious on the floor.

. . . . .

The night was passing. The grandfather's clock in the hall struck four, and the echoes resounded noisily through the quiet rooms. At last they died away, and only the monotonous tick-tock, tick-tock disturbed the silence. The neighbor looked again anxiously to the bed where her patient was lying, but she saw no change—the little Mother had not moved since placed there in the afternoon.

The clock struck five. The watcher awoke with a start from the slumber into which she had unintentionally fallen, and took one step forward. There, kneeling beside the bed was the lifeless form of the little patriot, her bowed head resting upon the picture of the one who lay sleeping beneath the African veldt, while tightly clasped in the small white hand, already cold, was a long flaxen curl—her baby's.

—Alice E. Gregory, '16.

A KISS.

She kissed me when she said good-bye—
A child's kiss, neither bold nor shy.

We had met but a few short summer hours;
Talked of the sun, the wind, the flowers,

Sports and people; had rambled through
A casual catchy song or two,

And walked with arms linked to the ear
By the light of a single misty star.

(It was war-time, you see, and the streets were dark
Lest the ravishing Hun should find a mark.)

And so we turned to say good-bye:
But somehow or other, I don't know why,

—Perhaps 't was the feel of the khaki coat
(She'd a brother in Flanders then) that smote

Her heart to a sudden tenderness
Which issued in that swift caress—

Somehow to her, at any rate
A mere hand-clasp seemed inadequate;

And so she lifted her dewy face
And kissed me—but without a trace

Of passion, and we said good-bye. . . .
A child's kiss, . . . neither bold nor shy.

My friend, I like you—it seemed to say—
Here's to our meeting again some day!
Some happier day. . . .
Good-bye.

—Bernard Freeman Trotter, '15.

From a Canadian Twilight and other poems of War and of Peace.

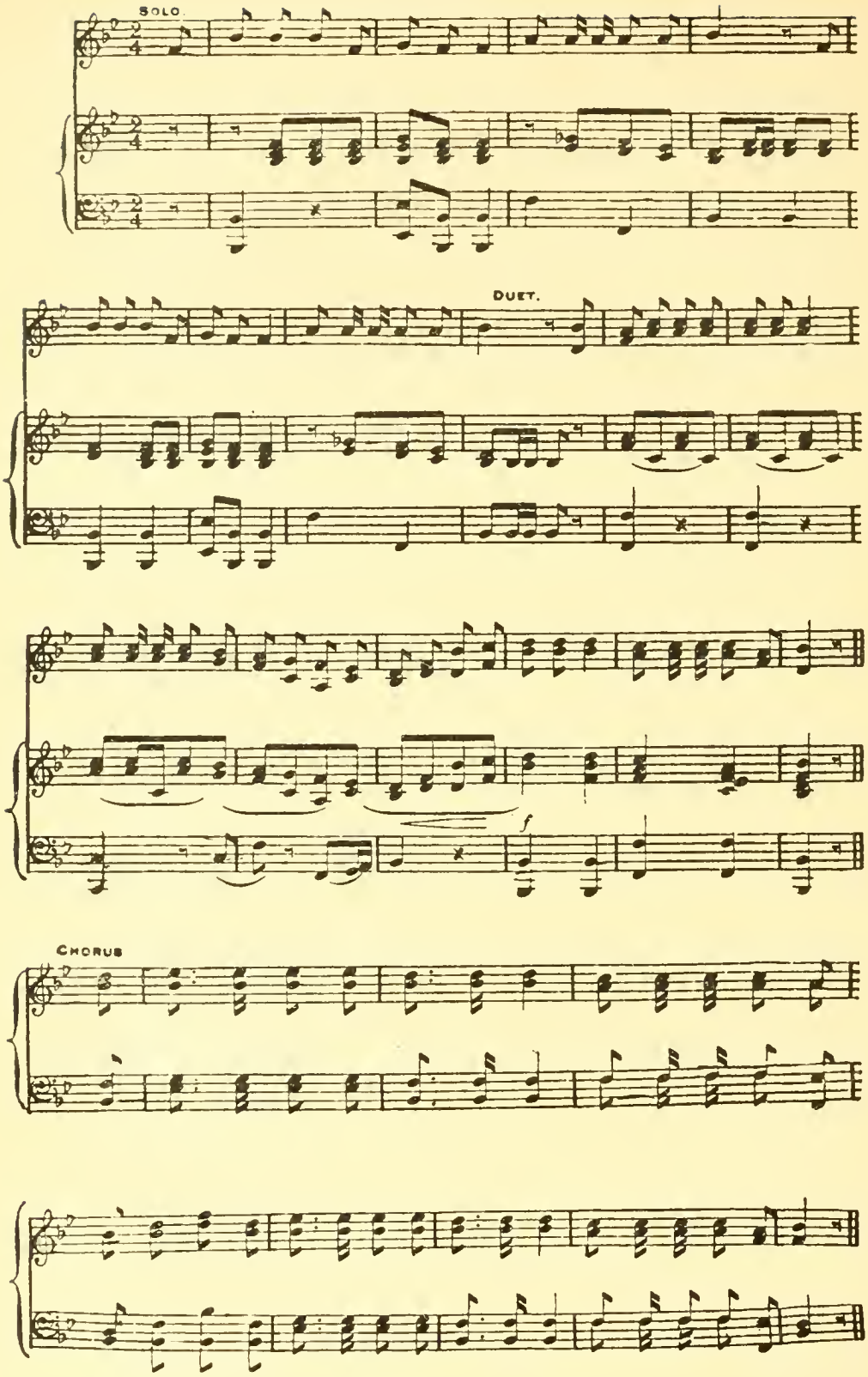
HARRY A. BRITTON, A.R.C.A.

HARBOR OF ST. IVES.

A Canadian Painting Exhibited at the
Canadian National Exhibition, 1917.

LITORIA.

(Toronto Version)



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LITORIA!

1. Ye blooming freshman dons his gown,
   Swedelewedum bum.
   And walks ye earth with awful frown,
   Swedelewedum bum.
   He sees ye maidens' glances sly,
   Swedelewetchuhirasa,
   And rolleth his magnetic eye,
   Swedelewedum bum.
   Litoria! Litoria!
   Swedelewetchuhirasa.
   Litoria! Litoria!
   Swedelewedum bum.

2. He's brought before ye Mufti's throne,
   'Mid sulphurous smoke and muffled groan,
   'Mid red-hot brands and boiling tar,
   He scenteth danger from afar.

3. Ye spikes cut deep, ye race is run,
   He rides ye chariot of ye sun,
   Ye brake is put on Ixion's wheel,
   L'Inferno's inmost caverns reel.

4. Ye ritual he chanteth now,
   Dread Lucifers attend his vow;
   Ye sounds die 'way, ye ordeals cease,
   "*Ad initiandos tirones.*"

5. As tiniest voice from tiniest star,
   Or monkish monotone afar,
   Ye freshman's shattered accents rise,
   Ye mask is lifted from his eyes.

6. To 'Varsity men this tale I speak,
   For making men and killing cheek,
   Stick up for your formalities,
   "*Ad initiandos tirones.*"

THE WOODS AT NIGHT.

Among the attractions of Nature which keep continually calling to those who have learned to love her many moods, are the long evenings and longer nights spent in the woods, with the floor of the forest beneath and the ever changing sky above.

For reasons which experience has since fully confirmed, I chose as my outdoor habitation, the old fashioned Indian tepee with its large opening made by the smoke flaps, allowing much freedom of air, permitting a view of the sky and also allowing one to build a fire indoors on wet days or cool evenings.

My tepee is pitched in a dense wood of spruce and balsam interspersed with poplar, on rising ground formed by the bed of a swiftly moving trout stream as it winds its way around the foot of the mountain.

When night begins to gather her cloak about her, darkness settles more rapidly among the evergreens than elsewhere. Then the daytime music of the woods becomes subdued and gives place to the distinctive sounds of night. Then the Hermit Thrush on some pointed top pours out his soul in requiem to the day that is done, and I steal away into the dim light of the forest, to where the gaping smoke flaps of my tepee stand spread in welcome. There I inhale the odour of the forest trees and am lulled to sleep by Nature's music throughout the night.

The fire of birchbark and twigs burns merrily in the centre of the tepee, casting weird shadows on its sloping walls. The smoke rises slowly in a widening column wreathing about the poles above. The fragrant balsam couch is loosened and spread with scarlet blankets. The coverings are drawn up close and the netting tucked in all around. The warmth on the face gradually lessens as the fire burns down lower and lower. Then a last few sputters and all that remains is a pile of glowing dice. Stars appear one by one and soon the throbbing life of day gives place to the peace of night.

The stream below as it moves on its pebbly descent makes music which is like the thin notes of the mandolin when compared to the distant booming of the waterfall miles away as it roars and echoes like a big organ in its cathedral of mountains formed by the Wolf River Canyon. Mosquitoes, busy with their nightly task of sucking plant juice, come humming on their way seeking better fare and drone angrily when they meet the entanglement which separates them from their victim. Across the floor of the forest, through columbine, shin leaf, Canadian lilies, moonwort, bunch berries and blue cohosh, a rabbit gallops along, rustling the leaves and drenching his coat with dew. Away up the ravine, where large animals drink at the head-water springs, breezes are first heard as, racing over the treetops, increasing ever in loudness, they finally speed overhead and gradually die away on the distant night. Behind all these and many other distinctive voices, Night herself fills up the melody as with a great accompanying orchestra, playing music formed of falling waters, rustling leaves, unfolding plants, bird breathing, marauding night life, moving star dust and swinging spheres, ever blending and harmonizing like the song of a deep sea shell. Sometimes it rains in the night, and the rain on the tree tops and bushes sounds like the rattle of miniature musketry. The water drops splash and tumble from leaf to leaf until accumulating in size they drop on the tightened canvass with a sounding thud and send a spray of moisture over one's face.

At certain intervals the moon stands overhead and sifts her rays straight down through the smoke flaps, or loitering over a

hill half full, lights up a forest aisle, the dew on the vegetation sparkling like hoar frost, and the warning of the vigilant fire rangers placard—"Put your campfire out!"—lends subtle contrast to the darkness beyond. Occasionally, too, but very rarely, the Northern lights with their beautiful tints of pale yellow and green and violet in long quivering shafts meet at the dome of heaven.

Slowly the coolness of the northern summer night settles upon the land. The stillness of surrounding trees becomes oppressive. All is forgotten. It is night—night in the woods—alone on the fringe of the great Canadian forest, the forest that stretches ever northward.

—R.

THE LAST MOBILIZATION.

Lead, England, lead
Our legioned ongoing,
With full, free banners
Gallantly flowing!

Here are your old reserves,—
Rovers and rangers,
From the wild, rough places
And the dared dangers.

Blood of your blood we were,
Strength of your sinew;
Greatness you might not dream
That did we win you.

Doom clanged her iron lips,
A world swayed asunder,
Yet stoutly you battled
Through the fury and thunder.

You have not shamed us where
We shadows must tarry:
Nelson is glad of you,
Clive, and King Harry!

Shades? *but we've broken through,*
The Border we've raided:
Strange, stubborn sentinels
We have persuaded.

What though to dusty death
We have descended?
Soul of your soul are we
Till time be ended.

Wolfe, Drake, and Wellington,
Our captains, commanders,
Marshal their men-at-arms
For France and Flanders.

Let us lift up our hearts,
Devon and Dover,
Men of antipodes,
Sailors from frozen seas,
Each ranger and rover,—
Comrades, with us unite!
God, and the freeman's right!
Lift we our hearts and fight
Till this hell-burst be over!

England, our England,
We share your ongoing,
With full, free banners
Gallantly flowing!

—George Herbert Clarke, '95.
(In the London *Athaneum*).

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Editorial Notes

For a number of years, more or less futile attempts have been made to establish a scheme of compulsory payment of fees for student organizations at McMaster. Another attempt was made this year. Petitions signed by members of the executive committees of six organizations in the school were sent to the Faculty and Board of Governors, together with correspondence from eighteen Universities in Canada, asking that a system of compulsory payment of fees for student organizations be established at this University. In reply, the Faculty appointed a committee to draw up a set of rules governing such a scheme of pay-

ment and submitted it as a proposal to the students. On Wednesday, March six, at the request of the High Kakiak, a joint meeting of all the student organizations of the University was held in Castle Memorial Hall and accepted the proposal submitted by the Faculty, with one dissenting vote. The next evening the same proposal was ratified by the Board of Governors and will therefore be put into force at the commencement of the next College year. The proposal is here appended:

In response to a petition signed by representatives of various student organizations the Faculty are prepared, if the students so desire, to recommend the Board of Governors to introduce the following system for the compulsory collection of fees for the student organizations specified:

(1). A fixed fee shall be collected from the following classes of students:—

(a) Men, $5.50, to be allocated to the following organizations in the proportions indicated:

The Monthly	$ 1.00
Literary Society ("Big Lit.") (Reading Room and General Expense)	1.50
Athletic Association ($1 during war)	2.00
Debating Union	.25
Student Body	.25
Y. M. C. A. (see note)	.50

(b) Women, $4.50.

The Monthly	$ 1.00
Literary Society ("Big Lit.") (General Expense)	.50
Women's Literary Society (Reading Room and General Expense)	1.50
Women's Athletic Association	1.00
Women's Student Body	.25
Y. W. C. A. (see note)	.25

(c) Partial Students:

No fee to be compulsory, but solicitation permissible.

Note.—Any student not wishing to contribute to the Y. M. C. A. or Y. W. C. A. may so state at the time of paying the fixed

fee, when the amount payable to either of these will be allocated to the Reserve Fund described below.

(2). The above fees shall be collected by the University when the first instalment of the University fee is payable. Failure to pay this fee shall be treated in the same manner as failure to pay tuition and laboratory fees. No rebate shall be allowed to students withdrawing during the year.

(3). The University shall retain 5 per cent. of all such fees, to cover the expense of collection and distribution, the balance after said expenses are met to constitute a Reserve Fund available for any extraordinary expenses incurred with the approval of the Chancellor.

(4). At a given date, say October 15th, the sum received shall be paid over to the authorized Treasurers in the proportions indicated above, less the 5 per cent. deducted for expenses and Reserve Fund. Similar payment of money subsequently received shall be made on or about February 1st.

(5). Duties of Student Organizations:

(a). The Secretary of each organization, or, in his absence, the Acting Secretary, shall file with the Registrar a copy of a resolution duly passed by the Executive Committee and signed by the President and Secretary certifying the name of the Treasurer of said organization.

(b). The Student Body shall annually elect one auditor who, in conjunction with a member of the Faculty, shall constitute an Audit Board.

(c). Each organization sharing in the compulsory fee shall annually submit to the Audit Board a financial statement in duplicate, with vouchers of all receipts and expenditures, such statement to be satisfactory to the Board. When found correct both copies of this shall be signed by the members of the Board, one of which shall be deposited with the Registrar and the other returned to the Treasurer.

(d). Each organization shall draw up a system of by-laws governing the expenditure of money, said system to be submitted to the Faculty for approval.

(e). Each Treasurer receiving a sum of $25.00 or over shall open an account with a chartered bank, and as far as possible

make payments by cheque. Before leaving at the close of the academic session he shall deposit with the Registrar his bank book made up to date.

(f). Without the permission of the Chancellor no organization shall contract debts above the amount received from the University. All accounts shall be paid before the close of the academic session.

(g). Without the permission of the Chancellor no additional levy shall be made by any of the organizations sharing in these funds, nor shall any of the said organizations vote out of its funds any sum to any other organization whatsoever.

(h). Fees for Class Societies and expenses for special occasions such as Founder's Night, Literary Society Banquet, picnics, etc., shall be met as heretofore.

It will no doubt be of interest to those who are jealous of the reputation of McMaster in debate, to learn that at the final meeting of the Inter-College Debating Union, amendments were made to the constitution which we believe will help to increase the efficiency of the Union and to stimulate the lagging enthusiasm for this important side of our undergraduate life.

The amendments (proposed by the representative from McMaster, seconded by the representative from Victoria) are as follows:

ARTICLE XIII.—(a) The debate shall be decided by three judges selected by two representatives of the opposing colleges. In each case a judge shall not be an alumnus or a member of the faculty of the colleges taking part.

(c) The judging of the debate shall be done by the three judges sitting apart in the hall. Ten minutes after the debate is concluded, each judge shall write his decision on the printed card supplied. These shall be collected and handed to the chairman, who shall announce the result, not on the markings but on the decisions.

The women are victors in the Women's Inter-College Debating Series! THE MONTHLY extends hearty congratulations to the four members of the Women's Student Body who have brought this honour to our Alma Mater.

On Military Service.

Editor: Frank G. McCoy.

TO FRANCE.

Triumph be thine, O beautiful and dear!
Whose cause is one with Freedom and her name!
The armies of the night devise thee wrong,
But on thy helm the star of Truth is clear,
And Truth shall conquer, though thy cities flame,
And morning break, though now the night
is strong. —*George Sterling.*

LIEUT. Bruce V. McCrimmon, '13, who has been engaged in coast patrol duty with the British Navy, is home from overseas on a short leave of absence. He is convalescing from an operation for appendicitis, which he recently underwent.

Capt. W. A. Scott, '09, has gone overseas as a medical officer and is now stationed at Basingstoke, England.

G. M. Duncombe, '12, has joined the 70th Battery, C.F.A., and is now in training at Exhibition Camp, Toronto.

F. L. Brown, '20, enlisted early in February in the 67th battery, C.F.A., at present stationed in this city.

Lieut. R. G. Atkinson, '16, R.F.C., recently returned to England, after a short leave of absence in Canada.

Capt. F. J. Snelgrove, '00, is now senior medical officer at the Davisville Military Hospital, Toronto. He has been on the staff of the hospital for more than a year.

G. H. Thomas, '12, is a sergeant-instructor in Musketry at Exhibition Camp.

Lieut. J. H. Firstbrook, a former student, is now a recruiting officer for the R.F.C. in this district. Lieut. Firstbrook went to France with the Flying Corps. During a flight over enemy territory he was wounded and forced to descend within the German lines where he was made prisoner. Later he was exchanged and returned to Canada via Switzerland.

A. E. White, '07, who has been for some time assistant pastor of the French Baptist Church of Montreal, is proceeding to France to serve as Y.M.C.A. Secretary with the French Army.

Harold Innis, Basingstoke.

Since going on leave I have acquired considerable information which might be of interest to you. Leave started January 17th, but previous to this I found Corp. C. A. Vining, who is recovering from wounds received at Passchendaele. He is in another ward and consequently I see very little of him. The first

day's leave was spent at Whitley where I saw most of the contingent. They are expecting to proceed to France shortly, though they have no definite information. "Mac." Fraser is still devoting his time to the solution of war problems. John Davis is as eager as ever to proceed to France, while John Long, weary of continual promises of France, has been transferred to the R. N.A.S.

Chisholm, Eberle and Hicks are "carrying on" as usual. Howard Veals is more contented with army life, though certainly not enamoured with it. "Art" Clarke is as ever in prominence with the Khaki College of which no doubt you have heard considerable.

After a trip to Ireland, I revisited the old camping grounds at Folkestone. Bill Kenyon has a good position in the orderly room of the Signal Details. He went with me to Folkestone where we were fortunate enough to meet "Ed." Bates, on leave from France. He is looking fine and enjoying himself as ever except for the fact that he had the ribbon of the Military Medal on his chest. He gave us considerable news. Roy McGregor and "Bob" Campbell are enjoying their work, though "Bob" insists on working in the line instead of a warm orderly room. John Fox escaped serious injury lately. A shell exploded in his dugout while he was on leave in Paris. Houlding has contracted a slight wound in the hand and is now with the Y.M.C.A. By some strange coincidence McLarty has arrived in the same company with Edgar.

After this conference we left for London, and while there called on "Doug" Price, who has recovered sufficiently from his sickness to work as a corporal in the Estates branch of the Record Office. Philpott, too, was on the scene. He had just arrived from Epsom Convalescent Hospital where he has been recovering from an attack of diphtheria. Thursday saw the termination of thirteen perfect days so far as I was concerned, and Edgar still had a few more days of enjoyment before returning to France.

At present I am awaiting a transfer to Liverpool and from thence to Canada. This will take from three weeks to three months, depending on the caprice of the army. But to suit me it cannot take place too soon.

Lieut. F. G. Lawson, a former student, who went to France with the Canadian Infantry, has been a prisoner in Germany since May, 1917. The following are extracts from some of his letters:

July 5th.—It is now three months since I had word from home, and no mail even from England has come to me as yet. But any day now will bring me some letters, so don't worry about that. Our parcels have started to arrive, so we are happy in that respect. I am getting along very well with the language and have quite enough books to read at present. Fortunately the Y.M.C.A. at Berlin sent some good books. We had a walk through part of the city the other day, and it is a very pretty place. We publish a little magazine of our own on a mimeograph, and have concerts every second week.

Aug. 20th.—There are four Toronto fellows here now, and it is fine to be able to talk about things and places familiar. There is no other city in the world, London excepted, that is so well represented. Two of these men are Murton and McKissock, of Walmer Road Baptist Church. Last Friday there were several events. We had a long walk in the morning, and also a boat ride. There is a very small lake near Freiburg where they have picnic grounds and flat-bottomed row-boats. Shortly after our return some French aeroplanes came over and dropped a couple of bombs on the city.

We have had some great games of rounders this past week and the time has gone very quickly. We get up at 8.30 and have breakfast "tout de suite"; then I walk around our little enclosure or have a game of billiards and spend the balance of the morn- in reading or studying. Our debating society meets on Tuesday night, and we have concerts Saturday night.

Dec. 12th.—We had our first snowfall two weeks ago, and the weather has been cold ever since. There was just enough snow to enable us to have some fun in the courtyard, and we had a good old snow fight. I read the Frankfurter Zeitung and note that there was a big catastrophe in Halifax. I have been able to secure, through the canteen and from other officers, a few books that will help me to improve my knowledge along several lines. When my books arrive from England I will have enough reading to keep me busy as long as I have to be here.

College News

Around the Hall

Editor: Harold W. Lang, '19.

'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.
—*Hamlet.*

MANY a time and oft have these lines of Shakespeare expressed our feelings in a manner exceedingly apt. For when some very insistent persons asked us on one day for a fee to this organization, begged us the next for a subscription to that, entreated us later for a contribution to another, and continued to make our life miserable with subsequent requests and petitions, then did our manly bosom swell with indignation. At the same time we dreamed of that perfect day when we might pay all our little obligations in a single sum and free ourselves from these agencies, ever seeking to separate us from our hard-earned pelf. Then, too, we've seen something of the other side of it. In fact, we've done a certain amount of the "begging and entreating" on our own account, which only increased the fervency of our wish for a radical alteration in the fiscal policy of our student organizations. But at last we have seen the realization of a fondest hope. For with the announcement that the Board of Governors has finally ratified the proposal submitted by the Faculty, those who have long laboured toward this end see the successful consummation of their efforts. A great deal of credit is due to those who have been instrumental in bringing about this much-needed improvement, and we feel that the least we can say is, "Congratulations!"

Theologue: "Do you regularly attend a place of worship?"
Arts Student: "Yes, indeed; regularly every Sunday night. I'm on my way to see her now."

Literary Society

Since the opening of the new term, the Literary Society has been exceedingly fortunate in securing able speakers for its meetings. On Friday evening, February 8th, Professor G. H. Campbell delivered an instructive address on "Classic Arehitecture." This was illustrated by a number of fine views setting forth the various types and distinguishing characteristics of ancient Greek and Roman buildings.

Mr. Thomas MacGillicuddy was the speaker at the meeting

on February 15th, his subject being "A Shirt-Sleeve Talk on Oratory." Mr. MacGillicuddy has a very rich vein of humour and a seemingly endless stock of funny stories. Also, his very interesting and pointed manner of speaking, together with his thorough knowledge of his subject, combined to make his speech exceptionally enjoyable and informing.

At an open meeting of the Literary Society held on Friday evening, February 22nd, a large and appreciative audience enjoyed the lecture given by Professor W. Sherwood Fox, an alumnus of McMaster and now Professor of Classics in Western University, London. Doctor Fox, after showing the importance of a University training as a factor in national affairs, pointed out the necessity of a truly liberal education as the foundation of professional training. The lecturer then outlined a threefold programme of studies, embracing the exact sciences, the philosophic branches, and languages, as the type of training calculated to preserve that due equilibrium of education which must be sought as a national asset. Turning to the matter of classical studies as part of the third group of subjects, Professor Fox explained the attitude of those who advocate the continuance of these important branches. Prominent scientific authorities were quoted to demonstrate the value of these subjects in a balanced curriculum. Those who were fortunate enough to hear the lecture, certainly felt that Professor Fox had performed a real service in bringing the whole field of higher education before our constituency in a manner as interesting as it was informing. Other items on the programme which were much enjoyed by the audience were violin solos by Miss Marjorie Latimer, readings by Miss Winifred Haggas, and selections by the McMaster Male Quartette.

"Peat Bogs" was the rather novel subject of an address by Doctor Smith on Friday evening, March 8th. A great deal of exceedingly interesting information with regard to the formation and possible uses of peat was received by the audience. Doctor Smith has made a study of this subject and hence was well qualified to deliver an address which was greatly enjoyed by all the members present.

Final Debate

Friday evening, March 1st, was the occasion of the final inter-year debate. The Juniors and the Sophomores, by previous victories, had earned the right to enter the contest which should decide the championship for the academic year; and large and enthusiastic representations were present from both classes. These gave vent

to their feelings in songs and yells, both old and new. The subject for debate was, "Resolved that vaccination is a benefit to humanity as a preventive of smallpox." The affirmative side of this question was championed by H. S. Hillyer and L. C. Kitchen of Year '20, while H. W. Lang and H. C. Hodges represented the Juniors on the negative. The debate was very closely contested, the judges, Professor McLay, Professor Findlay and Doctor MacGibbon, finally deciding in favor of the negative. Year Nineteen wins the Cup by this victory. Two piano solos by Miss Ross and a speech by E. W. Pyke, '19, on "Some Experiences in France," were very pleasing numbers on the evening's program.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE
The McMaster Gymnasium under the regime of 1935.

First Editor.—"My goodness, but I'm sick of all this snow and cold weather. Is this winter going to hang on forever?"

Second Ditto.—"I certainly hope the end isn't far off. Summer is the only season for me."

And the funny part is that both were composing editorials in eulogy of that very season which they so soundly berated. But then it was a midwinter number of a college magazine for which they wrote.

Fyfe Day

Doctor R. S. MacArthur, acting-pastor of Walmer Road Baptist Church, delivered the address at the Fyfe missionary meeting, held on Wednesday afternoon, March 6th. "Robert Alexander Fyfe" was the subject of a very inspiring talk in which the speaker carried his listeners back into the heart of the last century, to the days when the leaders of our denomination were laying the foundations for the future work and power of Baptists in Canada. Among these pioneers was Doctor Fyfe, whose achievements as the father of Baptist educational work in Ontario abide as the monuments of a noble life. Inasmuch as Doctor MacArthur

had been personally acquainted with Doctor Fyfe, the address was especially interesting and instructive. Previous to the speech of the afternoon, satisfactory reports were heard from the various branches of religious work in the University. The election of officers of the Y.M.C.A. for the coming year were also held, resulting as follows: President W. D. Hinman, '19; Vice-President, H. S. Hillyer, '20; Recording Secretary, F. G. McCoy, '20; Corresponding Secretary, O. H. Carr, '21.

Theologues' Outing

Once again we find the Theologues on dissipation bent. This time the very summit of "goodness," to wit, the graduating class in Theology, was entertained at the home of Doctor and Mrs. Farmer on the evening of March 1st. Here a goodly company of good people, consisting of professors, pastors, board secretaries, and their respective wives, displayed their interest in the men of the "long coats and poverty" order, by learning as much as they could about their early history and future ambitions. It is reported that the latter was as vague in the case of some of the students as the former was dubious in the case of others. However, the evening was a very pleasing one in every way.

Junior Party

The members of Year '19 decided that it would be a shame to let the winter go by without at least one skating party. Accordingly, on the evening of February 23rd, the class proceeded to Varsity Rink. There, however, either because the sun had been playing havoc with the ice, or because the excitement of the hockey match between O. A. C. and McMaster proved so enticing, the merry skaters spent much of their time near the hockey cushion. However, at the close of the twelfth band, the ladies, accompanied by a few gentlemen, proceeded to the home of Miss Enid Farmer, who had very kindly offered to entertain the Year on this occasion. Dainty refreshments were served and a social hour spent, after which the party disbanded and the difficulties of the few loyal males really commenced.

La Soiree

Les classes de la "quatrième année et la première année" eurent un très plaisant soir le premier lundi "sans chaleur." Monsieur le Professeur McLay et Madame McLay nous donnèrent la soirée. Toutes les dames restèrent dans la "Salle des Manteaux" jusqu'à ce que tout le monde était arrivé, et puis elles entrèrent dans la "Salle aux Dames," où le hôte et la hôtelière attendirent

pour les recevoir. Dans la "Salle à la Faculté" les hommes attendirent l'arrivée des dames avec une grande excitation. Chaque homme reçut une carte blanche, et un crayon, et, alors, ma foi, comme ils se hâtèrent, et on put entendre, "Est-ce que je puis avoir la première promenade, s'il vous plaît, mademoiselle?" "Je suis fâché, je n'en ai plus."

Eh bien, la musique commença, et les couples se promenèrent et causèrent. Mais oui! Ils causèrent et se promenèrent. Alors, Monsieur le Professeur nous fit nous aligner, et chaque dame se trouva avec un homme d'une classe différente. Maintenant nous apprîmes que nous dûmes chercher les noms de grands caractères littéraires. Nous fûmes se désireux de gagner le prix que même la rafraîchissement ne put pas nous arrêter. Enfin, on annonça que Mademoiselle Levi et Monsieur Mallory l'avaient gagné.

Puis nos esprits tournèrent aux plus heureuses choses, et pendant une demi-heure nous chantâmes. La favorite sembla être notre petite chanson française, "Allouette." Mais, il était tard, et il fallut que nous retournions chez nous. Vraiment, nous avions en une soirée on ne peut plus plaisante.—J.D.M.

"FRAGMENTS."

(From the Sunday Supply of a Typical Theologue).

A hasty call;
A hurried trip;
A sleepless night;
Of tea, a sip.
A short critique;
A morning walk;
Selecting hymns;
A half-hour talk.
Some chicken pie;
A quiet nap;
Delicious tea.
With coat and cap,
Away again.
Expound a text.
Train four hours late;
Greatly vexed!
Home at last,
Ordeal past.

—*A. E. L.*

Athletics

Editor: L. C. Kitchen, '20.

OCKEY still reigns supreme as king of winter sports, and if the weather doesn't change before this edition gets into print we shall try to have the printer drop the word "winter," as we are considering the advisability of getting out a special hockey number some time during July. No doubt, there will still be ice then.—Yes, indeed, we have given up all hope of summer's return, but then—have we not done that before and wished in July that we could go swimming seven times a day? So perhaps there is yet hope.

We must say that we have seldom enjoyed a hockey match as much as we have enjoyed the one that took place on February 20th. We were unable to view the contest at first hand, but we were prompted to get two separate accounts of the game which was between the Freshmen and the Sophomores. The latter gave us the brighter account, and since we were unable to use both, we could not use either one in its entirety. The Freshman account gives Matthews great credit for keeping the score down, as the "Sophs" only scored five during his brief sojourn in the net, and Carr gets credit for building something that the rest of the team could not put the roof on when he scored the Freshmen's first goal. The "Sophs" say that they can hear the echoes of the Freshette cheering even yet. The Sophomore account also gives Carr still more credit for his daring feat, even going so far as to suggest recommending him for an Iron Cross. Gilmour also gets special mention. Both accounts charge Pearce with the awful offence of scoring on his own goal-tender, and both reports, also, would lead us to think that, as goal-tenders, Beattie is a good singer and Jamieson a good forward, as he scored a goal, in spite of his equipment of pads, etc. Dingle and Pearce get the bulk of the write-up. As to the score, we are not in a position to be dogmatic, as the records differ, but we would guess at the Sophomore score as from 12 to 14, while they both agree that the Freshmen got 2. The teams were as follows:—Year '20—Jamieson, Mallory, Schatz, Dingle Pearce. Year '21—Matthews, Nelson, Gilmour, Beattie, Carr.

On Saturday, February 23rd, the O. A. C. team returned our visit with the firm intention of again making us "bite the dust." No doubt they were encouraged by their easy victory in Guelph. But they received a surprise, and with our team greatly strengthened, they were able to beat us by only 6-4. In the first two periods our boys had the better of the play and

were ahead at the end of the second period 4-3. From then on it was a matter of weight and condition in which Guelph boys were superior. Schumaker, at centre for O.A.C., was the fastest man on the ice, and his lightning rushes were a treat. Scholes, at right wing, was dangerous, chiefly because of his wicked shot. For McMaster, it would be hard to pick out anyone better than the others. Pearce and Cowie worked hard and got through often, only to miss the net. Mallory played well too, and checked back in fine style. Hodges substituted at left wing and was also good. The defence, Jamieson and Froom, played the best game this year, but were slow at times in clearing. Froom starred repeatedly with brilliant rushes, and Matthews, in goal, was at his best. It was almost impossible to score except at close range. The game was well handled by Referee Moffatt, of O.A.C.

The last game to record added another scalp to the Sophomores' belt, when they defeated the Juniors in a one-sided (also off-sided) game. The "'Sophs" opened the fixture with a rush that resulted in the first counter. Thereafter, following the line of least resistance, they formed the habit of bulging the Juniors' net, Cohen's slight objections notwithstanding. By the third period, Jamieson, the "Sophs" goaltender, became lonesome and wandered up in his harness with his big stick to see "Joey," and poked in another goal, thereby again showing his ability to tend goal and get goals as well, and proving that discretion is not always the better part of valor. By this time the Varsity adding machine became clogged from overheating and the last score recorded for the "Sophs" was 15. Field Marshall Quirk and his aides-de-camp, Sinclair and Smart, Teeter and Cohen, formed fours and several other military manoeuvres without once gaining their objective, the "Sophs" net. For his bravery in leading the attack against a greatly superior force, the F.M. has been mentioned in despatches and promoted to the rank of General.

Women's Department

Editor: Grace Taylor, '18.

"Yet, while leading
"A strained life, while overfeeding
Like the rest, his wit with reading,
No small profit that man earns."

—*Arnold.*

IT is about this time of the college year that we begin to look back on the work we have done, and to compute our degree of failure or success. Has the college life this year been what it should be? If it has, we have ourselves to thank; if it has not, we have ourselves to blame.

In a small student body such as ours it is necessary to our very existence that we all support every organization. We have this consolation for our efforts that when there are few each can be an important member. On the other hand, if any one of us fails it means a loss to the organization. If this year every one of us has put our best into the college life, and has counted our personal feelings and desires as secondary, then this year has been a marvellous success. And if this has been the case we are confident that every student is satisfied with what college has given to her. By the natural law of things, we get from anything according to what we put into it.

W.L.S.

A very successful program was given at the Lit. meeting of February 2nd by the girls of Year '21. The opening number was an amusing burlesque entitled, "The Burglar." This was followed by a very interesting and very fresh paper on Current Events by Miss Rivka Levi. An illustrated song by four freshettes proved a very popular number with the audience. A unique feature of the programme was a charade in which the word "persuasive" was acted. We congratulate the freshettes on the success of their first attempt.

Y.W.C.A.

On February 15th, the poster for the Y. W. C. A. meeting announced that any who were mentally deficient need not come to hear Dr. Hincks speak on "The Problem of the Feeble-minded." Accordingly, there was a large attendance, and Dr. Hincks addressed one of the largest and most interested audiences of the year. He first showed us that the number of feeble-minded in our country is increasing, and pointed out the social evils that are resulting. Dr. Hincks proved to us that the only way to prevent these evils is

to segregate those afflicted with feeble-mindedness, and he urged upon us to do what we could to rouse public opinion so that it will demand that the government give strict attention to this problem.

At the last meeting of the Y. W. C. A. for this year, Miss Lowe, of the Juvenile Court, and Miss Millman, of the Central Neighborhood House, spoke of their work.

Miss Lowe gave us an account of the kind of work that is done for children who have to appear at the Juvenile Court. If the offence is slight the child is warned by the Judge and then sent home. For repeated offences, the child is put under probation, that is, he or she is regularly visited by some person from the Juvenile Court, until the Court is satisfied that satisfactory improvement has been made. If this method fails, the authorities resort to the reformatory schools where the child has to stay at least eighteen months. Miss Lowe told us that the Court always takes care that none of its proceedings are reported in the papers, since whether the child likes to see his name in the paper or whether he resents it, the effect is bad.

Miss Millman's work is to teach English to foreigners. She pointed out to us that in such work the classes must always be small, two or three persons being all that one can handle efficiently. We were also told that the beginner should be taught entirely by phonetics, and that, where the pupil is quite ignorant of English, pictures and objects have to be used frequently.

Both of the speakers of the afternoon emphasized the great need of workers to help to carry on these important duties which we owe to our less fortunate fellow citizens.

Once upon a time there was a juniorette who only had ten cents. She got on a street car, and handing the conductor the precious coin, asked him for two tickets. The conductor said he only sold them by the quarter's worth. The juniorette is still wondering what you should do in a case like that. All she could think of doing was to get off the car.

A sophette has partly solved this difficult question. She was also pretty hard up, but searching in the recesses of her purse, she found an old movie ticket the same size and color as street-car tickets. This served the purpose admirably.

The final debate of the Women's Intercollegiate Debating Union was held on March 11th, in the Lillian Massey School.

The Debate

The subject, "Resolved that reprisals by the Allies are justifiable" was treated in a very interesting way by both sides. The affirmative was upheld by Miss Lida Pearson and Miss Beatrice Flanders, of Victoria, while Miss Marjorie Mallagh and Miss Grace Taylor, of

OUR WOMEN DEBATERS.
Winners in the Women's Inter-College Debating Union.

McMaster, championed the cause of the negative. In giving the decision the judge said that in point of material the sides were almost evenly matched, but that as the excellency of delivery had also to be taken into account, the judges had decided in favor of McMaster.

Hockey

On February 20th, the McMaster girls' hockey team played against the Victoria team at Little Vic. Rink. The two or three "Mac" rooters did their best to cheer us on, but in spite of this, we were beaten.

The same evening at Varsity Rink the first game of the inter-year series was played. Year '19 played against Year '21. The score was 5-3 in favor of the Freshettes.

On Saturday, February 23rd, Year '18 played Year '20, and the score was 4-0 in favor of the latter. Age seems to be telling on the teams of the junior and senior years.

Years '20 and '21 are waiting for ice in order to play off their final game.

Our Graduates

Editor: E. J. Bengough, B.A.

S we write, there is a realization being pressed home upon everyone connected with the University, that the term is drawing to its close. The rink next door has taken down its sign, and the calendar indicates that the examination period will be upon us within a month. At this time of year there are University functions approaching which directly or indirectly concern the Alumni. The Toronto Branch of the Alumni Association is planning to hold a social gathering during Easter week as was done last year, this time being chosen so as to take advantage of the presence in the city of a number of graduates attending the convention of the Ontario Educational Association.

The closing exercises are also of great interest to all the graduates who are within reach, and we mention these now so that the Alumni will be on the watch for definite announcement. The term is being closed a week earlier than specified in the calendar, so as to permit students to get away to national service on farms and elsewhere. The Baccalaureate Sermon will be preached on Monday evening, April 29th, when it is expected that Rev. John C. Carlile, of Folkestone, England, will be the preacher. The following evening the Convocation will be held, and the Commencement address will be delivered by Capt. Rev. John MacNeill, who is returning from overseas.

The Summer Session is the next interesting event, and it will attract many graduates who are in the ministry. The dates fixed are May 7 to 17. The program includes not only lectures by the theological professors, but illustrated talks by certain of the Arts professors, and discussions led by distinguished outside leaders. Two evening lectures will be given by Dr. R. S. MacArthur and Mr. Justice Riddell. Graduates and others who anticipate attending should write in for particulars.

Our monthly grist of personal items is something like the dictionary—interesting, but the stories are rather short. Here they are:

'94.—J. R. Cresswell now lives in Griswold, Man. He held a number of pastorates in the past, but found it necessary to leave the ministry. His son Clifford completed his second year in Arts at Brandon College and is now a cadet in the Royal Navy. Mr. Cresswell is one of a number of Alumni of the early years whose children have already been enrolled as undergraduates.

'95.—Prof. R. W. Smith gave an address on Peat Fuel before the Royal Canadian Institute recently. In the present fuel crisis the peat deposits of Canada are receiving more attention, and the Professor's talk was very timely.

'96.—W. P. Cohoe, who was Professor of Chemistry in McMaster from 1900 to 1907, is a consulting chemist in New York. He lives at Riverdale-on-the-Hudson.

'98.—J. S. Copland is in business in Brockville, Ontario. He was Science Master in the Collegiate Institute for 15 years, and is now a member of the Collegiate Institute Board.

'00.—Prof. W. S. Fox, of Western University, London, delivered a lecture before the McMaster University Literary Society recently on "Higher Education as a National Issue." He was greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience.

'00.—Rev. J. A. Armstrong, Theol., is now pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Victor, Colorado. Mr. Armstrong's health made it necessary for him to go to New Mexico, and he abandoned the ministry for some time. He has now been back in the ministry for over six years, and took the pastorate at Victor in June last.

'02.—J. L. Mitchener is now Principal of the High School in Dutton.

'03.—George W. Langdon has spent a considerable part of the winter in the East. He left recently with Mrs. Langdon for his home in Langruth, Man., the town site which he established some years ago. Langruth is prospering and is now the centre of a thriving community.

'03.—P. A. McDiarmid writes from "Somewhere in Congo" telling of the different ways in which war conditions are affecting life in that remote part of the world. Their mails are irregular, as Belgian boats have been sunk off the coast of France. A recent missionary party sailing from the States went directly from New York to Cape Town, thinking to find a safe route, but struck a mine off the South African Coast. Missionary work in the Congo has been having a successful year. The native churches

recently made a thanksgiving offering from which 250 francs were voted to the Belgian Red Cross.

'04.—Rev. J. A. Hilts, Theol., has been called to the pastorate of Davenport Road Presbyterian Church, Toronto. He has been pastor in Chesley for about five years.

'06.—Miss C. A. Burk is Commercial teacher in Kenora High School.

'06.—E. J. Chave was a caller at the University a few days ago. He had just had a trip from Vancouver to Halifax accompanying a troop train as Y.M.C.A. representative. When seen he was on his way back to his church in Vancouver.

'08.—Mrs. W. E. Kerr is Principal of the High School in Port Rowan.

'09.—Rev. J. E. Pettit, lately of Listowel, has become pastor at Brighton.

'10.—Miss V. I. Dickens is on the staff of the Technical High School, Toronto. Articles from her pen on the teaching of Art have been appearing in "The School," a magazine published by the Toronto Faculty of Education.

'10.—Miss Florence Livingstone has a clerical position with the Military Hospitals Commission Office on College St., Toronto.

'10.—Miss Luck M. Rankin was married on February 21st, to Mr. Chas. N. Teasdale, B.A. Sc., and they have gone to California for their honeymoon. They will live in Toronto for a while but expect to be located permanently in Moose Jaw, Sask., where Mr. Teasdale is a Government surveyor. Before her marriage Mrs. Teasdale was engaged for a time in munition work.

'11.—Rev. R. S. MacArthur, who received the degree LL.D., in 1911, is now acting pastor of Walmer Road Church, Toronto. It is needless to add that his services are greatly appreciated.

'11.—V. E. Gray, who has been with the Trusts and Guarantee Co., Toronto, for some years, has been appointed Assistant to the Commissioner of Income Taxes, and has already left for Ottawa to take up his new duties.

'11.—Miss E. D. Kellock is now on the staff of the Guelph Collegiate Institute.

'11.—Miss E. G. Batchelor is teaching in the High School of Commerce and Finance, Toronto.

'13.—Mrs. J. W. Brooke (Miss Hazel Watson) is at present in Minneapolis with her husband, Dr. Brooke, who is a medical examiner for British recruits coming from the United States. We understand Dr. Brooke will shortly be transferred to Chicago.

'13.—Miss C. M. Fraser is teaching in the Winchester High School.

Here and There

Editor: Miss Muriel Brothers, '18.

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills;
The clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

—*Robert Loveman.*

ID you ever have *serious* indigestion? Did you ever feel that you had been fed on such a steady diet of problems that the mere mention of a problem nauseated you—the how-to-win-the-war problem, the problem of the returned soldier, the problem of food production and conservation, the labor problem, to say nothing of the more personal and therefore no less perplexing problem of what the good Lord intended you to do with your own miserable little life, and more immediately, how you are ever going to drink enough at the fountain of learning within the next month to pass ten or twelve examinations? And the worst of it is, there are no answers in the back of the book. Every man, from the day that Adam began to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, has raked his brains for the unknown quantity, and failed more or less miserably. But still you go on toiling and moiling, until you feel just like the pop bottles standing on the shelves—just longing for somebody to take out the cork. These are serious times. But even in the trenches they have their jokes with death itself. And though we ourselves may have two chances of dying next winter—coalless coal and meatless meets, —take your choice,—let's have a laugh while we may. Stephen Leacock sees considerable fun in our last summer's experiment in production. He was, he tells us, "one of the legion of men—quiet, determined, resolute men—who went out last Spring to plant the land and who are now back.. . . It was plain national duty. What we said was: 'This war has got to stop. The men in the trenches thus far have failed to stop it. Now, let us try. The whole thing is a plain matter of food production. If we raise enough food, the Germans are bound to starve. Very good. Let us kill them.'

"Well, we know how those gardens ended. This is the rock on which we were wrecked. Few of us were men of sufficient means to spend several years in quiet thought waiting to begin gardening. . . Asparagus demands a preparation of four years.

To fit one's self to grow strawberries requires three years. Even for such humble things as peas, beans, and lettuce, the instructions inevitably read: "Plough the soil deeply in the preceding Autumn. This is the dilemma. Which is the preceding Autumn? If a man begins gardening in the Spring, he is too late for last Autumn and too early for this. On the other hand, if he begins in the Autumn, he is again too late; he has missed this summer's crop. . . The most peculiar thing about gardening is that all of a sudden everything is too old to eat."

RESTFUL.

I wisht I was a little rock,
A-settin' on a hill
And doin' nothin' all day long
But just a-settin' still.

I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't drink,
I wouldn't even wash,
But set and set a thousand years
And rest myself, by gosh!

—*The Bulletin.*

What was Adam and Eve's phone number?
Search me.
2, 81 apple. —*Trinity University Review.*

Do you remember those peculiar ads with transposed phrases that you used to correct in Public School? A couple of old favorites were:—

Wanted.—A boy to open oysters with a good character.

Wanted.—A second-hand piano by a gentleman with a mahogany case and square legs.

But evidently facts still remain stranger than fiction, for the following actually appeared in English newspapers:—

Wanted. Man to Slaughter in spare time.—*Oxford Times.*

Wanted.—Concert Parties and Artistes for Saturday Concerts near Leeds; must be tip-top or useless.—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Monthly Conference of Misionaries to the Heathen and any seeking to Become Such.—*The Life of Faith.*

Russian soldier version.—"Be it ever so jumble, there's no place like home."

Dwindle, dwindle, little Czar,
How I wonder what you are!
Down beneath your throne so low,
Seems to me life must be slow.

—*Life.*

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HOW THE LILIES GROW.*

WHEN Christ said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," He was pointing us to one of the most fruitful illustrations of spiritual growth that can be found in all the realm of nature.

The emphatic word in that sentence is the little word "how." That is, Christ is saying to us, "When you have found out how the lily grows then you will have found out how the Christian grows."

But how do the lilies grow? There are only two kinds of growth, that which is from the outside, and that which is from the inside. Growth from the outside is by accretion. Do the lilies grow that way? How do the lilies grow?

The answer lies right on the surface. It is the *life* that does the growing. The lily grows from the inside out, and from the invisible to the visible. We cannot see life, but we can see and read the story it tells about itself in the plant it builds.

As the life does the growing, it does not grow haphazard, but by fixed and definite processes that never vary. There are three of these: *repression, impression and expression.*

But is all this true of the Christian? Exactly true. It is the Christian's *life* that does the growing, precisely as it is in the lily. But what is the Christian's life? Is it something handed out to us by God which is separable from Himself? "When He who is our life shall appear"—ah, there is the secret! Christ is our life. For God has given unto us eternal life, and this life

*An address delivered at a chapel service of the University.

is *in His Son*. So it is Christ who does the growing, not we. And the growth is from the inside out, and from the invisible to the visible. The world cannot see our Life, but it can read the story He tells about Himself in the Christian character He builds. As He does the growing in us, it is by the same process of *repression, impression and expression*. Let us study the processes.

1. Repression. When the little rootlets of the lily reach out into soil for material out of which to build for itself a body, the life exercises a selective function. In other words, when the rootlets come into contact with certain substances, the life within says "No" to them and represses them and keeps them out. And if perchance a harmful substance by accident finds it way into the plant, the life at once begins the process of elimination and promptly pushes it out of the plant. This process is seen in its highest development in the physical life of human beings. We have been given the senses of taste, sight and smell through which our life selects from the multitude of things around us, just that which is needed for the growth and maintenance of the physical being. Now, if some poisonous thing gets into the physical system, the life at once begins the process of elimination and seeks to drive it out. In just the proportion in which the physician can stimulate this process of our physical life, in just that proportion can he succeed in his treatment for disease. In other words, it is the function of life to repress and drive out that which it cannot use in that which it is building.

Precisely so does Christ, our Life, operate in us. As we reach out into the multitude of realities in the moral and spiritual realm in which we move, our Life seeks to exercise this same selective function, and repress and keep out all that He cannot use in building a character that will tell the story of Himself. And if we begin taking into our daily living those things which He cannot use, He seeks at once to drive them out. One way He does this is by disturbing us about their presence in our life. When we take something into our physical system that our physical life is unable to use, we are likely to know it very soon by the disturbance it creates. And it is on this prin-

ciple precisely that when Christians begin taking dancing, card playing, theatre going and picture shows into their daily living, questions arise in their minds as to whether these things are right or not. It is their Life seeking to exercise the function of repression, and this is what causes the disturbance. No one is ever disturbed as to whether it is right or wrong to pray, or read God's word, or attend church and prayer meeting. But the moment we admit anything into our experience that our Life cannot use in telling through our characters the story about Himself, that moment we are likely to know it by the disturbance it creates within.

But there is also within us a something that does not like to be repressed. And so the uncured and incurable carnal nature within us resists repression, and seeks to continue its activity within the life. This it is within us which craves for those things that cause disturbance in our spiritual being. But if we surrender utterly to our Life, He will repress the old Adam within us, nullify the activity of the carnal nature, and allow nothing to be admitted that will disturb the process of growth.

II. Impression. When the little rootlets of the lily select out of the soil those substances out of which to build a plant that will tell the story of the unseen life, this life so impresses its character upon the plant it builds that no one ever need mistake a lily for a rose. For this life which no one can see, and yet which has determined to tell such a story about itself through that which can be seen that he who runs may read it, will never tell that story in such a way as to be wrongly classified even by the careless. The story it tells about itself must be true to its essential character; it can be satisfied by nothing less; it cannot deny itself.

In exactly that same way, He who, as the Root out of a dry ground, took root in the soil of a dead humanity through the moistening and loosening of that soil by the blood of the cross, now reaches out into that soil and takes unto Himself one and another of the dead units of a sinful humanity, and seeks to so impress His character upon each one He takes into Himself that there will be no chance of mistaking a Christian for a world-

ling. For He whom the world cannot see, and yet who has determined to tell such a story about himself through those whom the world does see, that even those by the wayside may read it, will never tell the story in such a way that the character through which He tells it will be wrongly classified. The story He tells through us must be true to His essential character; He can be satisfied with nothing less; He cannot deny Himself. This is one reason why God has predestinated us to be conformed to the image of His dear Son, for as the Father has told the world the story of His character through Him who is His express image, so the Son seeks to set forth His character and the Father's through those whom He conforms to His own image.

But here again there is a power that seeks to resist this law of spiritual growth. For the world seeks to conform us to its image, and so prevent men from seeing in us the image of God's dear Son. Any worldliness that creeps into the Christian's life misrepresents and belies the character of Him whom they profess, and so the Lord says, "Do not allow yourselves to be conformed to this world, but allow yourselves to be transformed—transfigured—into the image of His dear Son." The world is conquered and driven out as we take the attitude of "beholding." "For all we, with unveiled face, reflecting—beholding—as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed—transfigured—into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

III. Expression. In seeking to express its character, what is the final expression of the life of the lily? Is it in the leaves? No, not there. Then is it in the flowers? No, the final expression of the unseen life is not in the flowers. The leaves and flowers are forms of expression, but the final expression is not there. Scientists tell us that all life is seen to be tending toward one goal, and is utterly unsatisfied until it reaches that goal. Everything else is but the pathway to that goal. And the life of the lily has not reached its final expression until it has reached that goal. All other forms in which life expresses itself are but the pathway to its complete and final expression. What is that goal? It is reproduction. All else is but the path-

way to that end. And so no lily is ever satisfied until there are other lilies, built in its own image, to tell the world what is the essential thing in its unseen life.

Exactly so does Christ, our Life, seek to express himself in us. The leaves of Christian profession and the flowers of the Christian graces are but the pathway to the final expression of His life in us. The life of Christ in us tends toward the same goal as the life of the plant in the lily. Precisely as the life of the lily cannot be satisfied until it has produced through the plant other lilies, just so our Life cannot be satisfied until He has produced through us other Christians. The goal of His earthly life was the cross by which He became the "Corn of Wheat" falling into the ground and dying, that thus He might bring forth "much fruit." Then He says to us, "Herein, is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit." The fruit of the grape vine is other grape vines; the fruit of the lily is other lilies; and the fruit of the Christian is other Christians. If we are yielded to our Life, we will become winners of the lost to Christ.

But this law is not without its antagonist. For Satan's special business is to nullify every effort of the Christian toward fruit bearing. That is why so few Christians are out and out soul winners. Satan hinders them. But our victory over him is by abiding in Christ. "He that abideth in me," said Christ, "the same bringeth forth much fruit."

And so it comes to pass that the antagonisms of the three laws of growth come from the flesh, and the world, and the devil. But the flesh is overcome by yielding, the world by beholding, and the devil by abiding. The result of yielding is negative—repression; that of beholding is positive—impression; that of abiding is dynamic—expression.

It is our Life who does the growing, and all He asks is our consent. How it hurts Him when we do not consent!

—J. E. Conant, D.D.

A SERGEANT-MAJOR AT THE FRONT.*

O-DAY is a great event in my meagre existence, after three weeks in bed,—just think, twenty-one days in bed. How often in the last three years have I wished for a soft bed with white sheets, in which I could lie as long as I pleased, and how often during the past twenty-one days have I longed to get up and get back to the old life. But it is just human nature after all, and especially soldier nature to be always wishing for something we haven't got. But the fact remains that I am up. I got up with all good confidence in my physique and for the first time in some twenty-one years, these long legs of mine played me false, and I promptly sat down again, and then big healthy me had to be helped across three yards of floor to a chair. But I can feel the health and strength flowing back into my long body. In a day or two I shall be tip-top.

I am afraid there is no news to give except that I expect to go to England any day, and nothing to talk about except myself, or rather myselves, because I have come to the conclusion that G.M.P. is a medley of persons. The more I know him, the less I am acquainted with them.

Let me say that in the British army to-day the most hated man, even more than the military policeman, is the Sergeant-Major. In many cases this is often due to his own arrogance, but the main reason is that he is the man through whom all the red-tape and all the machinations of the Army staff, good and bad, are administered to the army. He answers to the officers for the actions of the men, and he answers to the men for the actions of the officers, and by standing up for each before the other, he becomes suspected by both. It is traditional that the S.M. is always a grafter and makes use of his position to "get in soft" himself.

Let me give you a few hours of my ordinary life.

I go out on an early morning parade, and finding two men absent, give them an extra fatigue. I have my breakfast, a little better than the men's, but one of the cooks has quit and I have to find another. While I am cleaning up for next parade, three

*Portions of a letter from Gordon M. Philpott, written in hospital in France.

men come to see me about their leave, and the Major sends for me to tell me to send more men to the guns. There have been casualties. I tell the three men I will look into the matter of their leave, and they turn away with a hopeless, "the same-old-stuff" look in their faces.

During the rest of the day I am walking around, sternly demanding that the men keep at work grooming or cleaning harness, and if they do not, explaining why to the officers. Then I have to send more men for remounts and detail different men for necessary trips up the line. Some protest that it isn't their turn, but all I say is "go." Then news comes down that the rations failed to get through,—I send a fresh and sullen party. They have just left when a wire comes from the guns to "send up officers, cigarettes and rations." A fresh Tommy is sent to catch the wagon. He doesn't, and has to go all the way.

Just get to sleep at night when Orderly brings word that they need ammunition at once. I get up and go and wake six sleepy sergeants or corporals, who complain, but who nevertheless get up and wake the unlucky men. Just get back to bed when a bomb kills a horse and wounds a man. Get up and shoot the wounded horse and send the man to dressing station.

Next morning I go to the guns and find the cook-house has been hit and rations destroyed; detail more men to build another. We live on "bully" until the next lot gets up. You keep them working until dark, cleaning ammunition. Spend most of the night with gas helmets on. At daybreak we open up a barrage. I stand in rear with a watch, blowing a whistle for the "lifts." Fritz comes back. The gunners toil away and never notice the din of the exploding shell close by, in the excitment of sending their own. I see it all.

Then a cry,—a bunch hit and wounded, the smell of powder and blood. Some turn faint, and I am faintest of all, and my heart is in my mouth. I am sick and afraid, but, God, I mustn't show it. I curse the shaking one, push another, scream at another to get a stretcher, help dress a wounded one, chase idlers out of the way. And they all look at me and say, "how hard-hearted," and my old heart is softest of any, but one must choke

emotions some way and be a soldier. Finally I get real mad and forget the shells and the blood, in fact become a real savage and real soldier.

Finally, when it is all over, the dead buried, the wounded away, and the rum issued to steady the nurves of the others (it does, but some of them would sell their soul for that rum), I sit down among the bunch, who look pretty solemn and subdued, (death is no stranger to us, but it subdues us), I begin to think. But one mustn't think at such times. No man with an imagination must think then, and accordingly I usher in my other self, and although I do say it myself,—this new self is the favorite self with myself,—rather ambiguous, isn't it?

In the absence of the Sergeant-Major comes good fellowship, forced at first under the circumstances, but after a while, feeling enthused wtih a rush of perfectly free joviality, I laugh and joke, tell stories of the bush, of "Stephe," of college days, and of early army experiences with "Happy" Fairchild; until everybody is in the best of spirits, convulsed with laughter and entirely forgetful of scenes best forgotten. What a blessing is cheerfulness?

Finally I grow weary and doze in a corner, but do not sleep, because I am perched on a box, the dug-out being full of dirty water,—and other things. The conversation then takes a turn so general in the daily routine of army life and the laugh is less cheerful. Then I become disgusted and feel man has no honor and almost lose my faith in human nature.

But after all I realize that my disgust is tempered with pity. I have been wrong and cannot call these men my true companions; they are animals, but I have no right to judge the whole man by his one self, having so many selves myself, and I realize that in spite of such times, in spite of the fact that at times I grow cynical of human nature and even hate these men, in reality it is because I love them every one, from the officers to the coward and shirker. Good and bad, each has a corner in my heart, and I say reverently, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

At times all of them show the true man, and I wonder if that true man could not be developed. I love the companionship

of men. I like to find them out and try to understand them.

And now at last I am away from the war zone and can think with impunity and imagine to my heart's content. Of late years I have begun to think—something I used to try not to do—and here I find my other and inner self, which is the strangest and most mixed up self of all. Of late this self has been concerned with the big things of life. The last three months have brought me very near my Heavenly Father. Never before have I been in such constant company with Death, and never before have I feared it less. What privilege and peace to be able to place all your troubles in God's hands. Some among my friends say, "there is no God," but he does not need the Psalmist to tell him he is a fool. The atheist sees the Divine everywhere (even ——— ——— told me after coming through a particularly hot corner that, not knowing what else to do, he prayed, for the first time in twenty years), but some, because they doubt and cannot see material evidence, cloak their misunderstanding by feigning disbelief. *I know.*

—Gordon M. Philpott, '15.

I WOULD—

I would my furniture could be but conscious of my hand,
I would my rugs could feel my feet as on the pile I stand,—
That books could love their leathers limp, that prints could kiss the wall,—
That curtains could be sensitive to lines of folded fall,—
That candlesticks and sets of chess, born of antiquity,
Could change from stolid things awhile, and come and talk with me,—
I would the grate could see the glow of burning cannel coal,
I would my room could be alive, and come into its soul.

—Margaret Clarke Russell.

G. HORNE RUSSELL, A.R.C.A.

Windmill Point.

A Canadian Painting Exhibited at the
Canadian National Exhibition, 1917.

THE LITTLE POOR BROTHER OF ASSISSI.*

THERE is no period within the memory of man which is not marked by some outstanding leaders in the world of thought and action. We have only to think of the ancient world for a moment to call to mind the names of mighty empire-makers, such as Alexander and Caesar, or the names of lofty and brilliant teachers, such as Socrates and Plato. And when we pass in review the choice and master spirits of our own age, we are almost tempted to believe that we are producing not merely great men, but supermen. But when we turn to the long centuries which separate the ancient from the modern world, the marks of greatness are not at once so apparent. We are apt to regard the Middle Ages as barren and barbarous. Even Gibbon has pictured them as a long squalid night of ignorance whose only light was a few dim flickering rays of ancient culture. Yes, it was an age when men were dominated by fierce ungoverned passions, an age when many of the finer and higher ideals of life were lost in sordid materialism. Yet not all the noise and folly of men could drown the voices of martyrs and prophets raised in vehement protest against all that was base and ignoble. Even in the midst of rude surroundings there flourished some of the choicest spirits who ever devoted themselves to the service of humanity. Chief among this noble company was St. Francis of Assissi.

Francis was the son of a wealthy cloth merchant, Bernardone by name, a native of the little town of Assissi, in central Italy. His father's wealth raised him almost to the level of the titled families, and thus Francis was able to spend money so freely that he was given a royal welcome among the young nobles of the city. As he grew up to manhood, he gave himself over to a life of pleasure. Day and night he was in the streets with his boon companions, yielding to their pernicious influence, and drawing attention to himself by his extravagant attire, and by his foolish pranks and noisy songs.

But a rude awakening awaited the frivolous youth. His life of dissipation began to tell on him, and he became seriously ill.

*An address delivered in Castle Memorial Hall.

For long weeks he looked death in the face, and this crisis brought about a radical change in his conduct. All the miserable emptiness of his former life, all its vanity and folly, appeared before him, and haunted him like an unwelcome dream. But in these hours of moral anguish, he had no source of comfort. For him, religion was little more than a gross superstition, which left him unaided and alone to grope his way in darkness. In his conflict of mind he sought relief in solitude, spending much of his time in lonely wanderings in field and forest.

About this time Francis made a pilgrimage to Rome. Here his sympathy was drawn out for the beggars whom he saw crowding before the Church of St. Peter. Borrowing the rags of one of them he stood there with them all day, begging with outstretched hand. This act of humility awoke within him a new compassion, and on his return to Assissi, his kind impulsiveness often prompted him to give the ragged and hungry all the money he had about him, and even his clothes.

Meanwhile, life in his father's house was becoming daily more difficult. Even though Barnardone had lavished money upon Francis that he might stand on an equal footing with the young nobles, he could not resign himself to see him giving with open hand to every beggar in the streets. Bitterly disappointed in his son, he listened to his plans with mocking smiles, and regarded his vague impractical ideals as incipient madness.

Reproached and misunderstood by those whom he loved best, Francis used to seek consolation in the little rustic chapels which were so numerous in the suburbs of Assissi. He particularly loved to visit the humble hermitage of St. Damian. Kneeling here one day before the rude altar of masonry, and gazing with tearful eyes into the suffering face of the Saviour, he began to pray:

"Great and glorious God, and thou, Lord Jesus, shed abroad your light in the darkness of my mind. Be found of me, O Lord, so that in all things I may act only in accordance with Thy holy will."

Even as he prayed the painted crucifix seemed to take on life, and Francis became aware that a voice was sounding out

through the sacred silence of the oratory. A marvellous peace stole over his spirit. His poor offering had been accepted, and he had received his divine commission. His union with the Christ was consummated at last.

Francis' first thought was to devote himself to a life of penitence and meditation. But one day when mass was being celebrated at Santa Maria, the priest turned towards him as he read the words of Jesus, bidding His disciples go forth with neither silver nor gold to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom. Francis was overpowered with a strange agitation. He no longer saw the priest; it was the Crucified one who was again speaking. Immediately he threw aside his stick and wallet and shoes, determined to observe to the letter the precepts of his Master.

The very next day Francis returned to his native city. Day after day people saw a little man with dark piercing eyes and jet black hair go up and down the streets of the city. His dress was mean, his person insignificant, his face without beauty, yet his power was marvellous. His artless eloquence and passionate pleading constrained earnest souls, both rich and poor, to cast in their lot with him.

One summer morning, in company with Francis, a little band of these ragged enthusiasts, clad in coarse shepherd's tunics, barefooted, and without money, set out to obtain the Pope's approval of their simple Rule, which was composed of a few passages of the Gospels. They craved only one privilege at the Court of Rome,—that of possessing nothing. Nevertheless, the Pope and his officials regarded these simple pious souls with a strange distrust, and it was only after much delay that the Church recognized the new Order.

Filled with great joy, they returned to their beloved mountains. The Benedictine monks granted them the little chapel of Santa Maria, which they soon repaired, and enclosed with a wall. This humble Sanctuary served for ten years as the home of the Order, and became the centre of their intense missionary activity. From here, bands of friars went forth throughout all Italy, and perilous missions were undertaken even among barbarous peoples in far distant lands. Dangers and privations were not mere-

ly endured with fortitude, but were actually embraced with joy. One cold winter's day, Francis and Brother Leo were walking together, when the latter turned and said:

"Father, I pray you, tell me in what consists perfect joy?"

And Francis replied:

"When we arrive at Santa Maria, soaked with rain, frozen with cold, covered with mud, dying of hunger, and we knock, and the porter comes in a rage, saying, 'Who are you?' and we answer, 'We are two of your brethren,' and he says, 'You lie, you are not; you are two lewd fellows who go up and down corrupting the world. Go away from here!' and he does not open to us, but leaves us outside, shivering in the snow and rain, then, if thus maltreated and turned away, we patiently endure all without murmuring, then, O Brother Leo, write that in this is perfect joy."

It is remarkable that throughout his whole career Francis never separated the contemplative from the active life. Terrified by the disorders of the time, many fearful souls sought refuge in convents. Others, haunted by the painful memories of their past, did penance among the Alpine solitudes where the silence is broken only by the murmurs of the mountain torrent. But Francis and his fellows were no base deserters from the battle of life. It is true they would spend seasons in retirement, listening to the inner voice, but when their strength had been renewed, and their vision clarified, they hastened to come down from the mount to the valley beneath, where men moan and suffer and blaspheme.

Within a decade, the Order had grown to about 5000 members, but with the growth in numbers, there began a departure from the early simplicity and austerity. Moreover, the Papacy began to lay her strong hand upon the Order, that she might assimilate the new movement to herself. In his early years Francis had been guided only by God and conscience; now, he was forced to become a submissive servant of the Church.

Francis' strenuous life, coupled with the agonies of grief and fear he had endured over the decadence of the Order, and the encroachments of Rome, began to tell upon his physical frame, and he fell gravely ill. His devoted followers gathered about

him, and the sorrowful procession moved slowly forward till they came within sight of his native Assissi, where they were met by an armed guard from the city. No doubt the dying Francis recalled the day so long ago when, cursed and disinherited by his father, he had been hooted as a madman by the children in the streets. Now, however, all was changed; the city went frantic with joy at his presence, and escorted him with great honour to the palace of the Bishop.

Here, all the grief and regret of his former life seemed to pass away. The long sleepless nights of weariness and pain gave place to a wonderful joy. Just before the end came, Francis called his brethren about him, and there, without altar and without priest, with that simplicity so characteristic of his whole life, he partook with them of the Lord's Supper, and commended them tenderly to God.

All was now hushed in the chamber of death. It was evening, and yonder in the distance the sun was gilding the crests of the mountains with its departing rays. Just as the shades of night were deepening round, without struggle, without pain, Francis breathed his last.

Twenty brief years of ceaseless activity and patient self-denial, and the heroic soul was called to receive his reward; but not before he had rendered a service which will abide to the end of time. In an age when prayer was regarded as a sort of magic formula to be spoken only by the gowned and privileged few, Francis retaught men that prayer was the spontaneous utterance of the heart in personal fellowship with God. Every fireside might be an altar, and every believer a priest. In an age when theologians were lost amid the complications of dogma, when scholars confused the unlearned with their laborious and fantastic exegesis, Francis came presenting his simple, but searching, ethical appeal to the heart and conscience of man. Francis found the religious houses of the day peopled with licentious and idle monks; when he died, he left a brotherhood of noble men, leading chaste and thrifty lives. He found his beloved Italy rent by strong and subtle heresies; he wrought her purification, and helped to re-establish the prestige and power of the Church.

Nor was the church unmindful of her debt of gratitude. Two years after the death of Francis, Gregory the Ninth came to Assissi to preside over the ceremonies of canonization, and to lay the corner-stone of the new church dedicated to the memory of the saint. But if you would understand the true St. Francis, look not upon this proud memorial, rich and imposing. Tarry not in the magnificent basilica with its marvellous frescoes; but go down to Santa Maria at the hour when evening shadows lengthen, when the evening prayers have ceased, and all the vain formalities of worship are lost in the gathering darkness. Then take the stony path out under the olive trees, and pass over to the humble little chapel of St. Damian, with its rude worm-eaten benches. Then you will understand the simplicity and the humility of him who, like his Master, came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

—Roy Harris, '18.

MONT-DES-CATS.

"Voyageurs en ces Lieux,
Exilés sur la Terre,
A la Reine des Cieux
Offrez une Prière."

SUCH were the words, carved in the rough granite of a wayside shrine, which first attracted the attention of my companions and caused us to turn aside from our path. Apart from this inscription the shrine differed little from the type which is so numerous in northern France. Nestling under the very brow of the hill, and partly covered with moss and screened by vines, it might easily have passed unnoticed. Upon looking into the interior one could see upon a rough stone pedestal an image of the Virgin, while from the rocks in the rear, a tiny spring of pure water trickled down to flow into a rocky basin near the entrance. Everything about the spot suggested peace. The birds in the hawthorn hedges were paying their tribute to

the beauties of Nature. The mist which had obscured the foot of the hills was rapidly dispersing under the rays of the Spring sun. Below us the monks from the neighboring monastry were working quietly in their hop fields, while around them the fields were steaming in the sunlight.

Rest, that was what we craved. Beyond the low range of hills on our right lay the long line of trenches which we had left only the preceding day, while on our left lay the Ypres Salient, which we were so soon to enter. Below, on the hillside, a set of farm buildings marked the billet of our company and the starting point of our ramble.

After a parting glance at the shrine we continued our climb, and soon stood upon the brow of the hill, close to the walls of the Monastery of Mont-des-Cats, which gives the hill its name. On one side rose the spires of the monastery, while a gravel path led the way to a tiny chapel, overlooking the hillside. A tall windmill, a relic of the twelfth century, and a figure of Christ upon the Cross completed the scene.

From the summit of the hill the land fell sharply away on three sides to the level plain below, but to the east a gentle slope ended in a range of low hills, on which numerous windmills flapped their long sweeps or hung motionless as the breeze rose and died away. The plain, stretching as far as the horizon, was dotted here and there with tiny villages; those in the distance being only distinguishable by the towers and spires of their churches. Countless roads, lined with huge elms, Lombardy poplars, and hawthorn hedges, formed a network in all directions. Here and there, among the trees, the red tiled roofs of farm buildings stood out in sharp contrast to the surrounding verdure, and relieved what might otherwise have been a monotonous expanse of green. Small, sluggish streams wound aimlessly across the fields, the banks dotted with low willows whose trunks were gnarled and misshapen by reason of yearly pruning. To the north, just where the earth appeared to meet the sky, a long thread of silver sparkled in the sunlight; it was the sea.

How long we gazed upon this peaceful scene, we could not say. We had lost the consciousness of time. One could almost

believe that he had entered an enchanted land where time was never known.

We were aroused from our revery by the monks returning from their work. The sun had dropped behind the neighboring height of old Cassell and the evening breeze was already chilling our bodies. The landscape was slowly fading from our sight, but still we lingered.

As we turned to descend, a glow in the east caught our attention, and a dull rumble was borne to us on the breeze. The evening bombardment had begun. From the lips of the older men there escaped the one word "Ypres," and with one parting look we made our way down the hillside.

—F. G. McCoy, '20.

PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

ONE of the purposes of The Monthly —a purpose not always realised—is to encourage and promote literary activity among the students. Accordingly, we take pleasure in announcing a Prize Story Competition.

The Monthly Board offers the following prizes for stories submitted by undergraduates of the University:

First Prize $5.00
Second Prize 3.00
Third Prize 2.00

The conditions governing the contest are as follows:

1. All stories must be in the hands of the Managing Editor not later than December 1st, 1918.

2. The author's name must not appear on the manuscript, but must be enclosed, in a sealed envelope. This should bear on the outside the title of the story and any other distinguishing mark or *nom de plume* which the author may see fit to use.

3. The writing must be legible and on one side of the paper only.

4. Stories must not contain more than 2,000 words. The

number of words should be stated on the first page of the manuscript.

5. Prizes will not be given in any case unless stories submitted are deemed worthy of publication.

6. The Board reserves the right to publish any or all of the stories submitted.

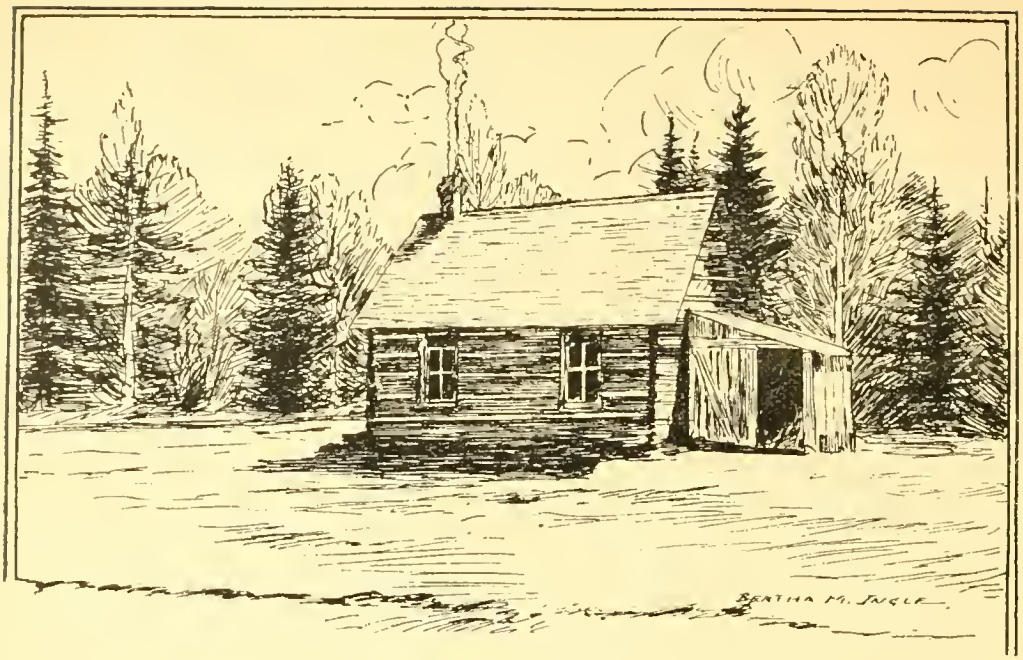
SEA-DRIFT.

Full many a ship that meets the gale
Is driven furiously,
And splintered mast and sodden sail
Are drifted in from sea.

But many a good ship breasts the gale
With never a broken spar;
And many a ship that men may sail
Shall cross the harbor-bar.

Full many a ship when tempests blow
Must battle manfully,
That with the sunset's crimson glow
Shall come again from sea.

—R. J. LANG, '16.



NOT YET AWAKE.

As the first pale shafts of light in the rifted clouds indicate the place of rising of the warmth-giving sun and the approach of day; in like manner the first few green things which protrude above the melting snow, the piping song of a solitary robin and first growing buds, are harbingers of that time of reviving gladness and creeping greenness, the ever welcome and recreating Spring.

On the north shore of our greatest lake, Winter is slow to loose his hold on the land. Even in May the nights are still cold and frosty with the unmistakable "tang" of the Frost King's breath. In the morning the pools and ditches are sheeted with ice. The sparsely foliated bluffs which rise from the fertile soil are flecked with snow. In the distance for many a mile can be seen the ice-covered water of Black Bay. By noonday the roads are soft and sticky; the waggon ruts form streamlets in their clay crowns; the ditches are running with water. Life has scarcely begun to stir.

In the woods and fields are a few plants which have either lived through the winter beneath the snow or are making bold to put forth their leaves for an early start. White Spruce and Balsam, with their low-growing relative, Juniper, are the most

conspicuous green things in the woods. White Birch and Poplar divide the remaining space between them and are wan in their nakedness in contrast to the bushy evergreens. Interspersed among these are a number of peculiarly foliated trees. At a distance they appear to be the exceptional member of the evergreen family, namely, Tamarack. But it is too early for the delicate needles of this tree. What can they be? They are nothing more than dead Spruce trees with limbs and branches covered with hairy Lichens. Alders with swinging catkins, which have remained naked over winter, mingle with logs of the straggling snake fence and help divide the forest from the thoroughfares of man. A few last year's Fungi still cling to the Birch logs and a group of tiny Puff Balls, scattering their brown dust to the wind, keep their place on a Poplar stump. Pussy Willows are creeping from beneath leathery hoods on slender supports in the water-covered flats. On the warm roadside the first green Violet leaves are commencing to appear. Where the road runs through a black spruce swamp it is fringed with a hardy evergreen, Labrador Tea, which shows its drooping leaves above the snow that still lingers in sheltered places. Perhaps because we are warm blooded animals we cannot separate warmth from life and think of Moss as having melted a place for itself in the snow as it lies in beds in the glistening unthawed banks and catches with subtle contrast the light of the sun. On wet rocks, too, where cold spring water trickles, Moss of different kinds is thriving well.

Among the dead grass and Aster stalks of a year ago, Club Mosses are growing sturdily and are conspicuous because of few rivals. Dignified Ground Pine is here; Moose Moss with creeping stem loses itself among the grass roots and another member of the family with formidable name, Lycopodium lucidulum, shares the ground with its relatives.

Few birds have arrived. A pair of Robins are busily darting among the naked trees, spying out a building place before the advent of their companions. The ubiquitous Hawk sails overhead and a Sea Gull seems out of place as it flies through the woods. A small butterfly flutters demurely down the lum-

ber trail, coaxed from its swinging cradle on some open hillside by the first warm sunshine.

This is out-of-doors in a remote part of our province. The few sentinels of the vegetable world which have kept green during the winter will soon be joined by many of their kind. Soon the birds in the early morning will call from the green-growing meadow. Soon flowers and bees and butterflies will surround us in incalculable abundance, and Spring with all her warmth and gladness will be here. But now all is quiet; the woods are sombre; the snow and ice have not all disappeared; it is cold. The log school-house standing in the forest, around which no little bare feet yet dance in merriment at recess, sends up wreaths of smoke in silence among the trees. It is that intense stillness which preeedes the Great Awakening.

—R.

LINES.

(Suggested by the name of B. F. Trotter, cut in the surface of a lecture-room desk.)

Gone is the hand that wrote that name;
No more it obeys his will;
But the soul that "threw the glove" to shame,
Lives in our memory still.

He did not "look for Jasper walls."
He heard the weak ones cry;
But the path of Heaven ever falls
The path of duty nigh.

Man's evil; does it ever live?
The good lie in the grave?
The souls of the brave cry, No! we give
New life to the cause we save.

—George Upham, Theo.

UPIDEE.

Various versions of the words of this song are current—all of them parodies of Longfellow's "Excelsior," five verses of which are here inserted.

Having heard of the song selected for this month, the office dog suggested that the words of the chorus of our own college song be substituted for the repeated words below. Try it!

SEMI-CHORUS
1 The shades of night were fall - ing fast, U pi dee, U pi da, As
through an Al pine vil lage passed, U pi dee i da. A
youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice, A ban ner with the strange de vice·
FULL CHORUS
U - pi-dee-i - dee-i - da, U pi-dee, U pi-da! U - pi-dee-i - dee-i da U pi-dee-i da
r - r - r -

The McMaster University Monthly

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR

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Editorial Notes

The last copy is in, the final proof is read, and it only remains now for the Editor to make his bow before the curtain falls.

These two years have been difficult years for all magazines and particularly for college journals. But we have enjoyed the varied tasks as they have come to us, and confess that it is with slight reluctance, yet with confidence, that we welcome those who will take up the work.

We wish to express our appreciation to the members of the Board, for their splendid co-operation; to our readers we extend thanks for their patience and kindly criticisms; and to the new MONTHLY Board we wish the best year yet!

We take pleasure in introducing to our readers, the personnel of the Board of Publication for the College year 1918-1919:

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On Military Service.

Editor: FRANK G. McCOY.

"Of their free manhood's choice they crossed the sea
To save a stricken people from its foe."
—*Bernard Freeman Trotter, '15.*

Allen, B. R., B.A., 1903, Can. Inf.

Allen, H.H., B.A., 1915, Can. Inf., Pte., died in training. June, 1916.

Anderson, W. K., B.A., 1914, Can. Inf., Lieut,, transferred to R. F.C., accidentally killed, January, 1918.

Ashall, E. R., B.A., 1912, C.O.T.C.

Atkinson, R. G., Arts, 1916, Can. Inf., Lieut. transferred to R.F.C.

Bates, J. E., B.A., 1916, Div. Sig. Coy., Military Medal, January, 1918.

Barclay, Robert, Can. Inf., Lance Corporal.

Bartlett, R. D., Can. Inf., Pte.

Biggar, E. L., Arts, 1916, C.A.S.C., Lieut.

Black, E. G., B.A., 1913, C.F.A., Corporal.

Brocklebank, S. H., B.A., 1914, Can. Inf., Lieut., wounded, March, 1917; Acting Major.

Brodie, A.H., Arts, 1915, Can. Inf., Pte, killed in action June, 1917

Brown, J. M., Arts, 1914, Can. Cav., Driver.

Brown, F. L., Arts, 1920, C.F.A., Gunner.

Brownlee, H. M., Arts, 1917, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.

Cameron, W. A., B.A., 1906, Capt. Chaplain, Can. Y.M.C.A.

Campbell, E. D., B.A., 1912, C.A.M.C., Staff Sergt.

Campbell, R. D., B.A., 1916, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.

Chisholm, A. W., B.A., 1916, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.

Chisholm, W.A., Arts, 1917, Div. Sig, Coy., Spr., died of wounds. March, 1917.

Christie, R. W. E., Arts, 1918, Can. Inf., Lieut., transferred to Div. Sig. Coy.

Clarke, G. A., B.A., 1915, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr., transferred to Y.M.C.A., Lieut.

Clendenan, D. G., B.A., 1915, Can. Inf., Pte., transferred to Motor Transports.

Cohoe, E. F., B.A., 1908.

Coles, A. J., B.A., 1916, R.F.C., Reserve.

Craig, J. D., B.A., 1907, Can. Inf.

Crowe, C. B., B.A., 1913, Div. Sig. Coy.

Cutler, L.S., B.A., 1914, Can., Inf., Corporal.

Davies, J. H., B.A., 1914, R.N.V.R., transferred to Officers' Training Corps of Imperial Inf.

Davies, Gordon, B.A., 1915, Can. Inf., Lieut., gassed November, 1917.

Davis, J. W., B.A., 1914, B.Th., Div. Sig. Coy., Corporal.

Davis, G. H., Arts, 1917, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.

Dales, L. W., Arts, 1912, C.A.M.C., Lieut., attached to Can. Inf.

Dearborn, L. E., Arts, 1917, R.A.M.C., Pte., returned.

Demaray, J. F., B.A., 1917, R.F.C., Cadet.

Dobson, H. E., B.A., 1912, R.F.C.

Dodds, I. L., Arts, 1903, Can. Engineers, Spr., wounded, April, 1917.

Donogh, W. R., B.A., 1915,

Duncombe, G. M., B.A., 1912, C.F.A., Gunner.

Duncombe, K. L., Arts, 1919, C.F.A., Gunner, gassed, Sept., 1917, returned to duty.
Dunn, C., Arts, Can. Inf., Pte.
Eberle, I. H., Arts, 1918, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.
Elder, J. A. D., Arts, 1917, Can. Inf., Lieut.
Ellis, G. H., B.A., 1913, Lieut.
Farmer, C. V., B.A., 1915, Div. Sig. Coy., transferred to Can. Y.M.C.A., Lieut.
Farmer, G. W. Arts, 1918, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.
Fairchild, J. H., Arts, 1916, C.F.A., Gunner, killed in action, November, 1916.
Field, F. W., Arts, 1917, Div. Sig. Co. ,Spr.
Firstbrook, J. H., Arts, 1917; R.F.C., 2nd Lieut., Prisoner July, 1916, repatriated September, 1917.
Fitch, I. F., B.A., 1912, Can. Inf., Lieut.
Forgie, A. W., Military Y.M.C.A., Capt.
Foster, R. L., B.A., 1917, Can. Inf., Lieut.
Foulds, F. E., B.Sc.Agr., 1916, C.A.M.C., Sergt.
Fox, J. H., B.A., 1916, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.
Fraser, R. M., B.A., 1913, B.Th., B.D., Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.
Freeman, R. E., B.A., 1914, M.A., R.F.A., Lieut.
Froom, A. M., B.A., 1915, M.A., R.F.C., Cadet.
Gilmour, J. L., B.Th., B.D., 1899, Capt. Chaplain, returned to Canada.
Gilbert, B. E., B.A., 1916, Can. Inf., Lieut., transferred to R.F.C.
Grant, C.A., B.A., 1902, Can. Inf. Lieut., wounded Sept., 1916, returned to Canada.
Grigg, Ernest, Theol., 1890, Military, Y.M.C.A.
Grimshaw, J. B., Theol., 1903, Major Chaplain.
Guiou, G. W., Arts, 1918, Can. Inf., Lieut., Military Cross, July, 1917; bar to M. C., Nov., 1917.
Gunton, G.E., Arts, 1919, C.F.A., Gunner, invalided to England.
Hambly, P.K., B.A., 1915, Can. Inf., Sergt., discharged.
Harkness, L. C., B.A., 1908, Can. Inf., Sergt., Can. Pay and Records Office.
Hicks, W. L., Arts, 1918, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.
Hill, L. R., Arts, 1913, Can. Inf.
Hindson, W. E., Capt. Chaplain, attached Can. Inf.
Hope, C.P., B.A., 1915, Div. Sig. Coy., Corporal.
Houlding, L. M., B.A., 1915, Div. Sig. Coy., transferred to Y. M. C. A. Sergt.
Howes, J. E., B.A., 1912, Can. Inf., Corporal, wounded and returned to Canada.
Hughes, D., Arts, 1919, Can. Inf., Pte.
Innis, H. A., B.A., 1916, C.F.A., Signaller, wounded, April, 1917, returned to Canada.
Ives, C. L., Theol., 1917, Univ. Base Hosp., Pte.
Jamieson, J. D., Arts, 1916, Can. Inf., Pte., wounded, April, 1917.
Jamieson, E., B.A., 1913, Can. Inf., Sergt.
Jenks, A. N., Arts, 1913, C.A.M.C., Sergt., transferred to R.F.C., Lieut.
Jones, W. J., Arts, 1918, Can. Inf., Pte., M.G. Coy., killed in action, July, 1917.
Jones, C. D., B.A., 1906, Can. Inf.
Jury, G. S., B.A., 1909, C.A.M.C., Sergt.

Kemp, F. W., B.A., 1916, R.F.C., 2nd Lieut., Inventions Board, British Admiralty.
Kent, J.P., Arts, 1918, Imperial Inf., M.G. Corps, Palestine.
Kenyon, W. A., B.A., 1915, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.
Kerr, R. C., Theol. 1915, killed in action, March, 1918.
King, R. H., B.A., 1917, R.F.A., 2nd Lieut., wounded, Nov., 1917.
Kingdon, K. H., B.A., 1914, Div. Sig. Coy., Invention Board, British Admiralty.
Knott, J. E., B.A., 1916, Can. Inf., Lieut.
Lang, R. J., B.A., 1916, R.F.C., discharged.
Laughland, L. C., B.A., 1900, C.A.M.C., Capt.
Lawson, F. G., Can. Inf., Lieut., prisoner in Germany since May, 1917.
Lester, A. J., B.A., 1916, Can. Inf., Lieut.
Levy, D., Arts, 1921, C.F.A., Gunner.
Lewis, E. P., B.A., 1909, R.A.M.C., Capt.
Long, J.A., B.A., 1915, Div. Sig. Co., Sergt.
Lorymer, W. T., Capt. Chaplain.
McAlpine, W. S., B.A., 1895, B.Th., B.D., Can. Inf., Corporal.
McBain, D. G., Arts, 1918, Can. Inf., Pte., transferred to Motor Transports, Salonika forces.
McCormack, H. A.
McCoy, F. G., Arts, 1918, Can. Engineers, Spr., invalided to Canada and discharged.
McCrimmon, B. V., B.A., 1913, Motor Boat Patrol, R.N.V.R., Lieut.
McDonald, D. G., Arts, 1919, R.G.A., 2nd Lieut.
McDonald, O. H., Arts, 1919, R.C.H.A., Gunner.
McDougald, O. C., Arts, 1918, C.F.A., Gunner.
McGrath, A. S., Arts, 1919, R.F.C., Cadet.
McGregor, R. R., B.A., 1916, Div. Sig. Co., Spr.
McIntosh, D. C., B.A., 1903, Capt. Chaplain, returned.
McIntyre, C. M., Arts, 1917, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.
McKay, W. L., Theol., Capt., Chaplain, attached to Can. Inf.
Mackenzie, C., Arts. 1918, Can. Inf., M.G. Coy., killed in action, April, 1917.
McKissock, W. E., B.A., 1916, Can. Inf., Lieut., transferred to R.F.C., killed in action, June, 1917.
McLaren, A. J., B.A., 1908, Can. Inf., Lieut., transferred to Canadian Engineers, wounded, Sept., 1917.
McLarty, H. R., B.A., 1916, Div. Sig. Co., Spr.
McLay, S. M., B.A., 1903, R.A.M.C., Capt., returned to Canada.
MacNeill, J., B.A., 1896, Can. Y.M.C.A., Capt.
McWilliams, T. F., B.A., 1914, Can. Inf., Pte., invalided to Canada.
Mallory, W. S., B.A., 1916, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.
Masson, H. C., Arts, 1916, C.F.A., Gunner.
Millions, A. O., B.A., 1917, Can. Inf., Pte.
Morris, C. H., Arts, 1921, C.F.A., Gunner.
Morrison, J. D., B.A., 1914, Div. Sig. Coy., transferred to C.F.A., Lieut., transferred to Y.M.C.A.
Moyle, H. B., B.A., 1906, R.A.M.C., Capt., Salonika forces, returned to Canada.
Moyle, R. D., B.A., 1908, C.A.M.C., Capt.
Moyle, W. D., Arts, 1915, invalided to Canada.
Mullowney, H. S., B.A., 1909, B.Th., M.A., B.D., Capt. Chaplain, attached to Can. Inf.

Newcombe, H. C., B.A., 1900, Capt. Chaplain, returned to Canada.
Newton, L. P., Arts, 1918, Can. Inf., Pte., transferred to R.F.C., Cadet.
Nobles, H. R., B.A., 1906, B.D., Capt. Chaplain.
Noble, C., Theol., 1915, Lieut.
Oliver, E. H., ad eundem, 1906, Capt. Chaplain, attached to Can. Inf.
Orsborn, V. E., Theol., 1917, M.G. School, Corporal, Instructor, Pay and Records Office.
Orth, C. C., Arts, 1917, C.F.A., Gunner.
Parry, A. E., B.A., 1916, C.A.M.C., Corporal.
Philpott, G. M., B.A., 1915, C.F.A., Sergt.-Major, wounded, May, 1917, mentioned in despatches, Jan., 1918.
Pinnock, H., Arts, 1918, Can. Inf., M.G. Coy., Signaller.
Poole, F. G., B.A., 1912, Capt. Chaplain.
Price, S. L., Arts, 1916, Can. Inf., Lieut.
Price, W. D., Arts, 1916, C.F.A., Corporal, invalided to England.
Price, V. W., B.A., 1911, M.A., Can. Inf., Capt.
Pyke, E. W., Arts, 1915, C.F.A., Gunner, wounded, April, 1917, returned to Canada.
Quirk, A. R., B.A., 1913, R.F.C., Cadet.
Raithby, W., B.A., 1908, B.Th., M.A., Can. Inf., Sergt.

Rice, W. S., B.A., 1916, died March, 1916.

Riddiford, W. C., Theol., 1904, Capt. Chaplain.
Rosser, G. L., Theol., 1916, Can. Cav., Capt.
Russell, D. J., Arts, 1920, R.F.C., Lieut.
Rutherford, A. S., Arts, 1914, Can. Inf., Pte., prisoner in Germany.
Ryrie, J. G., R.F.C., returned to Canada, Instructor.
Sanderson, M. A., C.F.A., Bdr.
Scott, W. F. A., B.A., 1909, C.A.M.C., Capt.
Scott, G. R., Arts, 1914, C.A.M.C., Lieut.
Sinclair, W. B., Arts, 1912, Can. Inf.
Smith, R. E., B.A., 1900, B.Th., Mesopotamia forces.
Smith, M.A., Arts, 1918, Can. Inf., Pte., wounded, Aug., 1917, returned to duty, gassed, March, 1918.
Snelgrove, F. J., B.A., 1900, C.A.M.C., Capt.
Sorton, R., Theol., 1914, Can. Inf., Lieut.
Sparks, H. S., Theol., 1917, Can. Inf., transferred to Imperial Army, 2nd Lieut.
Spencer, W. G., B.A., 1914, Div. Sig. Coy., Invention Board, British Admiralty.
Spencer, J. S., Arts, 1920, R.F.C., Cadet.
St. Dalmas, T. D., B.A., 1913, R.F.C., Cadet.
Stainton, J. H., B.A., 1916, Y.M.C.A., Mesopotamia forces.
Steckley, R. C., B.A., 1914, Can. Inf., Sergt.
Steven, W. T., Theol., 1915, Div. Sig. Coy., Lance Corporal.
Terry, D. W., B.Th., 1897, Y.M.C.A., Capt., Egypt, returned to Canada.
Thomas, G. H., B.A., 1912, B.Th., School of Musketry, Instructor, Sergt.

Trotter, B F., B.A., 1915, C.O.T.C., Imperial Inf., Lieut., killed in action, May, 1917.

VanSlyke, J. G., Arts, 1918, Div. Sig. Co., Spr.
Veals, H. J., B.A., 1916, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.
Vincent, E. H. J., B.A., 1917.
Vining, A. J., Theol., 1890, Y.M.C.A., Lieut.
Vining, C. A., Arts, 1919, Can. Inf., Corporal, wounded, Nov., 1917.

Wallace, Prof. W. S., ad eundem, 1910, Can. Inf., Major.
Ware, N. J., B.A., 1908, Can. Inf., Sergt., wounded, 1917.
Warren, C. W., A.S.C., Pte., transferred to C.F.A., Lieut.
Waters, F. W., B.A., 1911, B.Th., Can. Inf., Sergt., wounded, April, 1917, returned to duty.
Way, W. S., B.A., 1917, R.F.C., Cadet.
Webb, H. H. Arts, 1920, R.F.C., 2nd Lieut.
Werden, L. H., B.A., 1907, R.A.M.C., Lieut.
White, A. E., B.A., 1907, Y.M.C.A., French Army.
Wilkins, T. R., B.A., 1912, U. S. Army.
Wilkins, C. J., Arts, 1920, Can. Forestry Bn., Pte.
Wilkins, S. R., Arts, 1918, Imperial Inf., 2nd Lieut., Military Cross, January, 1918.
Willcock, R. E., B.A., 1912, Can. Inf., Lieut., Military Cross, April, 1917, bar to M. C., Sept., 1917, promoted to Major.
Williams, R .E., B.A., 1913, C.F.A., Corporal.
Wilson, H. H., B.A., 1917, R.F.C., 2nd Lieut.
Wilson, A. P., B.A., 1916, C.A.M.C., Pte.
Wiltshire, F.A., Can. Railway Troops. Corporal, wounded, 1917, returned to duty.
Wright, W. J., Can. Inf., Lieut., killed in action, August, 1917.
Young, R. W., B.A., 1907, R.A.M.C., Capt., returned to Canada.
Ziemann, P. P., B.A., 1916, C.A.M.C., Corporal.

College News

Around the Hall

Editor: Harold W. Lang. '19.

"For now I am in a holiday humour."
—*As You Like It.*

WITH the publication of this issue of The Monthly our duties as editor of this department come to a close. It seems but yesterday that we approached this task with so much fear and misgiving. But the months have sped away, and we are now face to face with the end of another academic year. Firstly, we wish to assert that we have honestly enjoyed recording the events "Around the Hall." In fact we have gained far more real benefit and pleasure out of our duties than we ever expected. We are, of course, conscious of failure in many respects; and we thank you, kindly reader, for your forbearance in this regard. Also, we are grateful for the word of en-

courageement which you have extended on more than one occasion. You have no idea how much it lightened our task. We would also take this occasion to thank the reportorial staff and other contributors who have helped so much in the attainment of any success which this department may have achieved.

And now our robe of office falls upon the shoulders of Mr. Arnold E. Look, B.Th. Of Mr. Look's capabilities and his success in this position we are confidently assured. He has already given evidence of his editorial ability. We would bespeak for him the same spirit of indulgence and assistance which we have enjoyed; and our sincere wish is that he may obtain as much pleasant and helpful experience from his labours as has fallen to our lot during the past few months.

Oratorical Contest

The annual Oratorical Contest was held under the auspices of the Debating Union on Friday, March 15th, President A. E. Look, B.Th., acting as chairman. The names of the contestants and the subjects of their orations were as follows. L. E. Zavitz, '20. "Pro Patria"; G. P. Gilmour, '21, "Life of General Gordon"; D. D. Hurst, '19, "The Development of Conscience"; J. R. Harris, '18. "St. Francis of Assissi"; W. M. MacDonald, Th., "Canadian Heroism." The judges, Professor W. T. Hallam, B.D., Rev. T. T. Shields, D.D., and James J. Salmond, Esq., were unanimous in the opinion that all the orations were of exceptional excellence, and awarded the first place to G. P. Gilmour, '21, and second place to L. E. Zavitz, '20. Chancellor McCrimmon presented the prizes to the winners, the first of which was a gold medal awarded by Mrs. Harry Ryrie, and the second a silver medal awarded by the Debating Union. An interesting item on the evening's program was the presentation of the Inter-year Debating Cup to H. E. Wintermute, president of Year Nineteen, by Rev. J. L. Sloat, a member of the class of '09, which donated the cup to the University. Musical numbers, greatly appreciated by the audience, were piano and vocal solos by Miss Lenore Hurd, and violin solos by Master Sam Green.

Higher Criticism à la mode.—Professor: "What is the meaning of this phrase in I. Samuel 3:3, which says 'The lamp of God was not yet gone out'?"

Romantic Freshman.—"It means that the sun hadn't set yet."

STUDENT BODY EXECUTIVES, 1917-1918.

Saturday evening, March 16th, witnessed the last social function which it is our pleasure to record. Picnics, sleighing parties, and sundry other varieties of entertainment, have been commemorated very feebly by our halting pen; but never has it been more incapable of doing justice to its subject than in attempting to describe the above event. On this occasion, through the kindness of Doctor and Mrs. Smith, the Seniors and Juniors combined for the final celebration of the season on the eve of St. Patrick's Day. Of course we were all Irish; our names indicated that fact. Moreover, when we began to look around we saw that bits of the Emerald Isle were scattered here, there and everywhere, in colour and in verse. Contests, stunts and music caused the time to pass all too quickly. Then came the refreshments, to which everyone did justice, and some did more. Finally, after expressing their gratitude to their host and hostess, the guests departed, firmly convinced that the last party of the season ranked high among the most enjoyable.

Parties

Good old St. Patrick himself would have smiled happily on the verdure visible both in guests and decorations at the home of Miss Marjorie Starr, on the evening of March 12th; and he would also have thoroughly enjoyed the games which claimed the attention of the "Freshies" for some time. But games were not the only attraction; for the fresh young minds had devised a wonderful plan. So, without further delay, elections were held, thereby

causing great discomfiture among the Sophomores. The new officers are recorded elsewhere in our columns. Unspeakable delight transfigured every face at the sight of refreshments; and it was with a start that, some time later, everyone realized that the proper hour of departure had long since come and gone.

Now it came to pass that a certain young Freshman, being of the truly verdant variety, did Look upon a maiden and did consider her to be wondrous fair. Thereupon did Cupid's Shatz so Pearce his Hart that it did well nigh Berst; and, inasmuch as she did drive her own Carr, he did determine to visit her forthwith. But, alas, there was the difficulty. For, although he was a Smart young Buck, and would probably make his Mark as a Mason or a Miller, he certainly was far from being Rich. Nevertheless, in spite of the protestations of his Brothers, because he did think yon maid was just about Wright, and, inasmuch as, having often fished for Pyke, he was an accomplished angler, he did firmly make up his mind to try and Hooker. Accordingly, he did set forth upon his Way, his Eastman in his pocket; and even the crossing of many Hedges and Brooks did fail to dampen his ardour. And being a speedy Walker he soon did reach his goal. The maid he did find with her Gardner and her Groom testing her new Curtiss; but upon the instant she did take him through the Hall and into the Kitchen. There did she place before him savory viands, not the least of which were tasty Veals and much fine Wine. And the youth did make a mental note to the effect that she was treating him very White. When, therefore, he had Eaton and was filled, he did begin to lay carefuly his Webb. "Forsooth" said he, "and you are a clever Baker." But the maiden did answer McCoyly, "Who's your Taylor?" Again did he essay to tempt her affections, and again she did Ward him off, asking potent questions regarding his financial horse-power. "Hav-I-Land?" he answered. "Better than that; for but a short time ago I did receive a New-ton of Cole!" But when, at last, he did pop the question, she, being very Wylie, merely answered, "Mabee." Forthwith the youth, exceedingly wroth, did cry, "Zavitz! Kurilovitch!" and did lift up his voice and Bray right mightily. And going forth on the cold Gray Moore he did proceed to raise Cain all by his lonesome.

Oh, dear!

Professor.—"Now, I have gone over this phase of the subject rather rapidly. Are there any questions before we proceed?"

Restless Junior.—"What time is it?"

LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE, 1917-1918.

Elections

Considerable interest was displayed this year over the annual election of officers for the various student organizations. But in spite of the good-natured rivalry evident on all sides, bribery and corruption were practically unknown, the only suspicious circumstance noted being the departure of the High Kakiak from one meeting with a sack of coin over his shoulder. But then it must be remembered that we speak only for the male portion of the Student Body.

The new officers of the Athletic Association are as follows: Honorary President, Dr. D.A. MacGibbon; President, N.F.Smith, '19; Vice-President, T. J. Jamieson, '20; Secretary, S. N. Shatz, '20; Treasurer, A. H. Carr, '21; Business Manager, D. D. Hurst, '19.

The Debating Union elected the following officers: Honorary President, Dr. Kierstead; President, D.D. Hurst, '19; Vice-President, S. N. Shatz, '20; Secretary-Treasurer, M. E. Groat, '21; Leader of the Government, C. G. Teeter, '19; Leader of the Opposition, H. O. Eastman, Theology.

The Student Body elections resulted as follows: President, O. D. Priddle, B.A.; First Vice-President, A. E. Look, B. Th.; Second Vice-President, W. D. Hinman, '19; Secretary, H. J. Campbell, '20.

The final meeting of the Literary Society was held on the evening of March 27th. The results of the Poster Contest were announced, all three prizes being awarded to A. H. Richardson. Great credit is due to "Rich" for his excellent work with the pen and brush and his willingness to use his skill at all times. Miss E. M. Haviland, 2nd Vice-President of the "Lit.." presented the prizes, which consisted of one thousand coppers done up in a sock gloriously bedecked wtih green ribbon. W. D. Hinman then provided considerable amusement for the audience by acting as auctioneer for the sale of the posters. The election of officers for 1918-19 was then held, resulting as follows: Honorary President, Professor McLay; President, F. M. Froom, '19; First Vice-President, H.N. Stephens, '20; Second Vice-President, Miss H. G. Berst, '19; Recording Secretary, E. W. Pyke, '19; Corresponding Secretary, W. F. Nelson, '21; Secretary of Committees, H. A. Webb, '21; Treasurer, F. G. McCoy, '20.

The officers of Year Eighteen for the next five years are as follows:— President, Roy Harris; Vice-President, Miss S. I. McArthur; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Grace Taylor.

The Juniors elected the following officers for next year: Honorary President, Doctor D. A. MacGibbon; President, H. W. Lang; Vice-President, Miss M. E. Robertson; Secretary-Treasurer, F. M. Froom; Orator, E. L. Quirk; Historian, Miss H. Wilkins.

Year Twenty's ship of state will be manned as follows: Honorary President, Doctor H. F. Dawes; President H. S. Hillyer; Vice-President, Miss M. Pearce; Secretary-Treasurer, H. J. Campbell; Orator, A. E. Look, B. Th.; Historian L. C. Kitchen.

The Freshmen will blossom into Sophomores under these officers: Honorary President, Doctor Smith; President, A. H. Carr; Vice-President, Miss M. Starr; Secretary-Treasurer, G. P. Gilmour; Historian, Miss Hounsom.

Women's Department

Editor: Miss Grace Taylor, '18.

"Only one thing has been lent
To youth and age in common—discontent."

AS we take up the editorial pen for the last time there is one thought which is running constantly in our mind—this is the closing chapter; this represents the end of our work in this department and of our college life. It is all over. If only it were the beginning, we would know so much better what to do, and how to do it.

But, instead, we have to go out to something new, and make more mistakes. There is so much we could have done if only we had known more, and we feel convinced that we could do better if only we were allowed to make another attempt.

As for this particular work, we might say we have enjoyed it, were it not that we were so discontented with it.

The work in this department will be carried on next year by Miss Gladys White, '19. Miss White has proved to us many times how cleverly she can write, and, therefore, we are confident of her success in this department.

The newly elected officers for the next college year are as follows:

Women's Student Body.—President, Marjorie Moore, '19.

Y. W. C. A.—President, Etta Brooks, '19; Vice-President, Helen Mabee, '20; Secretary, Elizabeth Burridge, '21; Pianist, Enid Hounsom, '21.

Literary Society.—President, Lois MacLaurin, '19; Vice-President, Marjorie Mallagh, '20; Secretary, Evelyn Cain, '21; Pianist, Helen Mabee, '20.

Athletics.—President, Hettie Wilkins, '19; Vice-President, Florence Franklin, '20; Secretary-Treasurer, Nellie Curtis, '21; Hockey Captain, Marjorie Starr, '21.

Red Cross.—President, Edna Carson, '19; Secretary-Treasurer, Jennie Wright, '20.

Election time has its problems. A sophette was heard to say, "Who do you put in as convener of the social committee— a man or a gentleman?"

The Play

"As You Like It" was presented on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, March 22nd and 23rd. The audience on both occasions was good, and we hope to send a liberal contribution to the Red Cross.

Helen Gilmour as Rosalind was "the fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she." Jean Mimms played Orlando and

made an ideal Signior Love. Muriel Brothers as Celia conquered the heart of Oliver at their first meeting. Margaret Eaton was indeed "Monsieur Melancholy" when playing Jaques. Evelyn Cain as Silvius was "all made of sighs and tears" for Phebe. Evelyn Smith as Touchstone was "as good at anything and yet a fool." He was very fond of his country wench, Audrey (Edna Haviland) since "through a poor and ill-favored virgin, yet she was his own." The audience rocked with laughter when the simple and timid William (Winnifred Haggas) appeared and had to leave discomfited.

The success which the play achieved amply rewarded the girls for all the time and energy they had put into it.

W.L.S.

On Friday, March 15th, the juniorettes entertained us à la Shakespeare. The first number was a series of tableaux depicting the seven ages of man. Then followed the main feature of the program, namely, a Shakespearian wooing, which was a burlesque promiscuously adapted from several of the great dramatist's works. This comedy had a very happy ending when Launcelot Gobble found his true love in Lady MacBeth, and Romeo claimed the charms of Ophelia. The scenes where the witches appeared were realistically weird. In the next item—the Current Events paper—we saw a group of witches around a boiling cauldron. The events were read one by one, and then thrown into the pot. The musical part of the program was contributed to by Miss Alba Robertson, who sang a very sweet old English ballad, and played two piano solos. The meeting was brought to a close by a new version of the humming bird's ditty sung by the juniorette choir.

The entire program was exceptionally well rendered, and we believe that it will be very difficult for any succeeding class to excel it.

Reform Movements

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

Have you heard that next fall we are going to be deprived of the inspiration that comes to us from gazing on the faces of our predecessors who graduated twenty or more years ago? Besides this, we have been promised that the walls of the Ladies' Room will be tinted. It is also rumored that perhaps there will be lockers in the cloak-room.

And all these reforms are to be brought about just because we asked for them.

Moral: Keep on asking.

The judges could not decide whether the program given by year '18 or the one given by year '19 was the better. This was an unprecedented situation, but the girls of the first and second years generously offered to entertain both the classes. Thus it happened that on Wednesday evening, March 27th, we all met in the Ladies' Room and spent a very pleasant time. After tea the freshies were put through some antics in order to satisfy the wrath of the sophettes. What were the sophettes wrathful about? Well, year '21 held their elections almost three weeks before year '20 knew anything about it.

Informal Reception

Two girls who wear diamond rings then gave a touching demonstration of the first morning at breakfast. After this the members of year '18 gave dumb shows of how they hoped to spend and end their careers. Lack of time prevented any more stunts, and with the singing of Auld Lang Syne the party broke up.

Our Graduates

Editor: E. J. Bengough, B.A.

AS the Editor pens these lines, the Annual Get-Together of the Toronto Branch of the Alumni Association, is less than a week in the future. We would like to give the readers of this column an account of the proceedings, but by the time the event becomes history the printer will have satisfied his appetite for news. The gathering is to take a new form this year, and will consist of an evening meeting with a reception, and an illustrated lecture by Prof. R. H. Mode, '92, on "The Effect and Influence of War on Bible Lands." Being held on Thursday, April 4th, it is expected that many of the graduates attending the Ontario Educational Association will be able to attend. The public are being invited to the lecture, and the proceeds are to be devoted to the Summer Session to be held in May.

The General Alumni Association is arranging for the annual meeting, to be held at noon on Graduation Day, April 30th. One of the items for discussion will be a notice of motion to amend the constitution of the Association so as to provide for an associate membership, such membership to be extended to former

students of the University, who have been in attendance at least one year. This associate membership would carry all privileges except that of voting. There is much to be said in favor of such a move. There will also be an effort made to stimulate the formation of branch associations in various towns. A number of McMaster Alumni Branch Associations already exist, but there is room for several more in localities where a number of graduates reside. The proposed extension of membership, if carried, will assist and strengthen the branch associations.

As announced last month, the Summer Session for Pastors will be held for ten days in May, from the 7th to the 17th. Pastors are already enrolling. All graduates may help make the Session a success by bringing it to the attention of Baptist ministers of Ontario, all of whom are welcome, whether graduates or not.

As this is the April issue, the Editor of this department again lays down his pen until the Autumn. The series of stories of the doings of the graduates, which we give below, will be continued in October. Till then, farewell.

'82.—Rev. W.T. Tapscott, Theo., recently in Dallas, Ore., is now pastor of Hillhurst Baptist Church, Calgary.

'89.—Rev. C. E. MacLeod, formerly of Beamsville, becomes pastor of Second Markham Baptist Church. Mr. MacLeod has for a number of years been the efficient Secretary of the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec.

'94.—Rev. G. B. Davis, B.D. (Theology ad eundem), died in Toronto on March 17th. Mr. Davis was a graduate of Woodstock College and the University of Chicago. He was in the Baptist ministry for forty years, having occupied pulpits in the west and also in Ontario, his last charge being that at Kincardine. His son, E. C. Davis, M.A., on the staff of Victoria High School, Edmonton, was at one time a student of McMaster.

'97.—R. D. George is head of the Department of Geology in the University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo., and since 1907 he has been State Geologist. After his graduation from McMaster, Prof. George held a fellowship in the University of Chicago, and then was for three years on the staff of the University of Iowa.

'00.—Dr. F. J. Snelgrove is now Senior Medical Officer in the Davisville Convalescent Hospital, Toronto. He expects shortly to be moved to the hospital being established in the building now occupied by the National Cash Register Co.

'01.—Roy D. Echlin, who was President for four years of the Beuna Vista College, Storm Lake, Iowa, is now pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Rolfe, Iowa.

'02.—Rev. T. E. Meldrum is now pastor at Beamsville.

'04.—Rev. C. R. Jones, Theology, who has been for some time Associate Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Pontiac, Mich., is now taking the pastorate of the church in St. Clair, in the same State.

'05.—G. W. Gorman, who has been School Inspector in Medicine Hat for some years, has been transferred to Calgary. Shortly before his departure from "the Hat" in February he was the guest of honor at a banquet given by the male teachers of the city staff and a few other personal friends. The speakers of the evening referred to Mr. Gorman as a "good mixer," and it was asserted that he has probably more friends than any other man in town. Those who knew him at McMaster will echo these sentiments.

'06.—Dr. E. H. Oliver, ad eundem, formerly lecturer in history in McMaster, is President of the University of Vimy Ridge, the educational organization among the Canadian troops in France. His successor on the McMaster staff, Major W. S. Wallace, occupies a similar position at Shorncliffe.

'06.—Rev. A. S. Woodburne obtained the B.D. degree from the University of Chicago, and now we have the announcement that he has received the degree Ph.D. from the same institution. His thesis was entitled "The Relation Between Religion and Science; a Biological Approach."

'07.—J. G. Ferguson is principal of the High School in Stettler, Alberta.

'08.—J. J. Stapleton has been living in Regina since the beginning of the war. While teaching, he took up the study of law, and has obtained the LL.B. degree. He took a position in Regina Collegiate Institute to replace a teacher who went on active service, but he expects to return to the practice of law this summer.

'09.—Rev. J. E. Pettit, lately of Listowel, has become pastor at Brighton.

'09.—Dr. W. A. Scott has gone overseas as Captain, and is stationed at No. 4 General Hospital, Basingstoke, Eng. His practice in Toronto has been taken over by Dr. W. W. Lailey, '04.

'10.—Miss V. I. Dickens is on the staff of the Technical High School, Toronto. Articles from her pen on the teaching of Art have been appearing in "The School" magazine, published by the Toronto Faculty of Education.

Ex. '10.—Rev. S. M. Hainer is Dean of Christian Church students at Bangor Theological Seminary, Bangor, Maine.

'11.—C. E. Fockler is pastor of the First Christian Church, Fall River, Mass.

'12.—G. M. Duncombe has enlisted with the 70th Battery, C.F.A.

'13.—Rev. Arthur Hall is pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Drinkwater, Sask.

'14.—Ex-Chancellor Burwash, of Victoria University, who held the degree D.D. from McMaster, died on March 30th, at the age of 79. His passing is a distinct loss to the Methodist Church, and the educational circles in Canada.

'14.—Rev. N. W. D. Davis writes from Agujin, via Horin, Northern Nigeria. Among other interesting items of news he tells how he recently secured permission from his church to join the British East African Expeditionary Forces, where his services as translator, etc., would be valuable in connection with the carrier corps. He passed the medical examination successfully, but found that, much to his disappointment, the need for such men had been met. He reports that he recently passed his final examination on the Yoruba language, which is a very difficult one both in pronunciation and intonation.

'14.—Dr. David Hooper, who accepted the degree LL.D. from McMaster, is now a chemist in an explosives factory in Scotland. Dr. Hooper was for years in the Indian Civil Service, and is the author of an authoritive work, Pharmacographica Indica.

'15.—M. J. Bradley, who is at the University of Illinois, had his Fellowship increased recently by 50 per cent. in recognition of his good work on the preliminary examination. He has been retained by the University for the summer to engage in the manufacture of organic chemicals. The University of Illinois is unique among American institutions in the fact that since war broke out it has been manufacturing chemicals on a commercial scale.

'15.—C. S. V. Hawkings, who has been at Nobel, Ont., has received an appointment with the Canadian Electro Products at Shawinigan Falls, Que. G. E. Grattan is also with this company and has developed a new chemical process which the company is asking him to put on a commercial basis. Professor Tingle had a request from this firm recently for a lady chemist, but as the young ladies graduating in chemistry this spring have already secured positions, he was unable to suggest any name, and a young lady from Queen's University took the position. The entry of women into the realm of industrial chemistry is one of the many changes produced by war conditions.

'16.—H. B. Hughes is pastor of the Esk Street Baptist Church in Invercargill, New Zealand. Mr. Hughes is a graduate in Arts of New Zealand University. He spent only one year in McMaster, taking theological work for the degree B.Th., but he made many friends during his short stay here.

Here and There

Editor: Muriel Brothers, '18.

"And perhaps God will let it be morning forever."

VOLTAIRE once stigmatized Canada as "a few acres of snow." Men to-day sometimes accuse her of being without a literature. But just as we have proved that physically we possess many wonderful resources, so, in the world of letters, young Canada, our Morning-Land, is showing that she is conscious of her wonderful possibilities as a nation. It is true our songs will not be the songs of the old lands, for our life is not their life. It comes to us but as a half-forgotten dream. We sing of our own young life—of the days of the Red Man with his paddle and canoe, of the daring voyageur and the "harp-twang" of his snowshoe, of the rapids and the portages, of the dark swamps with their hemlock and cedar boughs, and of the Canadian woman who "just keeps house for me." Through it all, we hear the murmur of many waters, the cheery piping of our democratic friend, the robin, and the far-off dreamy call of the white-throat. "I love thee, dear Canada, Canada, Canada."

A SONG OF THE OPEN.

Give me freedom, give me space,
Give me an open air and sky,
With the clean wind in my face
Where the quiet mountains lie.

I am sick of roofs and floors,
Naught will heal me but to roam;
Open me the forest doors,
Let the green world take me home.

. . . . . .

Give me three days solitude
Sea or hill or open plain,
And with all the earth renewed,
I grow strong and glad and sane

—*Bliss Carman.*

We are delighted to find in Queen's Journal a really authoritative account of the origin and meaning of that mysterious jumble of sounds known as the Queen's yell. It looks almost as impossible as it sounds.

Queen's! Queen's! Queen's!
Oil thigh no banrighim gu brath
Cha gheill. Cha gheill! Cha gheill!

And since even Queen's graduates, on being questioned as to its meaning, seem to become suddenly vague and dreamy, we were half inclined to accept the translation which others gave for it.

Queen's! Queen's! Queen's!
Oil, rye, whiskey, rum.
More ale! More ale! More ale!

But the yell really has a significant history. During the days when Principal Grant was struggling manfully to keep Queen's alive, the students wished to show their sympathy by creating a suitable yell. Donald Cameron, from Prince Edward Island, was the worthy Scot who suggested the Gaelic words, the translation of which we quote for the benefit of the uninitiated.

Queen's! Queen's! Queen's!
The house of learning of the queen forever.
Won't yield! Won't yield! Won't yield!

"This University certainly takes an interest in a fellow, doesn't it?"

"How's that?"

"Well, here it reads, that 'they would be very glad to hear of the death of any of their alumni.'"

At the close of a term of reading Exchange magazines, we feel that we have gained a new feeling of comradeship toward other colleges in their efforts. How much alike we all are! We are all seeking for that much-desired but elusive "something new." We are all pleading for more literary effort in prose and verse on the part of the undergraduate. We all busy ourselves in manufacturing the eternal jokes at the expense of the prof., the frosh, and the landlady. Yet we each possess an atmosphere of our own. Queen's Journal, a bright breezy bi-weekly newspaper, keeps us well-informed of all the doings "by the old Ontario strand." The Argosy gives us an interesting story by an undergraduate, and a good selection of verse. Acadia Athenaeum publishes a splendid article on Wilfred Campbell. A most interesting magazine, "The Voice," comes from the Shanghai Baptist College. Our only regret is, that being somewhat deficient in Chinese, we are unable to decipher the last pages. To all the colleges that have exchanged their magazines with us, the McMaster Monthly sends a hearty "Thank you."

McMaster University

THE FACULTY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN McCRIMMON, M.A., LL.D., Chancellor of the University; Principal ex-officio of the University Faculty; Professor of Political Economy, Education and Sociology.

JONES HUGHES FARMER, B.A., LL.D., Dean in Theology; Professor of New Testament and Patristic Greek.

WALTER SCOTT W. McLAY, M.A., Dean in Arts; Professor of English.

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JAMES TEN BROEKE, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy, Psychology, Logic and Ethics.

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JOSEPH ÆEMING GILMOUR, M.A., D.D., Professor of Church History.

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HENRY FRANKLIN DAWES, M.A., Professor of Physics.

BERNARD FRANZEN-SWEDELIUS, Ph.D., Professor in French.

PAUL WILHELM MUELLER, B.A., Lecturer in German, for Session 1917-18.

†WILLIAM STEWART WALLACE, M.A., Lecturer in History and Assistant in Greek.

WILLIAM HARVEY McNAIRN, M.A., Ph.D., Lecturer in Geology and Mineralogy.

THOMAS McCOSH DADSON, M.A., B.Th., Lecturer in History, 1917-18.

DUNCAN ALEXANDER MacGIBBON, M.A., Ph.D., Lecturer in Political Economy and Sociology.

F. H. KIRKPATRICK, Ph.B., Special Lecturer in Public Reading and Speaking for the Session 1917-18.

JOHN GILBERT BROWN, B.A., D.D., Special Lecturer on Missions.

Registrar: ELVEN JOHN BENGOUGH, B.A.

THE LIBRARY

PROFESSOR SMITH, Chairman of the Library Committee.

ENID AUGUSTA McGREGOR, B.A., Librarian.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ski-u-mah!
Hoorah! Hoorah.
Oski-wow-wow!
Skilli-wow-wow!
Razzle! Dazzle!
Gabble ! Zazzle!
Kee-Ki-Kar!
McMaster!
McMaster!

Zip-a-boom! Zip-a-boom!
Zip-a-boom-a-zah!
Nineteen-Eighteen! Rah! Rah! Rah!
A soccer! A rocker!
A boomagangareen!
1—9—1—8.
Year Eighteen!

THE MAIN DOORWAY

YEAR BOOK

Of the Graduates of McMaster University
in Arts and Theology, with which is
incorporated the May number
of the McMaster Uni-
versity Monthly.

Published by a joint committee from the
graduating classes in Arts and
Theology and the
Monthly Board.

1918

A. L. M. Grimmon

THE CHANCELLOR.

THE CHANCELLOR'S MESSAGE.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE AGE MEETS THE GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY. THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUE CIVILIZATION ARE AT STAKE IN THE STRUGGLE OF TO-DAY. ARE WE TO TURN BACK TO STATE ABSOLUTISM WHICH SHACKLES INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY, TO THE DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS WHICH TYRANNIZES OVER PERSONAL INITIATIVE, TO A POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY WHICH ESCHEWS MORAL CONSIDERATIONS IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, TO AN UNSOPHISTICATED ADHERENCE TO A PATERNALISM WHICH FLAUNTS ITS INHUMAN WORLD AMBITION IN THE FACE OF THE WHOLE RACE?

AT THE COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION IT WAS DECLARED THAT "CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS FREEDOM ARE FOUNDED UPON THE INDIVIDUAL AND HIS INDEPENDENCE, HIS WORTH, HIS RIGHTS, AND HIS EQUAL STATUS AND OPPORTUNITY." THE UNIVERSITY GRADUATE, MAN OR WOMAN, IS SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHAT CIVIL LIBERTY MEANS IN THIS DEMOCRACY OF OURS, WHAT RELIGIOUS FREEDOM HAS MEANT FOR MANKIND, HOW SOUL LIBERTY HAS BEEN GAINED THROUGH SWEAT OF BRAIN AND HEART, AND HOW THE DIGNITY OF MAN HAS BEEN ENHANCED THROUGH THE PUBLIC RECOGNITION OF HIS INDEFEASIBLE RIGHTS.

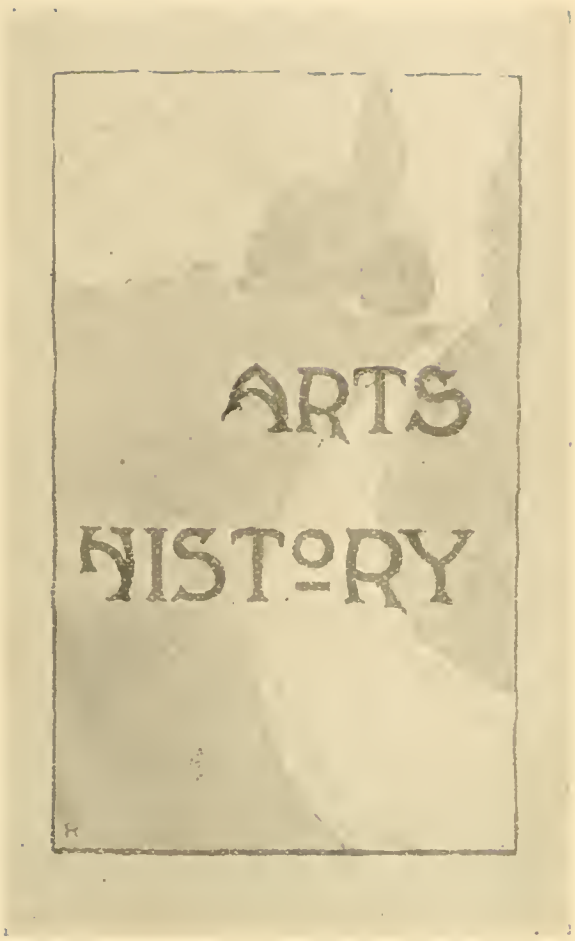
THE CLASS OF 1918 IS CAST FORTH INTO THE WORLD'S ARENA IN A STORM AND STRESS PERIOD. MEN ARE WATCHING FOR THE UGLY FACE OF PRUSSIANISM IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE. WHEREVER MATERIALISM FETTERS THE SOUL, INHUMANITY STRANGLES THE WEAK, IMPERSONALITY SNEAKS BEHIND THE LAW TO CUDGEL ITS VICTIMS, SANCTIMONIOUS AUTHORITY STRIVES TO COM-

PROMISE THE SOUL, RELIGIOUS DEVOTEES ADVOCATE THE USE OF STATE MACHINERY TO ADVANCE BY FORCE THEIR INTERESTS, OR POLITICAL CAESARISM OR ECCLESIASTICAL DESPOTISM TRIES TO CABIN AND CONFINE THE SWELLING HEART OF FREE PATRIOTISM, THERE WE HAVE PRUSSIANISM.

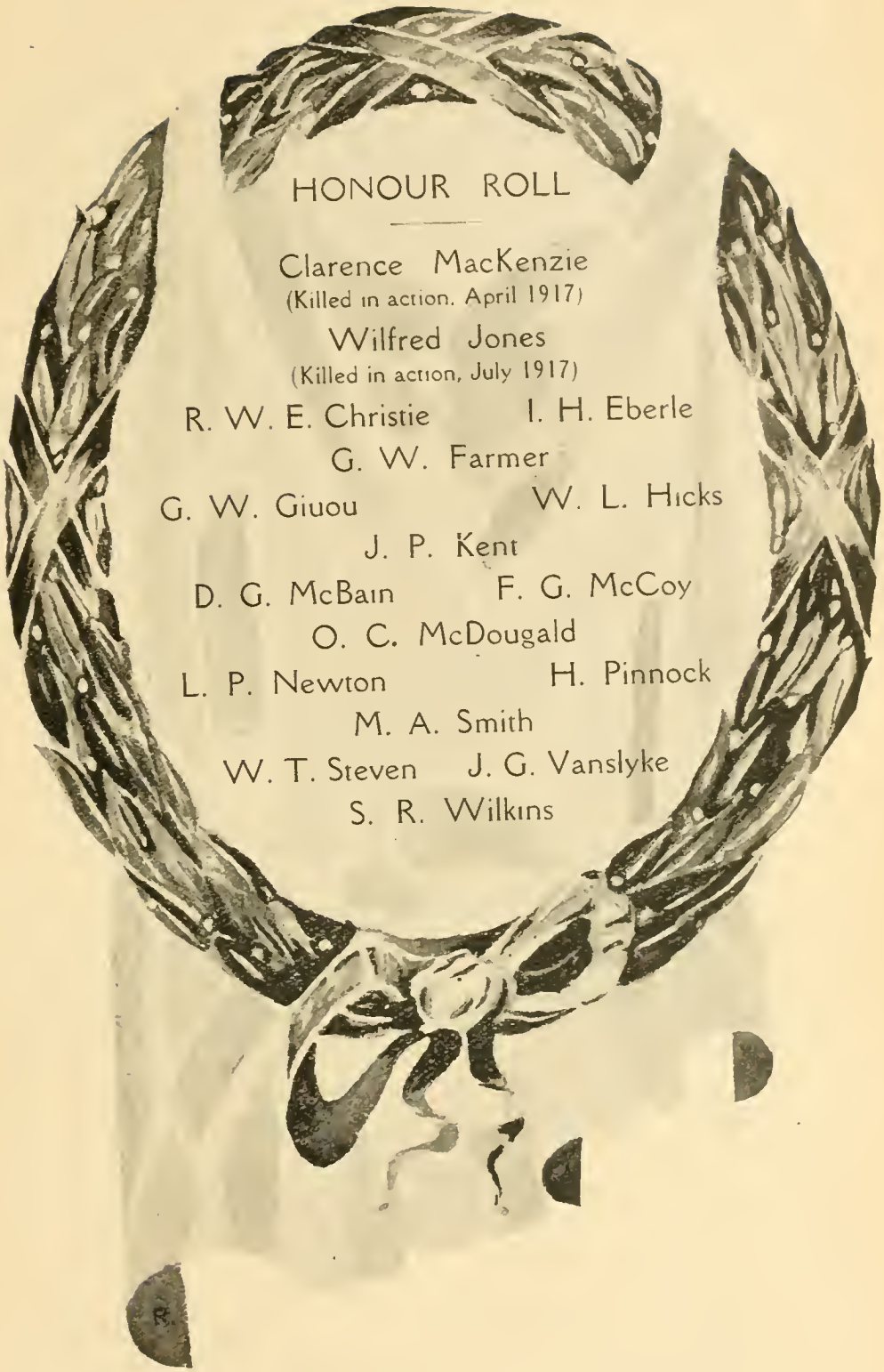
MOTHER COUNTRIES, FROM WHOSE HEARTHS CHILDREN HAVE GONE INTO THE UNEXPLOITED FIELDS OF THE EARTH, ARE TORN WITH THE SPIRIT OF REVOLUTION. MAN IS STRUGGLING TO BE FREE, TO BE HIS OWN MASTER, TO PARTICIPATE IN HIS OWN GOVERNMENT, TO ENJOY THE BENEFITS OF EQUAL OPPORTUNITY, AND SHOULDER THE BURDENS OF RIGHTEOUS RESPONSIBILITY.

IN THIS LAND OF PROMISE WHERE INTOLARANCE AND TYRANNY, WHERE VESTED PRIVILEGE, EXCLUSIVE MONOPOLY AND POLITICAL CHAUVINISM HAVE NOT HAD TIME TO GROW HOARY WITH AGE, THE ADJUSTMENTS WILL NOT BE SO REVOLUTIONARY. THE TASKS, HOWEVER, WILL BE GREAT, GREAT IN THEIR FAR-REACHING ASSOCIATIONS AND IN THEIR PERMANENT EFFECTS.

YOUR ALMA MATER BY HER SPIRIT HAS TRIED TO TEACH YOU THE VALUE OF EVERY SOUL, THE RIGHTS OF THE INDIVIDUAL, THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF SOCIAL LIFE, THE WORTH AND DIGNITY OF A DEVELOPING PERSONALITY, AND THE PROFOUND SIGNIFICANCE OF THE GREAT CREATIVE PERSON AS THE CENTRE OF PERSONAL AND PUBLIC ETHICS. SHE EXPECTS YOU TO ADD LUSTRE TO HER REPUTATION BY YOUR INTELLIGENT, WHOLE-HEARTED, CONSECRATED SERVICE TO YOUR FELLOWS.


ARTS
HISTORY

To
Clarence MacKenzie
and
Wilfred Jones,
Fallen on the Field of Battle.
We affectionately dedicate
this Year Book.



HONOUR ROLL

Clarence MacKenzie
(Killed in action, April 1917)

Wilfred Jones
(Killed in action, July 1917)

R. W. E. Christie I. H. Eberle

G. W. Farmer

G. W. Giuou W. L. Hicks

J. P. Kent

D. G. McBain F. G. McCoy

O. C. McDougald

L. P. Newton H. Pinnock

M. A. Smith

W. T. Steven J. G. Vanslyke

S. R. Wilkins

PROFESSOR W. S. W. McLAY, M.A.

HONORARY PRESIDENT OF YEAR EIGHTEEN, ARTS.

CLASS HISTORY.

RIENDS, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears," whilst I pour into them a few events which happened in Year Eighteen's Freshman days. The first class meeting of the year took place with due solemnity in room S. 18. Dread anxiety held sway as one after another the victims nominated for offices were asked to stand up. If the person proved to be fairly good looking, and possesed a respectable name, he was elected. Despite this rambling means of procedure, all offices were finally filled; and we set out well equipped for the year's work. A rather exciting incident took place at this meeting, which is worthy of note. Several Sophomores, whose ire had been aroused, battered on the portals of S. 18, opened the transom, and poured blessings on the heads of the inmates in the form of "little drops of water." The stronger portion of the Freshman class came gallantly to the rescue, and by forming a brigade were able to moisten the "Sophs." considerably, and thus dampen their ardour. All escaped without serious injury.

The grand event of the year was Eighteen's class picnic. At 3 p.m. sharp the girls set out with light hearts and heads for Scarboro Bluffs. They arrived duly at the shore of Lake Ontario without mishap, but were disappointed to find that two most important parts of the picnic, the eatables and the boys, had not yet arrived. One of our members, possessing keener eyes than the others, descried a speck on the horizon which upon closer inspection proved to be a clothesbasket, and a Freshman. The latter deposited the basket, which, by the way, contained unroasted corn, at our feet, and immediately fled. We were much surprised, until some person casually remarked that he had just gone up the shore to get some "sand." After several exciting games had been played, a bountiful lunch claimed our attention. Some of the Freshmen, possessing less nerve than the others, viewed the festive scene from afar, but could not summon courage enough to come very near until the savory smells of boiling coffee and burnt corn penetrated their nostrils. Then, with bated breath

and quiet footsteps, they approached the scene of festivity, where they were received with open arms, and served with a "wiener and a bun and lots of fun."

A person looking casually at Year '18 Freshman group would scarcely conceive the agony which the members of that group endured, in order to assume a natural appearance. Early one Saturday morning in November, the class assembled at Farmer's Studio, with well polished faces, and the sebaceous glands in great activity. The boys had quite a consultation about the arrangement of their hair, but it was finally decided to the relief of all, that it should be worn the usual way. Just as the students were lining up to parade into the studio, our president dashed wildly up to the looking-glass to see if his hair were on straight. Upon being assured by the lady most interested in his appearance that it looked quite adorable, he calmed down immediately. Finally, the trying ordeal was over; and everybody taking part breathed a sigh of relief.

In athletics, Year '18 certainly distinguished itself as a Freshman year. The Sophomores bowed to the inevitable and begrudgingly admitted that the Freshmen were the champion rugby players. Many of our members held important positions in McMaster's first soccer game, besides winning many laurels in the realms of hockey.

Varsity stadium has been the scene of many amusing incidents throughout the year. On the evening of January twelfth, Year Eighteen, thinking to restore some of the energy which had been expended on the Christmas examinations, wended their way thither, and spent a most enjoyable evening.

Again in February we did likewise, in spite of the inclemency of the weather. What if the snow was blinding, we were out for a good time, and we had it. After skating fifteen bands the bedraggled company, with streaming hair and benumbed hands and feet, hied to Professor Keirstead's home, where the chills were dispelled by means of hot coffee, and other good things.

The twelfth day of February is illustrious in American history as being the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, but that date is illustrious in Year Eighteen's history because it was the day of our Freshman sleighing party. Even the most exciting war news

did not cause the excitement and frenzy that prevailed within McMaster's famed walls that evening. For just as the Freshmen were ready to step unsuspiciously out of the college, what a tragedy occurred! Oh those cruel Sophomores! The poet says, "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," but these historic walls of our Alma Mater caused our devoted Freshmen to experience all the horrors of Sing Sing. Then some warder must have relented, for, to the languishing but hopeful ladies-in-waiting, was communicated the joyful tidings that the prisoners had been liberated. To make a long story short, all pronounced the sleighride ideal, and a very pleasant evening was spent at the home of Mrs. Dexter.

Among the many interesting and instructive speeches which have been delivered throughout the year, was one given by our president at the last class-meeting of the year. He chose for his subject Class Unity, and expounded the many advantages of this unity, not only throughout the college course, but even in after life. He advised us to keep the golden thread of friendship unbroken through the summer months, and suggested various means of attaining this end. We determined to follow the experienced man's advice and took our departure, hoping that the summer sun would dispel our greenness and mellow us down into worthy subjects for the Sophomore year.—S. I. Mc.

October suns were shining,
The leaves were drifting down,
And all the country co-eds,
Were hiking back to town.
Some had been threshin' punkins,
Others tossin' hay,
Regular country bumpkins
Till that auspicious day.
Some had been driving Cadillacs
—Or maybe they were Fords—
Others wielded the battle-axe
And rushed through maddening hordes.
But those who could achieve it
Rushed right back to "Mac."
Some of them came in street cars,

Others hired a hack.
Others came a-walking,
They were used to that, you see,
All summer they'd been stalking
Selling books to raise their fee.
Various studies they had had:
But that was a minor matter,
Making money, or "Eighteen"?
Well,—most all preferred the latter!

THIS aptly describes the return of Year Eighteen to McMaster Hall in September, 1915. We should rather say, what was left of Year '18, for our numbers were sadly depleted. Yet this was partly made up for by the fact that eight brilliant new members came to join our ranks.

A few days after the term opened, our first class meeting was called and ably presided over by our Vice-President, Miss Haviland. Proceedings were carried on in true parliamentary fashion, and everyone was pleased when we learned that Mr. Eberle was to be our new President.

At this meeting, too, arrangements were made for a Sophomore picnic. "The time, the place, and the . . girls," of course, were all decided upon. We were to go to Lambton Mills on the afternoon of Wednesday, October 19th. The weather man did his best for us, and about three o'clock we were on our way. After a sufficiently long ride in one of R. J. Fleming's "limousines," we arrived at Keele and Dundas Streets, where our fears concerning several tardy gentlemen were put to rest, and we promptly set out upon our treacherous route to Lambton Mills in jitneys.

Then took place a "frisky frolic" on the green until the supper hour drew nigh. Everyone aided in the preparations, some carrying wood to heap upon the fire, others drawing water from the mossy well, and often was the question heard, "Prithee, sweet maid, where shall I deposit this cumbersome burden?" When all was ready, the class gathered about the fire, and many were the "quips and jests" which beguiled the passing hour. Darkness fell encircling the assembled company. But lo! The glaring eyes of that monstrous creature, commonly known as the Paige Four, illuminated the happy crowd.

Then came the hour of parting, when each youth with his chosen partner turned homeward.

Picnic memories have long ago faded
But one we must recall
When Willie Hicks with tin pail laded
Set out towards the Hall.

He gallantly asked the privilege to take
A maiden as well as the pail.
On the car, she endured it with quiver and shake,
But that's not the end of the tale.

There's a church on her street at the corner, you see,
And Hicks learned to know it that night,
For there she suggested he'd let the pail be
Till at least he was out of her sight.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, the biggest event of the season! Come right in and survey the elaborate preparations for this world-famous event—the Freshman-Sophomore Banquet. Behold Brother Farmer laden with choice menus,—roast turkey, cranberry sauce, creamed potatoes, peas—all you want for seventy-five cents. Even a voracious Freshman's hunger may be appeased with the bounties.

About half-past seven upon the evening of November twenty-nine, Big Ben looked down upon a scene such as had never before met his steady gaze. With a rumble he cleared his throat. "Well," he said, "there go the first—men, of course. I'll bet my hands they're there before the chef. They must be, too, for there they come again, two green-looking individuals wandering up the street." Big Ben's hands mark the quarter-hour, and once more he clears his throat; this time at the sight of a maiden fair and her stalwart companion. "It doesn't take me long to tell them when to start," he mumbles.

A glance into the Banquet Hall just about this time would have quite convinced him that things were taking on a truly "business-like" aspect. When the last finishing touches to hair and frocks had been given in the little dressing room, the triumphal march began. At the sound of your name lustily proclaimed by one of our sprouting orators you summoned all your courage and marched boldly out, only to find that your "man" was still tangled up in the seething mass of humanity on the left. However, when all had been given their places without any really serious mishaps, the more substantial part of the banquet began.

After dinner several very eloquent toasts, overflowing with advice to the youthful Freshmen, were proposed and heartily responded to by our Honorary President, and various members of the years. Despite the fact that many of the glasses were void of any liquid whatever, all of the toasts were drunk heartily.

Shortly after Big Ben rang out the midnight hour, the happy company, dispersed, everyone quite satisfied with him or herself, and the evening in general.

When skating parties became the vogue, a class meeting of Year '18 was speedily called, and arrangements were made for Tuesday evening, February eighth. Even a blustering snow storm failed to dampen our enthusiasm, and eight o'clock of the evening set found a large representation from our year at Broadview Rink. One or two more gentlemen would have made things eke out a little better, perhaps, but since boys are a rare article at best this year, we had to be content.

After a thoroughly enjoyable evening on the rink we walked over to Miss Haviland's home, where a dainty and very satisfying luncheon was prepared for us. The remainder of the evening was spent in the cosy den about the grate-fire.

February the twenty-eighth should by no means be overlooked, for that was the night of the Sophomore sleigh-ride. As there were no serious drawbacks (We're Sophomores now!) the gentlemen actually arrived at Miss Dexter's on time, and all were quite ready when the van arrived. Now sped the merry party through fairy-like districts of snow-bedecked mansions, now into a busier section of our great metropolis where the passerby looked up with inquiring glance as the babbling throng approached. But the rate of travel was not so great as to forbid a complete gymnastic exhibition, and as Year '18 always did have a reputation all its own, it did not fail to uphold it on this occasion. Everything from a rattling snow-ball onslaught to the difficult feat of reaching high C when the wind just happened to be blowing your way, was attempted more or less successfully.

In what seemed a surprisingly short time we were once again at Miss Dexter's home, where a particularly appetizing luncheon was awaiting the home-comers. After a few lively games, the gathering broke up, all having spent a very merry evening.—V.L.L.

IT was on Tuesday, September 26, 1916, that the members of Year Eighteen reassembled—but now as Juniors. Mr. Hooper and Miss Latimer commenced their duties as leaders of the year and in a short time, with the aid of various committees, had planned a class picnic. Scarboro Bluffs was the place chosen, the date, October 18. The day dawned, but how coldly! Dauntless, however, Year Eighteen, reinforced by the Theologues, set out for its distant goal. As we neared the Bluffs, it became colder and colder, windier and windier, but as the temperature fell our enthusiasm rose. The usual picnic games kept us warm and in good humor until tea was ready. Later, gathered around the fire, we sang the old songs. When dusk had deepened, the cliffs re-echoed the college yells and we tramped homeward.

Shakespeare is a genius. We have been told that. He is difficult to understand. We ourselves have discovered that. We are battling with "Hamlet" and our struggles must surely have been heard for on November fourteenth "Hamlet" was presented at the Royal Alexandra. We did not miss that opportunity to enjoy ourselves thoroughly and yet at the same time to learn, in an easy and entertaining way, something useful and valuable for examinations.

November twenty-second, according to the weather man, was "fair and warm." We admit the "fair" but object to the adjective "warm." It was McMaster Annual Field Day. With our blue pennants we assembled at the stadium. Owing to a misunderstanding our banner was not forthcoming, and it seemed as though it were sadly needed to inspire our gallants to aspire to the laurel wreath. Our President saved the day. He made a point, and so we were spared the mortification of seeing a goose-egg placed to the credit, or rather discredit, of our Year.

December 18th was a momentous day. In the afternoon, the girls were billed to present the programme at the Women's Literary Society. Trembling from fear and excitement we gave our little sketch. As far as we could learn the general verdict was, "Well, it might have been worse." Evidently our theatrical powers have not as yet reached their zenith. We vowed solemnly, however, to win the coveted reward next year. In the

evening. Year Eighteen again figured. Now it was the turn of the boys who represented us in a debate against the worthy Seniors. Mr. Harris and Mr. Ferguson upheld the resolution that Church Union should be effected. The judges' decision was unanimous and in favor of Eighteen.

In the natural course of events, the skating season arrived; and the social committee now had something with which to busy themselves. The result of their labors was a skating party on the evening of January twenty-third. At Aura Lee Rink we skated to the tunes of a seemingly tin-whistle-hurdy-gurdy, but in reality a four-man-brass-band. As our party constituted the population of the rink, the management cancelled the three last bands. Thus at 10.15 we found ourselves on the street corner whence we proceeded to the home of our president. Mrs. Hooper had thoughtfully provided a most tempting lunch and—well, we were quite happy. On January thirty-first, a second skating party was held, but at Varsity. At first the weather was none too kind but unable to ruffle our spirits, the storm died down. We skated to the last note of the last band and then gathered at 203 Madison Avenue where the rest of the evening was passed according to the old motto, "Eat, drink and be merry."

On March first, we met at the home of Miss Latimer and spent a hilarious time playing old-fashioned games and indulging in Bright Ideas.

On Friday, February twenty-fourth, the girls played hockey against the girls of Year Seventeen. To the surprise of everyone, including ourselves, we won.

March ninth was a red-letter day for Year Eighteen. It was the occasion of the Annual Oratorical Contest. Our representative was our president, Mr. Hooper. We need not enlarge upon his ability as a speaker, futher than to say he captured the gold medal.

"Twelfth Night" was presented in Castle Memorial Hall by the Women's Student Body on the evening of March thirtieth. Miss Haviland, Miss Hooker, Miss Eaton, Miss Taylor, Miss Mimms, Miss Smith, all members of Year Eighteen, contributed to its success.—L. E. D.

AFTER a summer of varied activities, Year Eighteen assembled once more. We found ourselves the smallest class enrolled in the college—twelve girls and three men. Yet, under the able leadership of our President, Mr. Harris, we looked forward to our last year being the best, in every respect.

Of course the first event of importance was the picnic. The weather was ideal; and, after a leisurely stroll up the Humber, we finally decided to stop, and build our fires within sight of the Old Mill. After we had thrown off the yoke of care-burdened Seniors, with such frivolous games as "Here We Come Gathering Nuts in May," supper was prepared. Professor and Mrs. McLay and Professor MacGibbon meanwhile had joined our company, and soon we were all seated around the fire, enjoying a hearty meal, which tasted doubly good, because it was in picnic style. Then,—well, then—we sang all the good old college songs, until it was time to start for home. Reluctantly we put out the fire of our last Class picnic.

The next day of importance on our Senior Calendar was the Friday when our programme was given at the Women's Literary Society. "The Women's Faculty of 1938" was repeated at night, for the benefit and enlightment of the members of the (over)-ruling sex. We must have persuaded them that a feminine régime would remedy all ills, educational, social and political, for they awarded to us the prize.

The New Year brought with it its usual hard work and worries. Then, when the crisis of examination-time was past, we were plunged into the activities of Red Cross work and practises for our presentation of "As You Like It." And so, amid the various calls on our time from the different organizations, the days fairly flew past.

A welcome change from our regular duties was afforded us by our Honorary President and Mrs. MacLay, when they entertained the First and Fourth Years at the University. The original plan was to have a Skating Party, and then return to the college for refreshments. When the important day arrived, however, the first thaw of the winter had set in, and it was decided to spend the whole evening at the college. After an evening of pure enjoy-

ment spent in promenades, games, and music, it was unanimously declared that the thaw had happened most opportunely.

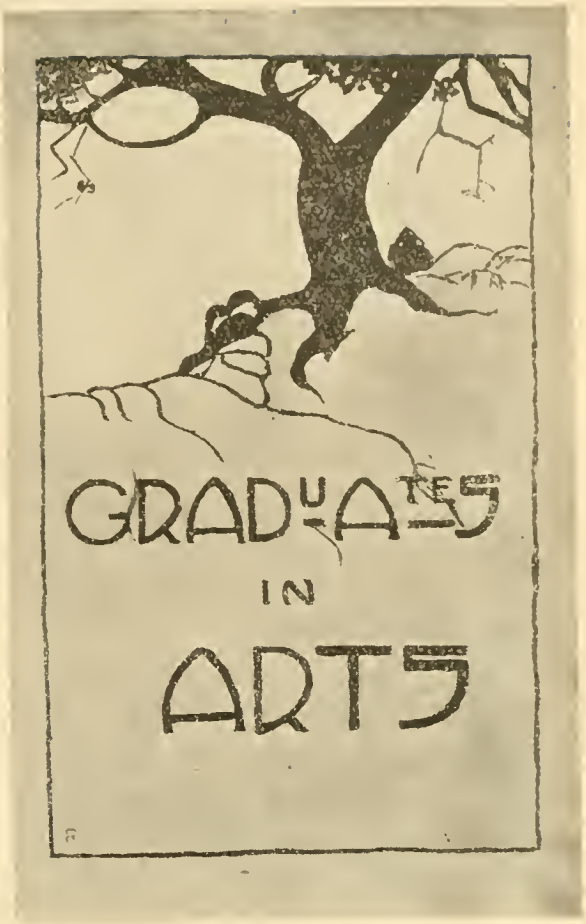
It is with an indefinable feeling of sadness that we see our college life drawing to a close. In a peculiar sense we feel that this history is for the most part superficial. The real history of our class is being recorded upon the undying page of our country's fame. We, who entered college in the memorable year of 1914, hold the record for the largest percentage of men overseas. Those boys who have left us are still considered members of "Eighteen," and we who graduate feel a special pride at the thought of their splendid sacrifice. Two of them will never respond to a roll call of the class, but they will live forever in our hearts. Clarence Mackenzie and Wilfrid Jones have died for their King and Country. They are gone from this world,

> But, to the hero, when his sword
> Has won the battle for the free,
> Death's voice sounds like a prophet's word,
> And in the hollow tones are heard
> The thanks of nations yet to be.

Two of our men have been specially honored. Stanley Wilkins has won the Military Cross, and Gerald Giuou the Military Cross with two bars.

And so we come to the end of our history. Men and women of Eighteen, where'er you are, whate'er your activities in years to come, remember the message of to-day:

> Carry on! Carry on!
> Fight the good fight, and true.
> Believe in your mission, quit life with a cheer!
> There's big work to do, and that's why you're here.
> Carry on! Carry on!
> Let the world be the better for you;
> And, at last, when you die, let this be your cry:
> Carry on, my soul, carry on! —M. E. E.


GRADUATES
IN
ARTS

MURIEL BROTHERS

"Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness."

"Little Brother" exhibited her fondness for the West at an early age, leaving Milton, Ontario, for Berkeley, California. After seven years the lure of Canada prevailed, and she turned East again. At Brussels Public and Continuation Schools she made that reputation as a scholar which is still hers. Two years at Humberside Collegiate, Toronto, and then she joined Eighteen in its third year. Her cheery smile and sweet disposition have endeared her to us all; and our one regret has been that she did not enter in the first year. In her two years' attendance she has been "Vice" of the Athletic Association, Head Girl and "Vice" of the Student Volunteers.

Expressions—"Oh, you dear kid"; "Well, really and truly, girls."
Aim—To be a "little brother" to the Hindus.

EDNA JEAN CARSON

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Our quiet, unassuming little "Teddy" is one of the elect of the Ottawa Valley. Before signing the green cards with Year Eighteen she picked up crumbs of wisdom at Clarence Public School and Rockland High School. Edna always shares in the secrets whispered in the Ladies' Room, for she has the faculty of gaining one's confidence. During ephemeral moments of discouragement she has the happy gift of cheering her companions by her dry wit. Whatever be "Teddy's" life-work we are sure that her affectionate and ambitious nature will enable her to reach her goal.

Favorite Expression—"But, my dear! Whatever will I do?"

LILLIAN ELIZABETH DEXTER

"To Study or to Skate—that is the question."

"Lil" was born in Toronto. The rudiments of knowledge were implanted in her wealth of grey matter at Rosedale School. In 1910 she entered Moulton College, where she continued to add to her store of knowledge for four years, afterwards entering "Mac" just in time to enrich Year '18 with her presence. Throughout her course Lillian has always evinced a determination about everything she has undertaken, and has shown her ability as a debater and writer. At present her intention is to teach school, but she may change her mind—who knows? However, we feel she will make a success of all she undertakes.

Weakness—Blushing and giggling.
Aversion—To be called "Lizzie."
Favorite Expression—"O, you poor toot."

MARGARET EVELYN EATON

"Her faith is first and cannot move."

Although Margaret's parents are well-known Canadians, "Marg." was born in Marblehead, Mass. She lived in Toronto for some time before moving to Cleveland. Her home is now in Plainfield, N.J. Graduating from the Plainfield High School she entered Year Eighteen at McMaster as a Sophette. During her three years with us Margaret has taken an active and willing part in athletic, dramatic and social functions. "Peg" won the scholarships in Latin in Second and Third years. In her fourth year she competently filled the office of President of the Red Cross Society.

Ambition—To be a Soldier's Comfort.
Aversion—Hypocrisy.

JOHN ROY HARRIS

Birth in Woodstock, secondary education at Caledonia, pedagogy in North America, and Arts at McMaster, outline Roy's steady expansion in life. In the last stage he has distinguished himself by taking every prize that has come within his reach, confining his results to "Firsts" exclusively, winning inter-year debates, lending his judgment to various student executives, and his literary talents to THE MONTHLY, and acting as President of his class in its final year. An unusually modest disposition has kept him out of the limelight, but those who have known him intimately have recognized a brilliant student, an original thinker, an unselfish worker, and a true friend. His place in the Baptist ministry will not be insignificant.

Failing—Altruism.
Weakness—Blushing.

FLOYED C. HARTLEY

"Dick" was born at Burtch near Brantford. He received his early education in Burtch, and at the age of thirteen entered Waterford High School. One year later Brantford Collegiate Institute announced his arrival. There he obtained the "Entrance to the Faculty of Education." After two years' teaching he entered McMaster as a Sophomore. He chose Mathematics and Physics, and his success in that course has proved the wisdom of the choice. He has been Treasurer and Business Manager of the Athletic Association, and Assistant in Physics during the past year. The appreciation of his good qualities has been shown by his election to the office of Second Vice Kakiak.

Weaknesses—Work, worry and women.

EDNA MARIE HAVILAND

"Thy memory ever pictured thee
Modest, yet all a girl should be."

Edna claims three distinctions. She was born in Toronto, graduated from Riverdale Collegiate, and finished her education at McMaster. In the second year she came into the limelight as Vice-President of the class, and from then on her star shed its brilliance over University affairs. In her third year she captivated McMaster students by her clever impersonation of "Maria" in Twelfth Night. This year she has proved her executive ability as Vice-President of the Literary Society. She graduates as a Specialist in Science. Shy, retiring, yet capable of upholding her own in an argument, "Ted" has always been one of the best loved and most popular of Year Eighteen.

Favorite Expression—"Oh, you're Dutch!"

ALETHA HOOKER

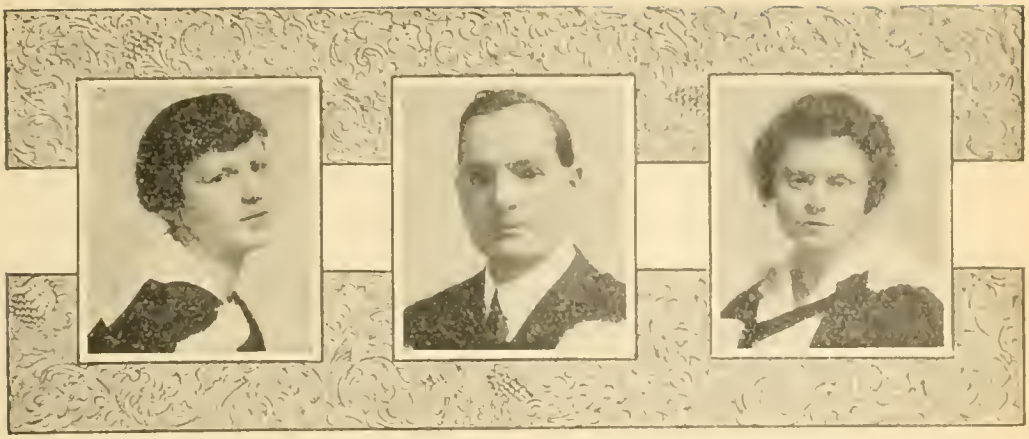
"Her heart is ever for service."

On a wintry January day Aletha brought a ray of sunshine into a home in the Garden City. Her innate desire for knowledge led her in search of an education through the public school of her birthplace and on through the High School at Brantford until she finally came to McMaster. While at the University she found time to assist in the student activities and rendered efficient service as Secretary and President of the Y.W.C.A., and Vice of the Student Volunteer Band. Sensible, sympathetic, straightforward, she has the qualities that insure success.

Favorite Expression—"You don't say so!"
Ambition—To labor in the regions beyond.

HAROLD C. HUDSON

Harold was born in the capital city where he received his Public School and Collegiate Institute education. Coming to McMaster in 1910 he took three consecutive years of work with the Class of 1914—and has been taking the fourth ever since. While at the University he was a noisy supporter of student organizations, and besides serving on many executives, was also a champion inter-year debater and Editor of "Athletics" in The Monthly. Since leaving McMaster to take his work extra murally he has been married and has entered the Government. He is now Inspector of Labor Agencies for the Province of Ontario.



VERA LEWIS LATIMER

"A daughter of the gods,
Divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

Vera has been a Torontonian all her life, except for a year spent in Georgetown, when she was a "wee" girl. She attended private school, Model School and Parkdale Collegiate, where she met her "inseparable." By the time Year Eighteen had completed four months of its first year, the solitude of the Collegiate Honor Form became too much for her and she registered at McMaster at Christmas. Vera's sweet and gracious manner has won a warm place in all our hearts, and she has ably filled the offices of Class Historian, Secretary and President of Women's Literary Society, and Third Year Vice-President.

Saying—"Say, Jean, will you come to the phone?"
Failing—"Fifty-seven varieties."

WALTER A. LAWRANCE

"A man with manhood true."

Walter's career began near Watford, England, where he graduated from High School with the prize for general proficiency. After being connected with London newspapers, he came to Canada in 1911, and entered McMaster as a partial student in 1913. The following year he began the Special Science Course; and so steadfast has been his attention to Chemistry that he has already conducted advanced research on some complex organic nitro-compounds. He has been assistant in Chemistry for nearly two years and has done national service as a Chemist. He is of a retiring disposition and has a large capacity for hard work. Recently, he was appointed Research Chemist for two important Toronto firms.

Ambition—Ph.D.

SADIE IRENE McARTHUR

"Serious, did you say? No, not she!"

Sadie was born and brought up in Toronto. She spent three years at Havergal College and two years at Jarvis Street Collegiate. Then she came to McMaster and joined Year '18. Since coming to college she has skipped as many lectures as she dared, but has been faithful in attending the social functions of the year. Sadie has a weakness for making witty remarks which have surreptitiously enlivened many a dull lecture period. It has always been a great disappointment to her that her hair is not black, and that she cannot grow any taller.

Her Advice—"Why don't you go out west?"
Ambition—To pronounce Llus in French.

JEAN DOROTHY MIMMS

"Thy voice is sweet, as if it took
Its music from thy face."

Graduating from Toronto Public Schools and from Parkdale Collegiate, Jean entered McMaster as a freshette, and soon distinguished herself as a winner of firsts. She has held various offices in Women's Lit., served on THE MONTHLY Board for three years, and as Vice of the year helped to pilot Eighteen through the perplexing problems of graduation. She is always ready to serve wherever the need may be, whether it be mothering Juniorettes or comforting worried Seniors. No member of Year '18 holds a warmer corner in our hearts than does Jean.

Pet Expression—"Oh, where's Vera?"
Ambition—To be Chancellor in 1938.

EVELYN SMITH.

"She has wit and song and sense,
Mirth and sport and eloquence."

An impersonator with all the wit of a court jester, a freshman vice-president ready alike for peace or war, an athletic president bent on fair play, an orator capable of taking her place in the new age of women—such are a few of the characteristics and qualifications of our Evelyn.

No doubt her unique childhood will help to explain her versatility, —for have you not heard that she was the first white baby in Yellamanchili, India? She is now, however, a Canadian of the Canadians, thanks to her life in Oakwood Collegiate, Moulton College, and McMaster.

Favorite Expressions—"Heavenly Dick!" "Who's taking you?"

GRACE TAYLOR

"She has the truest, kindest heart."

Grace was born in Yushan Ki, China. Her first years were spent in pleasure, playing with the young "haythen," pulling their pigtails and making their young lives generally miserable. At the age of seven Grace decided to put behind these childish pranks; and entered school at Chefoo. Nine years' schooling failed to satisfy her desire for knowledge, and so Grace came to Toronto just in time to enter Year Eighteen as a Sophette. She has proved herself a splendid orator, a loyal hockey supporter, an able editor of the Women's Department of THE MONTHLY, and yet has given herself to faithful study, and has many firsts to her credit.

Failing—Diamonds.

STUDIES IN BROWNING'S ART POEMS.

BROWNING has been called the *artist's poet*. His lifelong love of Greek poetry, and his residence in Italy, the land of artists, seem to have developed to an unusual degree his sympathy with art and artists. As we read his art poems we are impressed with the fact that he is concerned not so much with the aesthetic value of art, as with its spiritual value. That is, he is not contented to study art merely for art's sake; he does not view art with "empty wonder, idly contented in a show of things." His real study is not the works themselves as works or art, nor an analysis of the pleasure derived from such study. He is concerned rather with the great principles and impulses which underlie all art, with the passions and ideals and motives which guided and controlled the artists themselves.

His art poems are essentially dramatic: therefore, his chief interest is *man*. He seeks to deal with the relation of art to character. As he gazes upon the great masterpieces, he not only studies the workmanship, but looks beyond it in an attempt to interpret the character of the artist as it is revealed by the works of his hands. And as he reads Vasari, and there becomes acquainted with the lives and characters of the old masters, he endeavors to discover to what extent their circumstances and moral make-up limited the scope and determined the value of their art.

OLD PICTURES IN FLORENCE.

This poem deals with the first period in Italian art. The work of the early masters was crude and conventional, and in comparison with that of the great masters, very imperfect and inadequate. Yet it was an advance upon Greek art, and Browning seeks to show wherein it excelled that which had gone before, and how it had carried art forward from the point where the Greeks had dropped it.

On a warm March morning the poet is gazing upon Florence in the valley beneath him. His attention is drawn to the great bell-tower reared by Giotto. And Giotto brings to his mind the "wronged great souls of the ancient masters," and the unappreciated works of early Italian art. For months he has been study-

ing those masters, and has ever seemed to see the dead painters standing pained and silent before their crumbling and neglected works, pathetically

> "Wishful each scrap should clutch the brick,
> Each tinge not wholly escape the plaster."

And now Browning takes it upon himself to instruct the thoughtless multitude which hums and buzzes round the "Michaels and Rafaels." He desires to vindicate the true worth of the early masters, and to show the place they filled in the development of art. Greek art had been beautiful and perfect in form, but it portrayed that serene perfection of the Olympian gods as "they lie beside their nectar, careless of mankind." Man's "meagre charms" stood in pitiful contrast to "their rounded beauty." Art set before man an unattainable ideal. All he could do was to grow content "in his poor degree," his progress was at an end: he learned to submit,—"a mortal's duty."

> "So you saw yourself as you wished you were,
> As you might have been, as you cannot be."

At last man began to look within himself and found a new ideal—not perfection of outward form in *time*, but a spiritual ideal, which had the promise of what was *eternal*. To be sure we are "faulty, rough-hewn, no-wise polished" here; but the very consciousness of imperfection spurs us on, "makes new hopes shine," and in the end, this new ideal leads to higher attainment than the absolute perfection of Greek art.

> "'Tis a life-long toil till our lump be leaven—
> The better; what's come to perfection perishes.
> Things learned on earth, we shall practise in Heaven.
> Works done least rapidly, Art most cherishes."

This, then, is the value of the early masters. Their work was crude, and by many judged a failure; and

> "Their ghosts now stand, as I said before,
> Watching each fresco flaked and rasped,
> Blocked up, knocked out, or white-washed o'er."

But even though their paintings were awkward and grotesque, their ungraceful saints reveal a depth of moral feeling not found in the work of the ancients. As interpreters of the inner life, they called the world to new ideals and aspirations. "They labored": the Michaels and the Rafaels "entered into their labours."

The next two poems are dramatic studies; they deal with artists. As in the first of the series, so in these, we can trace the development and progress of Italian art. But with this difference: in the former, the poet deals chiefly with the significance of the period, and speaks only incidentally of Giotto and other early masters; whereas the two latter poems deal with artists, the chief interest is the men themselves. Of course Lippi and Andrea are both truly typical of the periods they represent, but the general reader is little occupied with the thought that these men stand as types. He is, rather, intensely interested in the character of the artists themselves.

Lippi, at the time of the story, was engaged upon a work for Cosimo de Medici. That the work might be completed without delay, his patron confined him to the palace. For three long and tiresome weeks, he had been shut up with his work, when, leaning out of his window one night to enjoy the fresh spring air, he heard "a hurry of feet, a sweep of lute strings, laughs, and whifts of song, a titter like the skipping of rabbits by moonlight; and a face looked up." This was too much for him.

> "Into shreds it went,
> Curtain and counterpane and coverlet,
> All the bed furniture—a dozen knots,
> There was a ladder; down I let myself,
> Hands and feet, scrambling somehow, and so dropped."

And so for several days he had gone about the city enjoying the common life of man, "hail fellow, well met." But as he was returning from his escapade to the palace to work

> "On Jerome knocking at his poor old breast
> With his great round stone to subdue the flesh."

the city guard "snapped him sudden." He tried to explain. "But a monk," they said. Then he proceeded to tell how he came to go to the convent.

He had been left an orphan at two years old, and had fallen to the care of an aunt, who took him at the age of eight to the Carmine Monastery. His early years had been filled with hardship. He had known the hunger-pinch of those who starve in the streets "on fig skins, melon-parings, rinds and shucks, refuse and rubbish." Therefore,

"the good bellyful;
The warm serge, and rope that goes all round"

appealed very strongly to the lad who had often begged for "a bit of a half-stripped grape-bunch," and made him quite willing to renounce and "to quit this very miserable world."

In the convent, he soon showed a talent for drawing, but no taste for books. In fact, he covered his books with sketches of what he had seen in the streets.

> "I drew men's faces on my copy-books,
> Joined legs and arms to the long music-notes,
> Found nose and eyes and chin for A's and B's."

No wonder "the monks looked black"; but the Prior thought it wise to let him develop his talent, and bade him "daub away." He set to work upon the cloister wall. And what a work it was; how natural and unconventional, how free from the binding "traditions of the elders," and how lifelike were the persons depicted.

> "First, every sort of monk, the black and white,
> I drew them, fat and lean; then, folks at church,
> From good old gossips waiting to confess,
> To the breathless fellow at the altar-foot,
> Fresh from his murder, safe and sitting there
> With the little children round him in a row
> Of admiration."

And there in the midst of it all, the pitiful face of the Saviour, gazing upon the sins and follies of the sons of men. How the inconsistencies and hypocrisies of penitents and priests alike stood revealed in the searching gaze of the Christ.

> "Whose sad face on the cross saw only this
> After the passion of a thousand years."

The work was done; the monks filed in and gathered round the painting. "Being simple bodies," they "praised loud." But the Prior and the learned "pulled a face." They soon informed the would-be innovator that to have "faces, legs and bodies like the true as much as pea and pea" was quite from the mark of painting. "Bless us all, it's devil's game!" The painter must stick to the old convention he must ignore the natural, and the beauty of form and color.

> "Your business is not to catch men with show;
> Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms.
> Rub all out, try at it a second time."

The artist obeyed; back he went to the stereotyped manner of Giotto, and worked on religious themes. Yet he felt in his inmost soul that

> "If you get simple beauty and naught else,
> You get about the best thing God invents."

The years roll on. In course of time he breaks away from the convent, and now he is his own master, and can paint as he pleases. But he has kept to the old way so long that now it keeps to him in spite of himself. He endeavors to launch out and take to freer study.

> "And yet the old schooling sticks, the old grave eyes
> Are peeping o'er his shoulder as he works,
> The head shakes still—'It's Art's decline, my son;
> You're not of the true painters, great and old.'"

The bondage of his early training limits the scope of his work; he rebels against it, and tries to break away from it, but in vain.

> "So, I swallow my rage,
> Clench my teeth, suck my lips in tight, and paint
> To please them—sometimes do, and sometimes don't."

But it makes him fairly mad to look forward, and to see what man shall some day do, and he in his grave. This world, "as God has made it," is no blank to him. His great desire is to find its meaning, and to interpret it to men. He longs to paint

> "The beauty and the wonder and the power,
> The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades,
> Changes, surprises,—for God made it all."

But alas, he must perforce keep on telling pious stories to men, through the medium of his brush and canvas.

But as "some warm eve finds him at his saints," there comes "a laugh, a cry, the business of the world." The brush is dropped; "the world and life's too big to pass for a dream," and so the impulsive Lippi breaks away and does these wild things in sheer despite, and in pure rage plays these fooleries at which the guard had caught him, dressed though he was in "his old serge gown and rope that goes all round."

And now "the morning-star's about to shine." The soft grey of the spring dawn is beginning to appear in the east. The genial Lippi bids the guard farewell, and stealthily picks his

way back through the hushed unlighted streets to the palace of the Medici.

ANDREA DEL SARTO.

Lippi lived during the second period of Italian art. In his life, more than in his art, we can discern the new impulses which arose with the Renaissance. For though his work was largely under the binding influence of the old régime, he himself derides narrow asceticism, whether in life or in art, and reveals a frank impulsive love for the world and its pleasures.

Andrea, on the other hand, lived in the third and great period. Early in his career he won fame, and was invited to France by Francis I. He speaks of the time spent there as his "kingly days." But his wife grew restless, and influenced him to return to Florence. He brought with him money to purchase pictures for the king, but instead of returning as he had promised, he used the king's money to build his own house. The thought of this base ingratitude troubles him at times. Even though King Francis may have forgiven him, he knows that "God is just."

> "Oft at nights
> When I look up from painting, eyes tired out,
> The walls become illumined, brick from brick
> Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright gold,
> That gold of his I did cement them with!"

As regards technical execution, Andrea's work was well-nigh faultless. There was nothing in him but what he could give expression to it on canvas.

> "'Tis easy, all of it,
> No sketches first, no studies, that's long past—
> I do what many dream of all their lives
> —Dream? strive to do, and agonize to do,
> And fail in doing."

As we listen to him speaking, we can not but admire his candid analysis of the causes of his own failure. He is discerning enough to be clearly conscious of his moral defects, and at the same time, honest enough to frankly acknowledge them. The tragedy of it all is that his failure does not seem to trouble him; he has ceased to aspire, the vision no longer lures him on, he is basely content to have things as they are.

Let us turn now to the poem itself. The artist and his wife are sitting in the gathering twilight. He is wearier than usual to-night. The color seems to have gone out of life. All is dull and joyless. "A common greyness silvers everything." Even his work appears "a toned down, twilight piece." He turns from the canvas to his wife, and entreats her to sit with him the quiet evening through, looking forth on "yonder sober, pleasant Fiesole."

> "There's the bell clinking from the chapel-top;
> That length of convent-wall across the way
> Holds the trees safer, huddled more inside;
> The last monk leaves the garden; days decrease
> And Autumn grows, Autumn is everything."

The quiet beauty of the scene, and her presence will soothe him, and he will resume his work on the morrow "cheerful and fresh as ever." He adores her, but she sits by his side, cold and passionless and selfish. She neither understands, nor cares to understand about his art. She values it only for the money it brings her, to waste on herself, and a certain dissolute cousin.

As they sit thus in the quiet of evening, Andrea falls to musing. He realizes keenly that his life is one of unfulfilment. He once had high aspirations; now they are gone. He tries to console himself with the thought that "all is as God over-rules."

> "Love, we are in God's hands.
> So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
> I feel he laid the fetter; let it lie!"

But this philosophy of life does not satisfy. He knows that his failure is due to some fault in himself. To be sure, his work is perfect. Men call him "The Faultless." Others agonize and fail to do the work he does so easily. Yet he knows that

> "There burns a truer light of God in them,
> In their vexed, beating, stuffed and stopped-up brain,
> Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt
> This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.
> Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
> Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
> Enter and take their place there sure enough,
> Though they come back and cannot tell the world.
> My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here."

He picks up a copy of one of Rafael's paintings, and proceeds to criticize it.

"That arm is wrongly put—and there again—
A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
It's body, so to speak: it's soul is right,
He means right—that, a child may understand.
Still, what an arm! and I could alter it."

Why, then, has he not risen to Rafael's eminence? Ah! he knows it is because he lacks "the play, the insight and the stretch." The fire and passion of the early days are gone. And wherefore gone? Was his wife to blame? If only her low persuasive voice had urged

"'God and the glory! never care for gain!
The Present by the Future, what is that?
Live for fame, side by side with Angelo—
Rafael is waiting. Up to God all three!'"

—he might have done it. "So it seems—perhaps not." Moreover, what wife had Rafael, or has Angelo? No: he himself is at fault. He has the ability, but not the will to do. All truly potent incentives must be born within one's own soul.

Still, he remembers "that long festal year" spent at the French court. There, as he worked in the great monarch's benignant presence, he "could sometimes leave the ground and put the glory on." And he remembers, too, that one day Angelo had said to Rafael:

"'Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub
Goes up and down our Florence, none cares how,
Who, were he set to plan and execute
As you are, pricked on by your popes and kings,
Would bring the sweat into that brow of yours?'"

"Was there really such a chance? so lost?" Perhaps. "What would one have? In Heaven, perhaps, new chances." But he is satisfied. He has his wife—her beauty, and her smile. He is willing to be her slave, even though she is his undoing.

"I am grown peaceful as old age to-night.
I regret little. I would change still less.
Since there my past life lies, why alter it?"

And now it is dusk. The call of the eve-owls breaks in upon the still night air. The stars come out, and the watch lights show the wall. The painter and his wife go inside "the melancholy little house they built to be so gay with." What an hour it had been! If only she would sit thus by him every night, he would work better—that is, would earn more, and be

able to give her more. But she has loved him quite enough for to-night. "The Cousin" waits outside. Hark! Again he whistles; and she goes.

PICTOR IGNOTUS.

"Pictor Ignotus" is a study of the conflict between the old ideal in art, and the new impulse of the Renaissance. The narrow asceticism of the past had restricted the scope of art by confining it to religious themes. The new age with its free enjoyment of life and beauty demanded a popular type of art which would portray life as it was, and gratify the popular desire for the worldly and the sensuous.

The Unknown Painter is neither unaware of, nor indifferent to, the appeal of his age. He would gladly have launched out in freer work. To have done so would have meant the fuller development of his own power and genius, and would have given him a wider and more marked influence upon current life and thought. "To have burst on their night with all his gift of fires from God" was the passionate longing of his soul. He had the ability; no bar stayed him.

> "And like that youth ye praise so, all I saw,
> Over the canvas could my hand have flung,
> Each face obedient to its passion's law,
> Each passion clear proclaimed without a tongue."

He pictures all the glory that should be his. "The thought grew frightful, 'twas so wildly dear." But he sees another vision; and his outburst of passionate yearning for larger usefulness and wider influence is silenced. Mixed with his loving admirers come a troop of cold, critical faces. He sees his pictures bought and sold like common "garniture and household stuff." Moreover, the people of his age are worldly and corrupt.

> "And where they live our pictures needs must live
> And see their faces, listen to their prate,
> Partakers of their daily pettiness."

He makes his choice: his work shall never be degraded to pander to the cravings of the common herd. To be sure, he shall miss the breath of popular approval, but he shall at least have preserved his own integrity.

> "And if at whiles
> My heart sinks, as monotonous I paint
> These endless cloisters and eternal aisles

With the same series, Virgin, Babe and Saint,
With the same cold- calm, beautiful regard,
At least no merchant traffics with my heart;
The sanctuary's gloom at least shall ward
Vain tongues from where my pictures stand apart;
Only prayer breaks the silence of the shrine
While, blackening in the daily candle-smoke,
They moulder on the damp wall's travertine,
'Mid echoes the light footstep never woke."

In these four poems, Browning sets forth the thought that every true artist endeavors through the medium of his art to give outward and tangible expression to his highest ideals and aspirations, but that circumstances, or moral deficiencies in the artist himself, often hinder this expression. Thus the poems we have considered are studies of unfulfilled lives, and unrealized ideals.

The early masters grasped the Christian ideal, but they failed to give it adequate expression; they lacked technical ability, and were hampered by asceticism and traditionalism in art. And just here, we are brought face to face with a great fundamental principle of all life,—that the true measure of success is not achievement, but aspiration and fidelity. Our work is not judged solely by the actual progress made, but rather by the spirit in which we work, by the motives which urge us on toward the goal. As a matter of fact, there can be no absolute attainment. Ideals grow and recede as we advance towards them. And this is as it should be.

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a Heaven for?"

Lippi would fain have unfolded the idea he saw, but circumstances were against him. "The old schooling stuck," so he kept to the old way, even while he protested against it. Andrea failed because of the moral defects of his own make-up. Technical skill was not lacking, but a worldly self-complacency stifled the passion of youth, and he rested content with present attainment. His execution was perfect, but his art limited because his character was weak. And the Unknown Painter failed because a severe moral sensibility forced him to maintain his integrity even at the sacrifice of his genius.

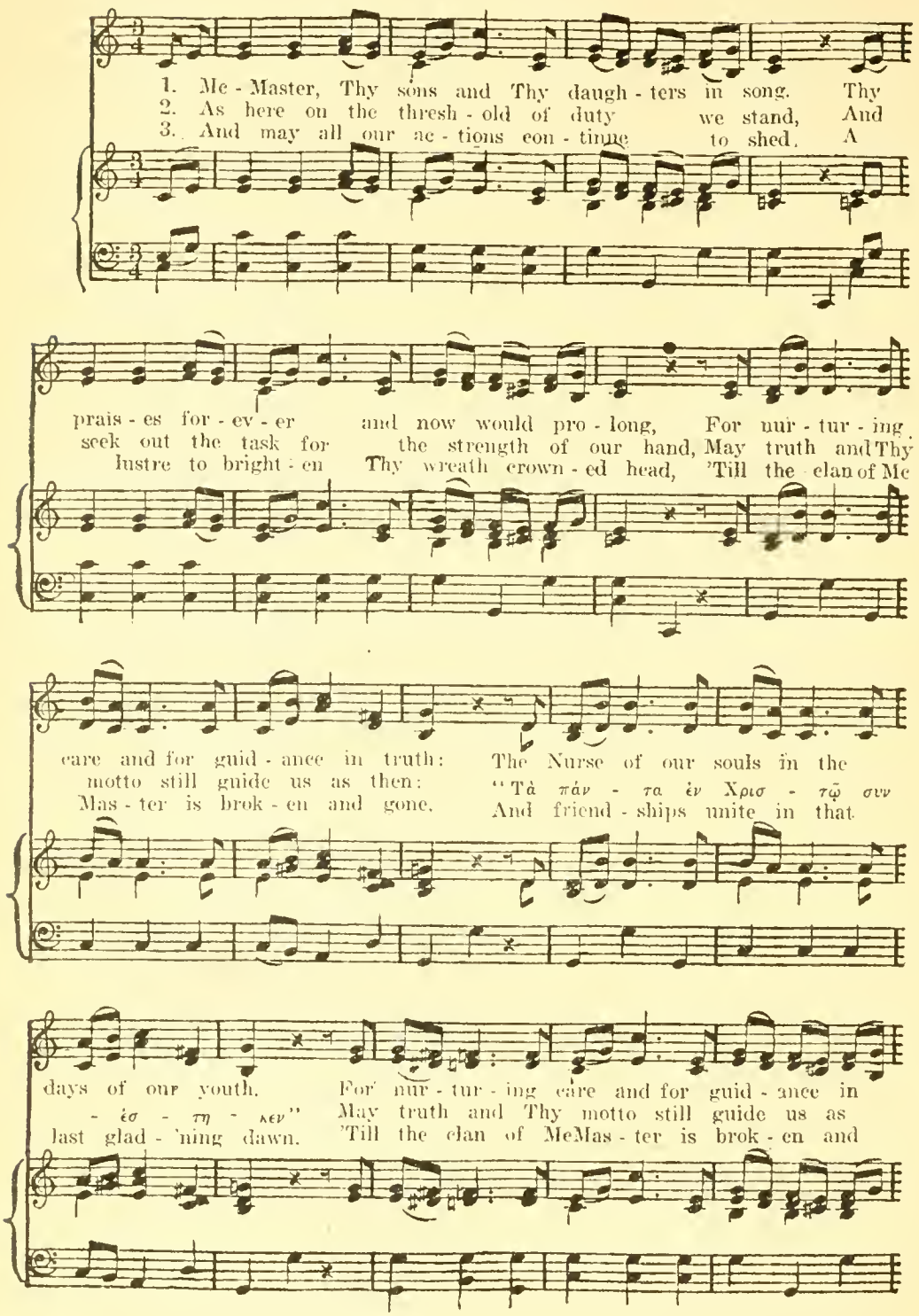
—Roy Harris, '18.

ALONG THE PROFESSORS' WALK.

THE GRADUATES' FAREWELL.

(Prize Song, Graduating Class Competition.)

Words by A. H. R., Theo., '18. Tune, "Wanderlied."


1. Me - Master, Thy sons and Thy daugh - ters in song. Thy
2. As here on the thresh - old of duty we stand, And
3. And may all our ac - tions con - tinue to shed. A
prais - es for - ev - er and now would pro - long, For nur - tur - ing
seek out the task for the strength of our hand, May truth and Thy
lustre to bright - en Thy wreath crown - ed head, 'Till the clan of Me
care and for guid - ance in truth: The Nurse of our souls in the
motto still guide us as then: "Τὰ πάν - τα ἐν Χρισ - τῷ συν
Mas - ter is brok - en and gone. And friend - ships unite in that
days of our youth. For nur - tur - ing care and for guid - ance in
- ἐσ - τη - κεν" May truth and Thy motto still guide us as
last glad - 'ning dawn. 'Till the clan of MeMas - ter is brok - en and

truth: The Nurse of our souls in the days of our youth.
then: "Τὰ πάν - τα ἐν Χρισ - τῷ συν - ἐσ - τη - κεν"
gone, And friend - ships unite in that last glad - 'ning dawn. Now Farewell.

THE McMASTER SONG

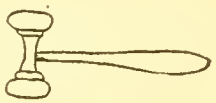
Thy praises, McMaster,
We sing with joyful hearts.
Thy sons revere thy honored name.
And when we end life's journey
And all our friendships part,
May all our deeds increase thy fame.
Boom fitz, boom on McMaster!
Boom on Mac! Boom on Star!
Boom fitz, boom on McMaster!
Boom on McMas-tar!
McMaster!
Boom fitz, boom on McMaster!
Boom on Mac! Boom on Star!
Boom fitz, boom on McMaster!
Boom on McMas-tar!

YEAR EIGHTEEN MARCH PAST.

As the band plays Alouette and
The class goes by in line,
I reach for pen and doggerel ink
And make this little rhyme

About the many folks I know
Who make up Year Eighteen,
The tall ones and the short ones and
The portly and the lean.

Up near the front because she's small,
Where all the leaders travel,
Our "Little Brother" has her place,
She's "Head" and holds the gavel.



Then hiding well behind a man,
"Ted" Carson shyly walking,
She's from the East; down with the French
She learned her secret talking.

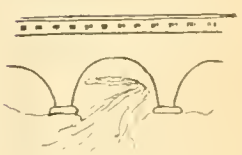
"Lil" Dexter there is out of step,
She wanders on alone,
She always had, now I recall,
A "Way" her very own.

Then who is that with martial step?
Ah, yes! "Peg" Eaton striding,
With stars and stripes up over head
And Red Cross bag a-hanging.

The President walks at the front,
With sermons in his pocket,
He leads the crowd with dignity,
Though blushing like a rocket.

And there goes Floyed, another man,
Our cheery little "Dick,"
He's Treasurer and Kakiak,
He'll soon be Benedict.

And close behind, our "Ted" is seen,
Miss Haviland sounds better,
Across the picturesque Don she lives.
A pleasant trip to get her.



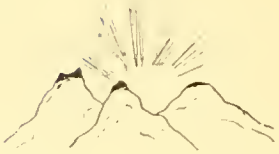
Lo! "Hooker" now with pensive brow
Is reasoning out some folly,
She'll keep those Hindoo kids awake
And make them hop, by golly!

See Harold Hudson, tall and fair,
Our extra mural student,
He's governmental labour boss,
We're sorry he's been absent.

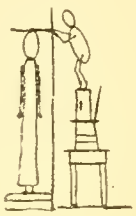
Next, Vera L., who's quite petite,
Strides on just like a goddess,
A little more she'd be six feet.
We're glad she's that much minus.

Then Lawrence comes, the chemist shark,
He works upstairs alone,
With H_2S and worse than that,
He makes his presence known.

Here's Sadie Mc., the Western girl,
With sunny hair and laughter,
Her merry eyes and pleasant mien
Our thoughts go fondly after.



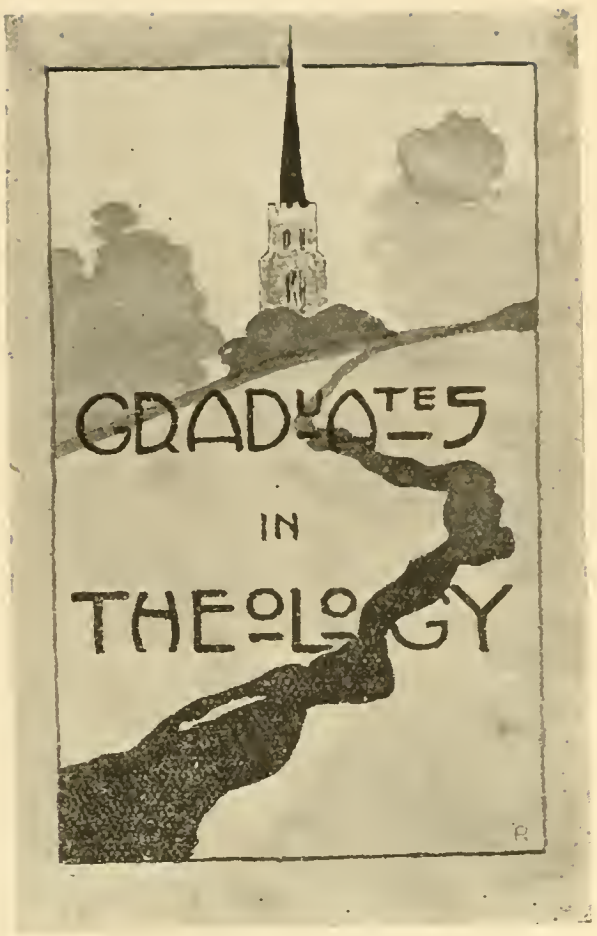
Jean Mimms comes now, the little thing,
She's only five feet ten,
She's one who doesn't wear a ring,
Don't crowd, please, all you men.



Back near the end is one who's known
To all as jolly "Smithie,"
She goes to nurse the Hindoo folk
In some far Eastern city.

And last to come, quite loath to walk,
Is Editor Grace Taylor,
She'd rather ride a prancing horse,
A missionary with her.

Thus all have passed, this doggerel's done,
The band is heard now faintly,
As time goes on, and life is faced,
May they all march as bravely.


GRADUATES
IN
THEOLOGY

PROFESSOR I. G. MATTHEWS, M.A., PH.D.

HONORARY PRESIDENT OF THE THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

PERCY G. BUCK

Toward the close of the nineteenth century, Percy was born in New Hamburg. He came to McMaster from Woodstock College in 1912, and desiring to be thoroughly furnished for his life's work, has taken both B.A., and B.Th. courses. During the entire period of study, Percy has engaged in definite Christian work. He has been President and Secretary of the Student Volunteer Band, a member of the McMaster Evangelistic Band, and President of the Y.M.C.A., also he has preached in six summer fields. When at Northfield as a delegate in 1914, he responded to the appeal of the foreign field, and decided to devote his life to work in Bolivia. Having been accepted by the Board, he expects to sail for South America this coming Spring.

STEWART GRANT COLE

"Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God.' "

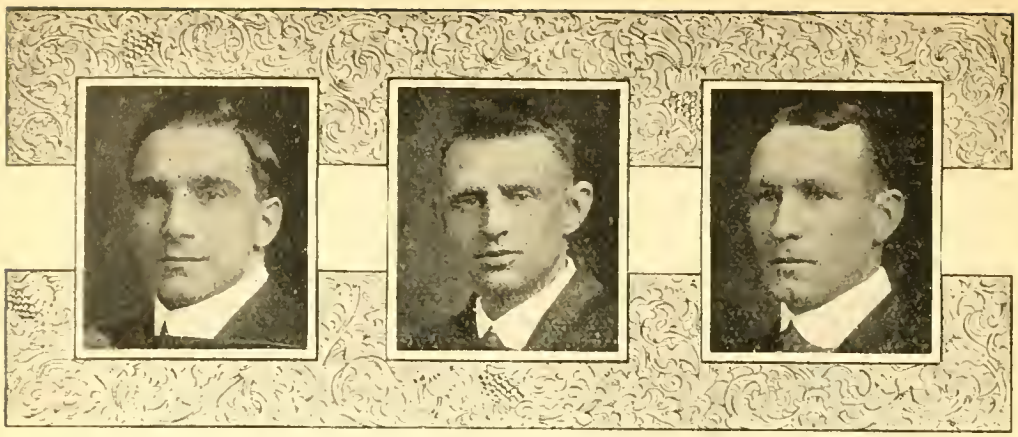
Stewart was born near Brockville. He began his career amid rural activities, and later spent two years teaching in the West. He then came to the City of Churches and Colleges, to learn the pros. and cons. of prophetic and ecclesiastical life. He gave promise of becoming a scholar and a leader of men, upheld the honor of his Alma Mater in two inter-college debates, obtained the Crawford Scholarship '16, was chosen High Kakiak for '17, and President of the Athletic Association, '18. He now goes forward in the great cause, to spend and be spent in the Telegu land beyond the seas.

Weakness—Fondness for fudge and "Scotch."

CHARLES EDEN DOUGAN

Like many of the world's great theologians, Charlie hails from Glasgow, Scotland. But that famous city was destined to lose this bright and amiable citizen, for, attracted to Canada, he set sail and landed at Montreal, 1906. He is a machinist by trade and a preacher by Divine call, and in response to this call he entered Feller Institute, where for three years he continued preparatory work. He entered McMaster in 1914. The following year found him out in the cold world, "making money" and "making love." Sequel—1916 found him once again at McMaster in the new role of a benedict. His clear mind, his genial manner, and friendly disposition assure us of his future success in the work of the ministry.

Pet Phrase—"It's a rank injustice."
Ambition—To preach "the Word."



JAMES HENRY MOORE

"E'en though vanquished, he could argue still."

"Jimmie" hails from London, Ontario. When he had succeeded in snatching athletic and academic honors at Woodstock College, he came to McMaster in time to join Year '15, with which class he graduated as Classics Specialist. Since graduation he has been doing theological work, with the exception of last year spent as pastor at Innerkip. Throughout his college career "Jim" has been "game" for anything from a "rough-and-tumble" to a three-hours' disputation with all comers. His hearty laugh has brightened many a gathering at McMaster, and those who know him best appreciate his abiding friendship and deep sincerity.

Ambition (soon to be realized)—To join the noble "Order of the Benedicts."

ARTHUR HERBERT RICHARDSON

Since "Rich's" name appeared on these pages as an Arts Graduate, he has been pressing on with that long stride and energetic purpose which those of us who are acquainted with him know to be so characteristic. The following is a list of his achievements: Student-pastor at Long Branch, Breadalbane and Dorion; second prize in the Oratorical Contest; M.A. in Biology, 1916; twice winner of the individual championship with the McNaught Cup and the Chancellor's medal; President of the Athletic Association; Captain of the Senior Soccer team; for two years the capable and untiring Managing Editor of THE MONTHLY; numerous poster prizes; President of the Literary Society, and President of the Student Body as High Kakiak.

To be remembered as—"The one who taught us 'Alouette.'"

JOHN SPURGEON VEALS

"And (strange to tell) he practised what he preached."

After safely passing over the shoals of learning found in Arts, John deemed it expedient to return the following year to pursue theological investigations. This experience afforded adequate preparation for the responsible task of pastor of the Breadalbane Church. Through all the varied activities of scholastic and pastoral duties he has shown steadiness of character, sincerity of motive and intensity of purpose which have won for him many lasting friendships. His successes won on the athletic field during his Arts course have been retained throughout his theological career. In his final year he was chosen president of the Theological Society.

THEOLOGICAL THRILLERS.

By The Class Room Cynic.

Professor: In the passage just translated, can you discover how many comprised Lydia's household, or was she alone?

Student: I must confess that I have been having considerable difficulty with this question myself, but, judging from any own feelings, I think there must have been only two.

Professor (with much sympathy): Yes, Mr. C., I had that idea myself about forty years ago, but I've been compelled to change my mind.

Professor: Brethren, I cannot see how scientists can reconcile evolution with Paul's account of the heathen world which may be pictured as a pestiferous, miasmic, putrid, vile, slimy swamp full of all sorts of poisonous reptiles and rank growing vegetation.

Mr. R. (waking suddenly at the sound of a scientific truth being abused): Professor, let me say that I honestly believe that man has not sufficient imagination to exaggerate the importance of evolution.

Professor: That's a great truth we are studying here. Law! Law! Law!—Law! for the whole race! But the people broke the law, yes, well! What of that? The people suffer . . yes . . . what then? Grace! Oh grace! He comes! That's it! That's what you want in your preaching. I advise you to get hold of it. Pretty good, isn't it, Mr. V.

Mr. V.: I can't just swallow this idea of the solidarity of the race.

Professor: Would you be kind enough to define a topical textual sermon?

Mr. B.: A topical textual sermon is the preacher's attempt, when dealing with a text, to imitate a modern submarine. In profoundness he sinks to the misty deeps, remains there for the longest possible period of time, and comes up as dry as the bones of Pharaoh's mummy.

Professor (absentmindedly): Let us hope that the submarine menace will soon be ended.

Professor: Gentlemen! I have brought a number of volumes in with me for you to read. Here is Flimsy's work on the Renovation in forty-two volumes, Jack Calvins' Parachutes in thirty-seven volumes, and Chaf's Weeds of Kingdomcome in eighty-three volumes. All these I have read in the library this morning and I bring them here in order to let you know there are still a few books left for you to read, and with the hope that some of you may be encouraged to do work in one of these lines after you leave here. BUT! Gentlemen! we must plunge into the subject for this hour.

Student: Accordin' tae your way o' thinkin', Professor, a man micht jest as well lock hisel' in a musty auld library and spend the rest o' his days thumbin' books.

Professor: No, Mr. D., we must exercise care about such things and be careful not to throw the baby out with the bath.

Jeremiah, Hezekiah,
Matthew, Luke and Paul,
Theology! Theology!
Hallelujah Hall.

Theology! Theology!
Faith, Hope and Charity
Long Coats and Poverty
A————————men!

The following committee, representing the Graduating Classes in Arts and Theology and THE MONTHLY Board is responsible for the issuing of this number:

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The graduating classes take this opportunity to express their special indebtedness to one member of the Committee, Mr. A. H. Richardson, for his generous labours in the preparation and supervision of this number, and for the many illustrations it contains.

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